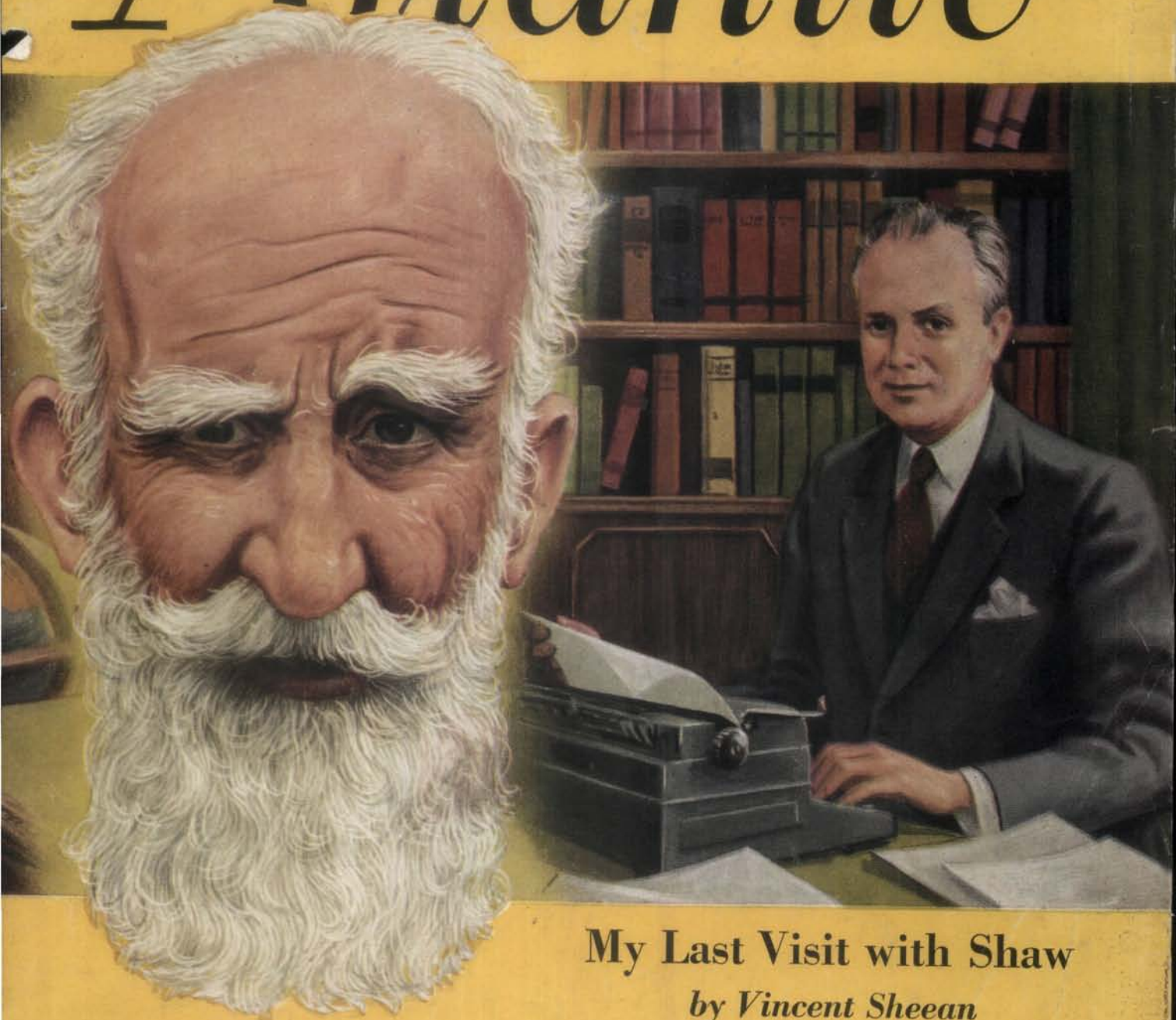


THE *Atlantic*

JANUARY 1951



My Last Visit with Shaw
by Vincent Sheean

How Big Is an Inch?

by Sen. Ralph E. Flanders

50¢

Come to Britain

IN FESTIVAL YEAR



ENJOY GREAT ENTERTAINMENT, in perfect settings at more than 20 festivals across the country . . . great music, drama, ballet, opera, brilliantly performed . . . painting, sculpture, craftsmanship . . . Britain's and the world's finest on display.



DELIGHT IN SPORTS AND PAGEANTRY, for this year there's extra glitter to our traditional ceremonies, extra excitement to our world-famous sporting events . . . racing at Ascot, tennis at Wimbledon, golf at St. Andrews, yachting at Cowes, rowing at Henley.



Beauty bids you welcome to Wales . . . land of song and legend.



WALK THROUGH HISTORY'S PAGES, exploring the scenes of literature and legend, visiting the castles and cottages in Britain's green and pleasant countryside. Wherever you move in Britain's present, you'll sense our background of 2000 years of history!



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT . . . and start planning your visit now! Ask him for illustrated literature, giving full details of Festival Year. Or write **BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE**, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Whenever you come to Britain this year, you'll sense a gala spirit in the air.

For this is "Festival of Britain Year" . . . and we are celebrating with a year-round, country-wide program of fairs, festivals, fetes, and exhibitions! There's never been so much to see and do in Britain, so much pageantry, color, and excitement!

You'll find, too, abounding comfort in Britain now . . . with food (including famous British delicacies) plentiful in restaurants, hotels, and inns . . . with gasoline unrationed and with shops well-stocked with treasures old and new. You'll be delighted to see how far your dollar goes in this land of "fair value" and favorable exchange . . . giving you a real *holiday from high prices!*

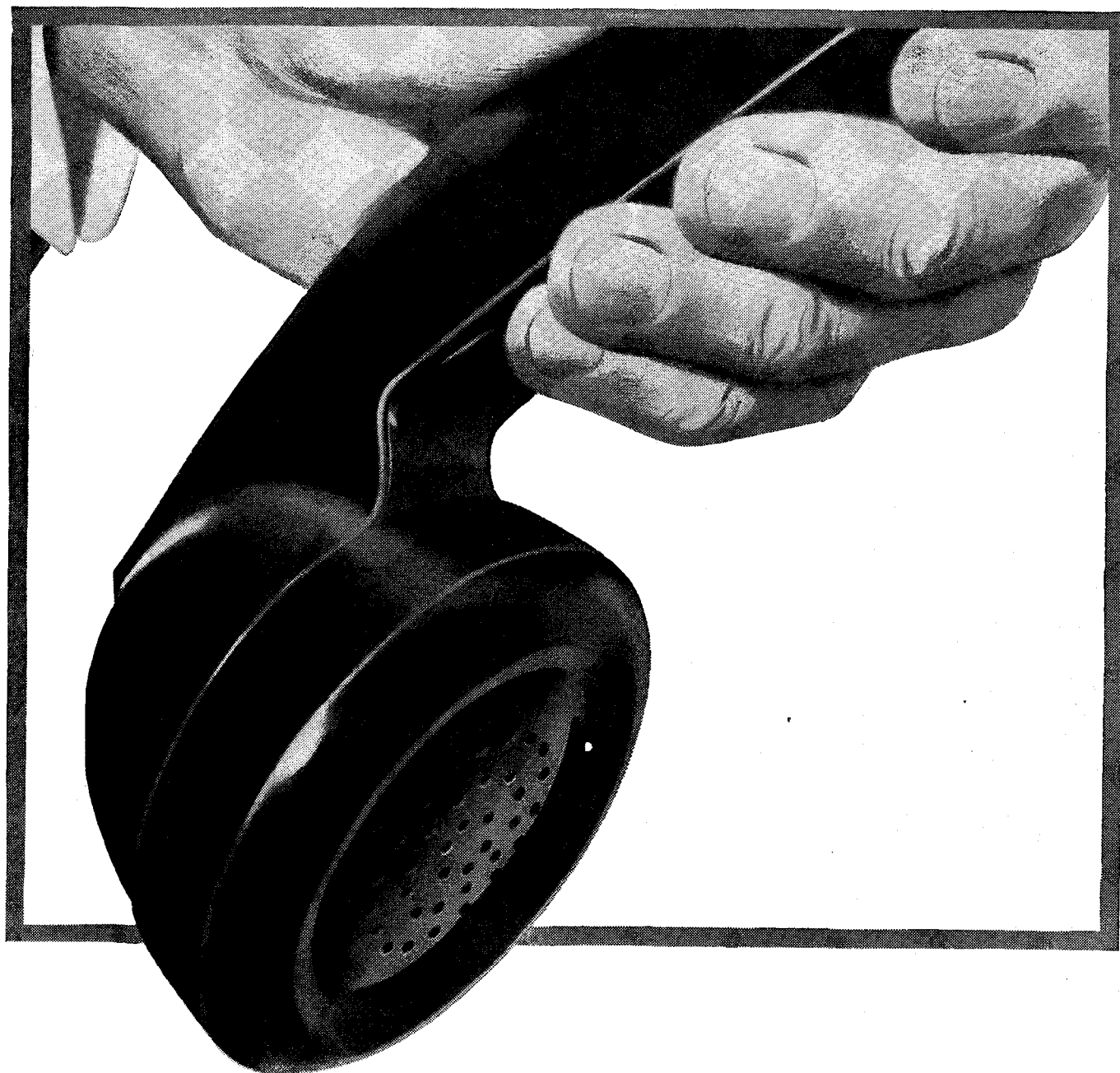
So don't delay! Start planning early . . . to come to friendly, hospitable Britain in Festival Year for a welcome you'll never forget . . . and the time of your life!

Whenever you come . . . wherever you go . . . you'll find more than ever to see and do!

★ ★ ★

Wherever you shop . . . whatever you buy . . . you'll find that your dollar goes farther!

SPRING COMES TO BRITAIN EARLY... WHY DON'T YOU?



Big enough for the job

We live in a big country and it takes a big telephone system to give good service to millions of people.

The Bell System is equipped to handle today's more important job because it has never stopped growing. It has kept right on building to make service better and provide more of it.

Times like these emphasize the bene-

fits of such growth and the value of a strong, healthy telephone company to serve the Nation's needs.

The Bell System aims to be big in more than size.

It aims to be big in the conduct of the business—in its plans for the future—in doing its full part in helping to keep America secure.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



JANUARY ATLANTIC

Ninety-three years of continuous publication

VOLUME 187 1951 NUMBER 1

Atlantic Reports: France — Washington — Malaya

My Last Visit with Shaw	VINCENT SHEEAN	19
In a Time of Distrust		
Yearning for Security	OSCAR HANDLIN	25
Faith in Science	I. I. RABI	28
The Weather Prophet. <i>A Story</i>	DILLON ANDERSON	31
The Russians Don't Hear	ALEX INKELES	38
Pre-Valedictory. <i>A Poem</i>	DONALD C. BABCOCK	42
How Big Is an Inch?	SENATOR RALPH E. FLANDERS	44
Music Under the Generals	NICOLAS NABOKOV	49
Sadie. <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	PETER MATTHIESSEN	55
F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Biography	ARTHUR MIZENER	59
<i>The Atlantic Serial</i>		
Toulouse-Lautrec and Goya	MACKINLEY HELM	67
The Speechless Crows. <i>A Poem</i>	R. P. LISTER	70
BOOKS AND MEN		
Churchill: The Hinge of Fate	EDWARD R. MURROW	71
The Power of the Poet	PIERRE EMMANUEL	74
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	78
Books the Editors Like		80
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	81
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles W. Morton — Raoul Simpkins — Leonard Bacon — Edwin O'Connor		85
— Hughes Mearns		
They Shall Have Music: FM to the Rescue!	JOHN M. CONLY	91

Cover portrait by Henry Kurt Stoessel

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, January, 1951, Vol. 187, No. 1 Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1950, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.



New television microphone, developed at RCA Laboratories, virtually vanishes when in active use.

Vanishing Microphone lets the stars shine

Now you see it, now you don't! RCA's new "vanishing microphone" is plainly visible when standing alone—but let a television performer stand before it and it seems to disappear.

Called the "Starmaker," this RCA microphone is little larger than a big fountain pen . . . and principles of design based on modern camouflage blend it with an artist's clothing. There's no clumsy "mike" to distract your attention from the artist—and it's also a superbly sensitive instrument.

Through research carried out at RCA Laboratories, the "Starmaker" microphone picks up sound from all directions—hears and transmits every sound the human ear can detect. It's not only small and almost invisible, but it's also one of the most efficient microphones ever devised.

* * *

See the latest wonders of radio, television, and electronics at RCA Exhibition Hall, 36 West 49th Street, New York. Admission is free. Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, New York.



Known for brilliant pictures, RCA Victor's 1951 home television receivers also have the finest of sound systems—RCA Victor's "Golden Throat."



RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

World Leader in Radio — First in Television



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

France

BEFORE the news of the Viet-Minh attacks erupted suddenly into the headlines, the French public had paid scant attention to what was going on in Indo-China. The average Frenchman was quite unconscious of the fact that a real war was in actual progress, for the newspapers devoted little space to it. He thought of the fighting there, as the Englishman thinks of the fighting in Malaya, as an annoying "police action." This attitude has now changed completely. News is much more plentiful, and there exists a deep feeling of solicitude for the soldiers fighting in the jungles of Indo-China.

This unexpected change in the attitude towards Indo-China is symptomatic of the general change which has slowly been taking place in the preoccupations of the French people during the past year. Domestic problems have been giving way to foreign ones. All the major questions which have confronted the French Assembly since the summer recess have in one way or another concerned international problems.

The split among the anti-Communists

In the background, of course, stalks the rising cost of living. Although food costs over the past year have risen only slightly (the crops in France last summer on the whole were good), the rise in the prices of manufactured goods, due in part to the rise in the world prices of raw materials and in part to the speculation of the public following the outbreak of war in Korea, has been dramatic. The inevitable result has been a recrudescence of the demands of labor for wage increases.

The bargaining position of French labor is not as strong today as it was two years ago, when it

presented a more or less united front, for there are now three main labor groups: the Communist CGT, the Confederation of Christian Workers, and the Force Ouvrière, plus a number of small independent unions as well.

While the workers are in general divided into two camps, one Communist and the other anti-Communist, there is no effective unity in the anti-Communist camp, although at times a form of tactical coöperation in the presentation of wage demands is achieved. The anti-Communist camp, which is not subjected to the iron rule of discipline prevailing in the Communist camp, is split into religious and antireligious, revolutionary and non-revolutionary, factions somewhat similar to those which are characteristic of French political life, both national and provincial.

At the Second Congress held in Paris last October by Force Ouvrière, delegate after delegate arose to criticize other unions, and particularly the Christian Confederation, in violent terms, only to demand, in the next breath, continued coöperation with them in order to maintain a solid labor front against the Communists and the egoistic resistances of management. This is not the kind of spirit which is likely to promote much fraternal harmony within the ranks of the non-Communist workers.

Force Ouvrière suffers, indeed, from an internal contradiction between revolutionary sentiment and moderate action. Its leaders are hesitant to resort to drastic action in pressing their demands for fear of playing the Communist game, yet they are reluctant to give management the impression that they are spineless and servile. Thus they are

TO DEMONSTRATE the kind of worthwhile library volumes members regularly receive, FREE...

THESE TWO INVALUABLE REFERENCE BOOKS

Given to you

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW
AND BUY AS FEW AS FOUR SELECTIONS A YEAR

HAMMOND'S COMPLETE World Atlas

216 PAGES OF FOUR-COLOR MAPS • 160 PAGES OF
TEXT AND CHARTS • ACTUAL SIZE 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

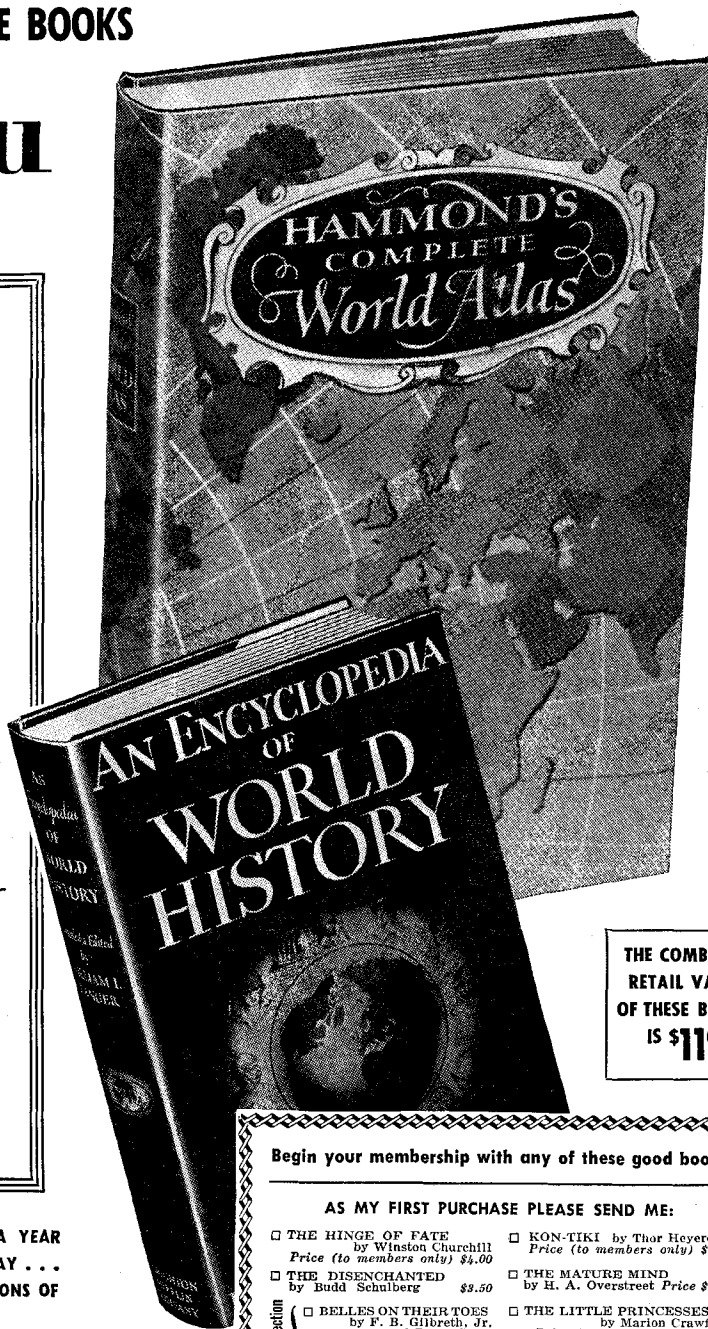
A BRAND-NEW atlas containing detailed maps of each state of the United States, individual countries of all continents, illustrated gazetteers, world statistics, etc. Makes the news more understandable; invaluable for children in schools; handy size . . . always convenient to use.

and

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF World History

1270 PAGES • 60 PAGES OF MAPS

COVERS all of recorded history, from ancient times down to 1946 and World War II. Invaluable whenever you want to know the exact historical background of what you are reading, whether it is a book of fiction or non-fiction, a magazine or a newspaper article.



THE COMBINED
RETAIL VALUE
OF THESE BOOKS
IS \$11.00

As a member YOU MAY BUY AS FEW AS FOUR BOOKS A YEAR
... YOU BUY ONLY SELECTIONS YOU INTEND TO BUY ANYWAY ...
YOU USUALLY PAY LESS FOR THEM ... YOU SHARE IN MILLIONS OF
DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: In addition to the monthly selections, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely-discussed books. *Thus your choice is wide, from 25 to 30 books a year.* Whenever you think the selection is a book you would not enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You simply pay the special members' price for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the regular retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you indicate you want. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN...WHAT IT IS: After your first purchase, with every

second book you buy—from among the Club selections and Special Editions—you receive a Book-Dividend. This member-profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is invested in enormous editions of other books, and these are the Book-Dividends you receive as a member. *In the past five years alone over \$61,500,000 worth of free books (retail value) were distributed among members.*

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES: *Why not buy from the Club the monthly selections you would buy anyway?* You will usually pay less for them and you will share in the Club's Book-Dividends. And, not least, you will actually get and read particular new books, which you are anxious not to miss.

Begin your membership with any of these good books:

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ THE HINGE OF FATE
by Winston Churchill
Price (to members only) \$4.00 | ☐ KON-TIKI by Thor Heyerdahl
Price (to members only) \$3.60 |
| ☐ THE DISENCHANTED
by Budd Schulberg \$3.50 | ☐ THE MATURE MIND
by H. A. Overstreet Price \$2.95 |
| ☐ BELLES ON THEIR TOES
by F. B. Gifford, Jr.
and E. G. Carey | ☐ THE LITTLE PRINCESSES
by Marion Crawford
Price (to members only) \$3.25 |
| ☐ BLANDINGS' WAY
by Eric Hodgins
Combined price (to members only) \$3.75 | ☐ THE EGYPTIAN
by Mika Waltari
Price (to members only) \$3.35 |

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A41
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, HAMMOND'S COMPLETE WORLD ATLAS and AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY. These will be sent with my first purchase indicated above. Thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my membership any time after buying four such books from the Club.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (If any).....State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.



The Atlantic Report on France



caught between the Scylla of orderly pressure and the Charybdis of aggressive agitation.

Rearming

To build up the French armed forces as rapidly and as effectively as possible, in accordance with the program laid out by the government last September, compulsory military service has been increased to eighteen months and exemptions from service for reasons of family have been eliminated.

The government has taken the first steps towards the creation of an internal defense system to combat sabotage, fifth-column action, and hostile parachutists in case of war. As the head of this organization a military man has been appointed — General Chouteau, Military Governor of Paris and a member of the Supreme War Council. It will be his job to coördinate the various active police units with others composed of reserve officers and enlisted men and men deferred from active service as the nucleus of this metropolitan and internal defense force. This is a knotty problem.

Why France is afraid

The ideas and the opinions underlying French resistance to German rearmament have not always been very clearly understood outside of France. In 1914 France had a metropolitan and overseas population of about 40 million. In the four terrible years (1914–1918) in the trenches before Verdun, on the Chemin des Dames, and in the mud of Flanders, 1½ million men were killed and ¾ million “*grands blessés*” sustained major injuries, were gassed and shell-shocked. Two and a half million out of 10 million males between twenty and fifty years — 25 per cent of the future fathers and leaders of France — were sacrificed for freedom.

In World War II France lost another ¾ million soldiers and civilians — 200,000 were killed in battle; 198,000 patriots were shot or died from torture by the Gestapo; 37,000 Maquis or underground fighters were killed in action; 59,225 were killed by aerial bombardment; 182,000 deportees died in German concentration camps; 90,000 war prisoners and labor draftees died in captivity. The Germans cynically said in 1916 that they would bleed France white. They did. There is your answer to the question “Where are France’s leaders today — leaders like the great Clemenceau, Poincaré, Briand, Foch?”

The prevailing impression in Paris last summer, when the matter of German rearmament was first brought up, was that Secretary Acheson was insist-

ing upon its acceptance in principle in order to strengthen his uncertain position with the U.S. Congress and in the face of the open hostility of Louis Johnson, then Secretary of Defense.

When General Marshall succeeded Johnson, it was thought that the Secretary of State, thus strengthened in his position by the arrival of an ally, would relax his pressure for the immediate acceptance of the principle of German rearmament. The French were consequently surprised to discover that the Cabinet change had only reinforced the adamant stand of the State Department on this question.

The Pleven Plan

Thus the Pleven government was on the spot. It could not accept the American demand, if only because the Socialists, who form one of the three pillars of the government, are naturally inclined to pacifism and instinctively hostile to rearmament in general and German rearmament in particular. Nor could the government simply reject the American proposal. The result was the Pleven Plan, the French government’s counterproposal.

Judged from the purely French parliamentary and tactical point of view, the plan was singularly ingenious, for it succeeded in reconciling the Socialists and in winning over the Assembly to the principle of German rearmament. Significantly enough, among those who came out most emphatically in praise of the Pleven Plan was Paul Ramadier, one of the leaders of the Socialist Party and himself a former Minister of National Defense. In a leading article in *Le Populaire* (the Socialist daily) which appeared early last November he lauded the plan above all for its exemplary clarity.

The structure of the plan, crowned at the top by a little parliamentary Assembly, also appealed to the French. The same idea of a supranational Parliament, ever on hand to check possible abuses, lies at the heart of the Schuman Plan. This basic faith in parliamentary sovereignty underlies all the efforts of the French to achieve a European Parliament.

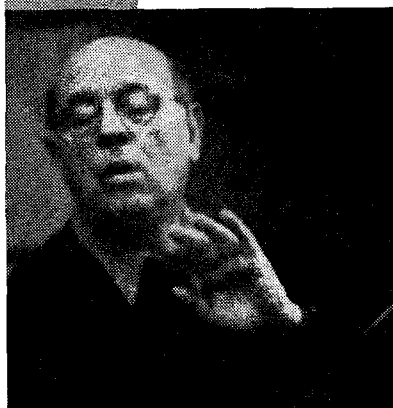
It is around this point that all the disagreements between England and France over the question of Europe’s political future fundamentally revolve. The Englishman, who takes such pride in the solemn and majestic proceedings of his own Parliament, does not, for all that, believe that the institution of parliamentary rule necessarily solves all problems. Some of the most important work in the House of

"The most
important
and moving
festival of music
in our time..."

Prades Festival

directed by

Pablo Casals



Featuring the artistry of Rudolf Serkin, Eugene Istomin, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Leopold Mannes, Pianos; Isaac Stern, Joseph Szigeti, Alexander Schneider, Violins; John Wummer, Flute; Marcel Tabuteau, Oboe; Daniel Saidenberg, 'Cello, and many other performers of highest distinction.

Columbia Records has preserved for posterity the memorable Bach Festival as presented last June in the cathedral of the picturesque French village, Prades.

This magnificent event in music is crowned by the reappearance from self-imposed exile of Pablo Casals, greatest of all 'cellists, as conductor and soloist.

COMMEMORATIVE LIMITED FIRST EDITION

The complete recorded works of the Bach Prades Festival, consisting of 10 LP records, are also offered in a De Luxe Edition, limited to 1,000 individually numbered sets. Handsomely packaged in a compact box container, each record is engraved as a "Limited First Edition," and contains a special "Limited First Edition" label. Record stampers on these 1,000 sets will be destroyed after initial pressing. There will be no re-runs. A magnificent collector's item.

Columbia Records

Ten magnificent Bach Prades Festival LP Records available individually at your dealer's

■ Brandenburg Concerti, Nos. 1, 2 and 3—Ⓢ Record ML 4345

■ Brandenburg Concerti, Nos. 4 and 5—Ⓢ Record ML 4346

■ Brandenburg Concerto, No. 6; The Musical Offering: Ricercare a 3, Sonata a 3, Ricercare a 6—Ⓢ Record ML 4347

■ Suite No. 1 in C Major for Orchestra; Suite No. 2 in B Minor for Flute and Strings. Ⓢ Record ML 4348

■ Sonata No. 1 in G Major for 'Cello and Piano; Sonata No. 2 in D Major for 'Cello and Piano. Ⓢ Record ML 4349

■ Sonata No. 3 in G Minor for 'Cello and Piano; Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor; Italian Concerto in F Major. Ⓢ Record ML 4350

■ Concerto for Violin and Oboe in C Minor; Concerto for two Violins in D Minor. Ⓢ Record ML 4351

■ Concerto in A Minor for Piano, Violin and Flute; Concerto for Violin in D Minor. Ⓢ Record ML 4352

■ Concerto for Violin in A Minor; Concerto for Piano in F Minor; Trio Sonata for Violin, Piano, Flute, Toccata and Fugue in E Minor. Ⓢ Record ML 4353

■ English Suite; Sonata for Flute and Piano in B Minor; Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, No. VIII (From Well-Tempered Clavichord, Vol. 1). Ⓢ Record ML 4354

"Columbia," "Masterworks," Ⓢ and Ⓢ Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcos Registradas



Santa Fe is the only railroad entering Grand Canyon National Park.

Have you seen Grand Canyon yet?

Go Santa Fe

DIRECT TO THE SOUTH RIM

There's only one Grand Canyon. It's in northern Arizona—and it took a million years to make.

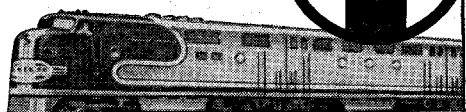
There's only one railroad entering this National Park. It's the Santa Fe—and its Pullmans take you direct to the South Rim the year round.

Last year well over a half million people saw the spectacular grandeur of Grand Canyon, enjoyed rim drives and trail trips, and the traditional Fred

Harvey hospitality at El Tovar Hotel and the Bright Angel Lodges.

This month is a fine time to see the Canyon from the South Rim—the only part of Grand Canyon open the year round.

Let us send you our color folder on Grand Canyon giving the details. Simply mail the coupon.



R. T. Anderson, G.P.T.M.
Dept. AT-14, 80 East Jackson Blvd.
Chicago 4, Illinois
Please send me Grand Canyon folder.

Name _____
Street _____
City and State _____
My Phone _____

Expires Feb. 28, 1951

Commons, he knows, is done in committee or behind closed doors.

The behavior of other Parliaments, furthermore, and particularly on the continent of Europe, does not strike the Englishman as being exactly a model of responsible conduct. Conservative or Socialist, he recoils instinctively before the voluble stream of Continental oratory. The idea of exchanging the gravity and dignity of his own parliamentary life for the turbulent and passionate life of a Continental supranational legislature does not appeal to him at all. That is fundamentally why he prefers a nonparliamentary approach to the solution of European problems.

Union of Europe?

The Frenchman, on the other hand, accustomed as he is to the heat and violence of his own Parliaments, which condemn each successive government to a relatively insecure existence and often to a policy of inertia, looks to a European Parliament as a way of transcending the conflicts which beset and paralyze his own. That is why the French government has seized at every opportunity to further the cause of the parliamentary union of Europe.

This is the instinct which underlies the Pleven Plan, and no one has given it clearer expression than René Pleven himself, when, addressing his party Congress at Lyon in October, he said:—

“What is it that the French nation lacks? It lacks a faith, an enthusiasm, a grand design. And we say that this faith, this enthusiasm, this grand design are to be found in the constitution of the European community, in the constitution of Europe. And what country better than France can take the lead in this task and bring it to fulfillment?”

A Grand Design? Did Pleven utter those words casually? To anyone acquainted with French history they have a familiar ring. That was the title which Sully, the great minister of Henri IV, gave to his ambitious project for uniting the monarchies of seventeenth-century Europe. The union of European nations is hardly a new idea, and in trying to promote it the Pleven government could at least claim to be acting in the spirit of “an old French custom.”



Washington

FOUR candidates for the Republican nomination for President in 1952 have emerged from the mid-term elections: Taft of Ohio, Warren of California, Duff of Pennsylvania, Dewey of New York. Of them all, Taft stands out. He is the state leaders' choice, and though he says he will not campaign, his ambition will probably overleap his modesty. Taft is a born oppositionist. He is the only man in the field who can strike a convincing note of antithesis to the party in power. This he can do not only in print and on the floor of the Senate but, as was strikingly shown in Ohio, on the stump.

But the four will have to contend with a dark horse who never left his stable in November. He is Dwight D. Eisenhower. In almost all conversations on presidential chances the comment is made: "Of course, if Ike gave the word, he could have it, for he's the guy who could sweep the country." This has been said so often since Eisenhower came back from his great triumph in Europe that the statement may be a cliché.

It is often the experience that a man retains a reputation as a vote-getter long after he has ceased to be one; witness Walsh of Massachusetts. However, Eisenhower has done nothing since he came home from the wars to injure his good name. And his influence is unmistakable.

That Eisenhower has the presidential "bug" is undoubted. He had it in 1948, even though he refused to let his name be presented at Philadelphia. The deterrent at that time was the counsel of Generals Marshall and Bradley that the race might endanger the standing of the military establishment. It was thought that as a candidate he would drag the military into politics. Now that he has become an educator, their feeling might be different, for Eisenhower, unlike Stassen, has devoted himself assiduously to his civilian duties and has eschewed politics. In no circumstances does he intend to campaign for the nomination.

By 1952 General Eisenhower may be Supreme Commander of the Atlantic Powers in Europe. All that prevented his appointment at the end of October was the failure of the North Atlantic De-

fense Ministers to solve the differences over the inclusion of Germans in a European army. But the setback was only temporary. The President decided that until there was agreement it would be foolish to name a Supreme Commander. Eisenhower had told the President he was available any time for a suitable position. Of course, as a five-star general, he could be drafted any time, but his gratuitous offer demonstrated where his heart lay.

Would such an appointment take him out of politics? There are those who say that when Dewey in the mid-term campaigning named him as the logical standard-bearer in 1952 he embarrassed the President as well as Eisenhower himself. It was thought that the President might feel he would be accused of getting rid of a rival if he appointed Eisenhower after Dewey's observation. But the President felt no such qualms; he had made his decision anyway. Eisenhower with his determination not to compete for the nomination would be equally available whether he was still at Columbia or in Europe.

Are we coddling the Germans?

The failure to achieve a unified Atlantic command at the meeting of the North Atlantic Defense Ministers came as a bitter disappointment. It has been said that Secretary Marshall should have applied the heat. However, this is not the way to achieve unity; leadership, not heat, is required. And that would have been shown by less emphasis on arming the Germans and more emphasis on unifying Europe.

The Pentagon will not hear of a European army without the inclusion of Germans by divisions. The French would incorporate Germans, but came to Washington prepared only to incorporate Germans in regiments or battalions. All the other Atlantic powers agreed that this would be unworkable, but Minister Jules Moch has an ironclad frame of reference, so the Defense Ministers dispersed without a solution.

However, the job of promoting a meeting of minds is going on assiduously. The French have already relaxed their stand on the question of unit



The Atlantic Report on Washington



size for a German contingent. They now say they will agree to the incorporation of combat brigades — a unit of three regiments — of Germans. What they are afraid of in resisting the incorporation of divisions is the reappearance of a German general staff. A division needs a staff; a combat brigade doesn't.

There the matter rests, with the Pentagon still insistent upon divisions. Time and events, as well as the European fear of a falling off in the momentum of public opinion, will decide the issue. The French charge us with "coddling the Germans." There is some plausibility to the charge.

The fear of Communism

Communism was the prime issue in the mid-term elections. It influenced votes, but before the elections it had influenced policy because of its effect on attitudes.

Perhaps the lawyers may be cited as representatives as well as leaders of society. They voted in favor of the McCarran Act in their American Bar Association; they approved loyalty oaths for their members. The change in legal attitudes since the reaction after the First World War period is remarkable. Lawyers then took the lead in combating the excesses of anti-Communism which took the form of the Mitchell Palmer witch-hunting. Now they have the same fear of "association" as the ordinary person. It is difficult indeed to get respectable legal help in defending accused "associates" — even for the purpose of testing questions of constitutionality. The lawyers fear the loss of practice.

The McCarran Act marked the peak on the domestic front of the fear of Communism. This measure with its ban on the entry of totalitarians has had widespread repercussions. One example may be cited. On October 24 the Chinese Communists said they would come to Lake Success to participate in the Security Council hearing on Formosa. Two days later the United Nations applied to the United States for visas. But it was not till November 7, or election day, that the State Department complied with the request. This in spite of the fact that, under a headquarters agreement with the United Nations, incoming delegates to the United Nations are exempt from the provisions of the McCarran Act.

The State Department had become thoroughly inhibited before the elections. As a foreign diplomat put it, "Mr. Acheson seems to be playing the

policy of the opposition" — a variant of Walter Lippmann's charge that he had become "the prisoner of his critics."

Santa Claus is out

The economic world situation has changed so markedly since the aggression in Korea that the Gray Report on the dollar gap seemed out of date when it was published. The dollar gap has been bridged. In August the United States became a net importer of goods, partly as the result of heavy raw materials purchases since Korea, partly by adjustments in our import duties, partly because of the exchange advantages which accrued to foreign nations as the result of devaluation.

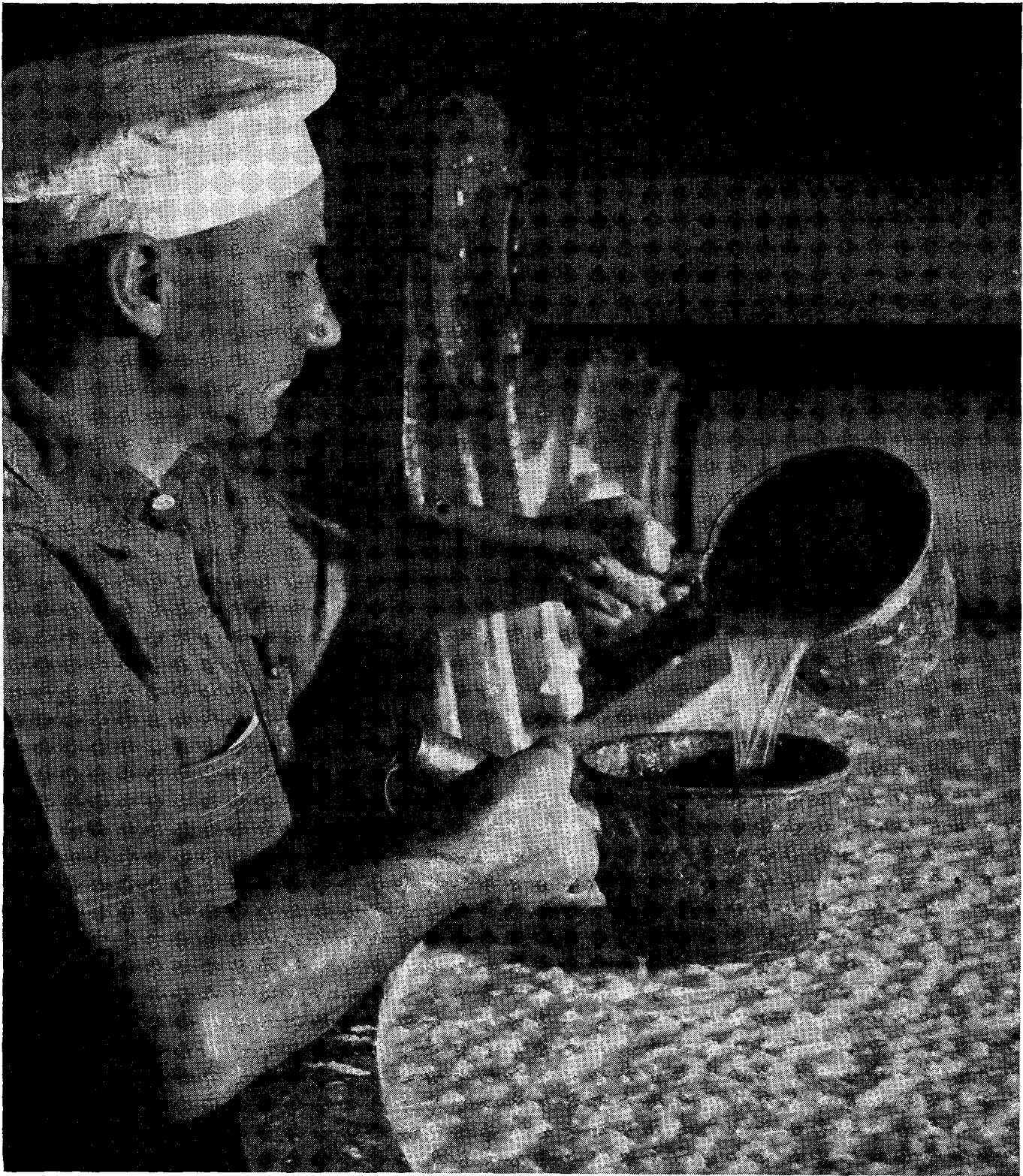
The changed situation applies also to the service account, as a result, in great part, of the invisible imports brought home by the many tourists. Our over-all surplus was running at the annual rate of 2.9 billion dollars for the first six months of the year, but it has now disappeared.

These figures have brought about a re-examination of ECA aid to Britain. They would certainly have induced some adjustments no matter what the results of the election. The Republican success will make the screening, however, more severe, and cause a closer scrutiny of what our foreign friends are doing for themselves. Santa Claus, as the saying goes, is now out.

The Far East

The Far East figured prominently in the campaigning, but the discussion was neither enlightening nor a guide to policy-making. The Republicans insisted that Korea would not have occurred if China had not been lost. What that means is that we ought to have had our Korea in China. Historically it would probably be truer to say that we might never have had Korea if we hadn't had Yalta. But it was the halfheartedness of our intervention in China rather than our bungling at Yalta that engaged the political orators.

The opposing view is that if strict nonintervention had been pursued in China, it might have been possible to allay Chinese suspicion of America, if not to drive a wedge between Peking and Moscow. It is said that in wartime Mao Tse-tung wanted to come to America and talk with F.D.R. What a different tale might now be told if he had come! Right now nothing seems to change the Chinese suspicion of America, if suspicion, rather than participation in Moscow's designs, is what animates the Peking regime!



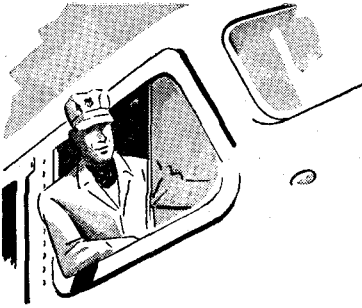
Panning the pulp in the beater to judge whether the cotton and linen fibres are of the correct length for the particular type of paper in process. A highly skilled step in the making of Crane's Fine Papers.

The skill and experience of 150 years of making Crane's Fine Papers is revealed in every sheet of Crane's . . . made now as in 1801 . . . from cotton and linen fibres only. No other papers serve so many important purposes with such distinction or afford you so much pleasure and pride in their use.

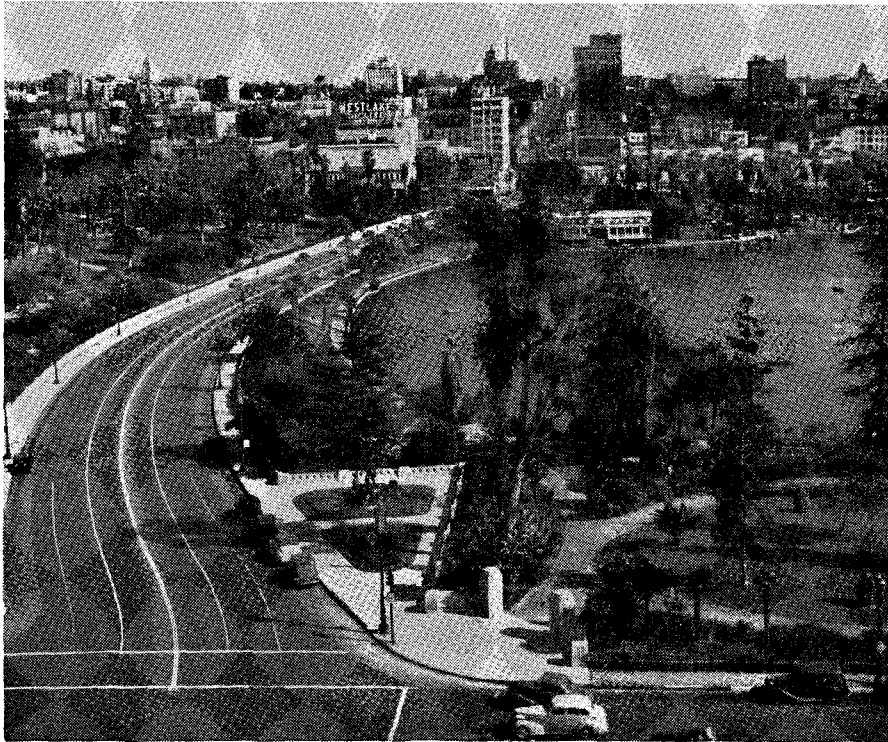
CRANE'S FINE PAPERS

FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE • CURRENCY
SECURITIES • TRACING • CARBON • BIBLE PAPERS

1801 X 1951



"Let me take you
to CALIFORNIA
via Union Pacific"



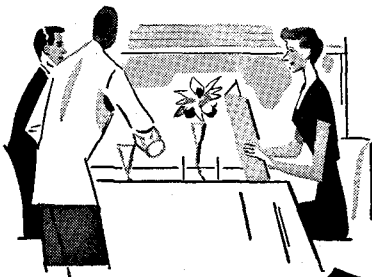
View of MacArthur Park and Wilshire Boulevard

"When I see motorists speeding along a crowded highway I really feel sorry for them. I like to drive my own car but, brother, not clear across the country!

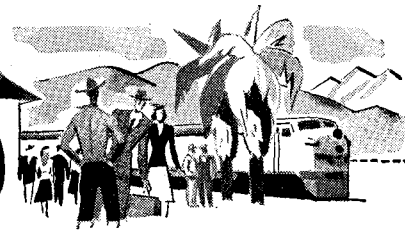
"Here I've got a smooth, open right of way. Back there my passengers are relaxing in the comfort of a roomy Pullman, Coach or Lounge Car. Maybe they're enjoying one of our top Union Pacific meals.

"So—folks—let me take you to California. You'll rest as you ride. I'll get you there safe and sound. Incidentally, too, you can rent a car for sightseeing when you arrive there."

NOTE: Ask your ticket or travel agent to route you west of Chicago on the Streamliner "City of Los Angeles" or "City of San Francisco" . . . west of St. Louis on the "City of St. Louis." Other fine trains, too.



Mail
Coupon



Union Pacific Railroad
Room 404, Omaha 2, Nebr.
Please send free California booklet.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If a student, state age and additional material will be enclosed.

—for free
illustrated booklet
on "California
—via Union Pacific"

However, a condition has overtaken theory in these grim days as we consider what a war with the Chinese Communists would entail. The result is to put an end to a lot of loose talk, and to turn the mind rather to what can be done to neutralize China while the challenge of Moscow is so razor-edged.

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is somber. "You can hear a pin drop in the Defense Department" was the way one visitor put it. The question is whether the Russians want a showdown. To many observers the evidence proves it. The Russians are reported to be engaged in feverish military preparations in the Baltic. They are said to be in mass production of B-29's. There is also the egg-ing on of China in Korea on the part of the Russians.

This grim prospect adds to the urgency of the preparedness program. The first task is to expand production facilities. In this connection it is imperative to consider the proposed excess-profits levy in the light of the clamant need for more production facilities. Such a levy would be bound to throttle incentive and small business at a time when enterprise should be stimulated.

A ready-to-go emergency organization in the Capital is next to the addition to production facilities in order of importance. National Production Authority under General William Harrison is beginning to hit its stride. It is said that in two months it has achieved as much progress as was accomplished in two years of preparedness for the Second World War. The requirement is still a controlled materials plan. But that needs staff, and NPA has only 500 in its personnel, compared with 23,000 in the heyday of the War Production Board. It takes a big staff to check over every order in this country for raw materials.

One trouble here is the inordinate delay on clearances for loyalty. The minimum time taken is five weeks. This is too leisurely a business when time presses. The President is always complaining of his inability to bring in capable men to fill jobs in the present emergency. But the run-around is one reason for the reluctance of experts to serve.

Malaya

MALAYA is a puzzle. In a region which is steadily throwing off colonialism, it continues to be a part of the British Commonwealth and to follow a Fabian development as though the Pacific were peaceful. More remarkable, it does not exist — in the legal sense. “Malaya” is a conventional term covering Singapore, a British colony, and the Federation of Malaya. The southern five hundred miles of the peninsula is a federation whose eleven separate units are mostly Malay sultanates which never have been colonies; the British advise the sultans on external and economic affairs only.

Had there been any significant local political strength in Malaya, the present British government might have followed the policy it did in India and Burma. But there was no alternative local administration and no opposition to the British, and Malaya therefore remains in the British sphere.

On taking office, the Labor Government found that Britain’s post-war recovery needed the financial support of trade in Malaya’s raw materials. It wished to promote self-government, yet was thankful for “dollar” benefits from Malaya. It supported private enterprise in Malaya’s tin and rubber, while following a nationalization policy within Britain, and tried to inject British trade-unionism into Malayan workers.

These attempts to have a foot in two worlds roused suspicion in Malayan unions and also in the European and Chinese firms which produce the tin and rubber. Unversed in Western trade-unionism, Malayan labor fell into the hands of racketeers, some of them Marxist, most of them merely chiselers, and was thereby discredited though it had quite reasonable grievances. Local merchants and financiers became canny about investing new money in old mines and plantations, and were worried about rising costs and dropping prices, about international anarchy and the vagaries of Whitehall policy.

Britain’s dual policy became critical when terrorism broke out in 1948. European, Chinese, and Indian miners, planters, and businessmen were picked off by gunmen, remnants of guerrillas trained by the Allies during the war. These guerrillas in-

cluded miners who had been displaced because rehabilitation was partial and who had found the jungle perfect for reviving the banditry traditional among Chinese.

It was not a new situation; it had been much the same during previous depressions in tin and rubber, but it was aggravated now by arms from the British and Japanese forces and wartime training in sabotage. The police and administration, depleted and weakened by internment and harassed by Labor Party gaucheries about overseas conditions, could not deal with it.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Commissioner-General in Southeast Asia, a minister of cabinet rank coördinating British colonial and foreign policy there, staked his political career by sounding the alarm. He pictured the banditry as Communist and secured a full-scale campaign against the several thousand gangsters involved. It was courageous and a masterpiece of timing. Son of Ramsay MacDonald, first Labor Prime Minister of Britain, Malcolm MacDonald has cordial relations with every section of Malaysians: his smallness prevents him from awing Asians; his easiness encourages free talking; and his accessibility fits perfectly into the Malay tradition. Never was so uncolonial a person so successful with colonials!

The internal weakness of Malaya

The anti-bandit campaign etched the flaws in Malaya. At every threat, internal or external, the peninsula shows itself without any bonds politically or socially, and its economy depends entirely on a deal between Britain and the United States based on American consumption of tin and rubber.

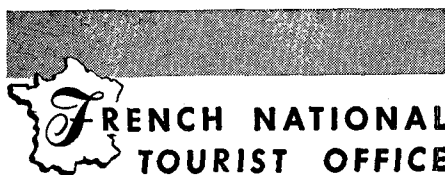
The weakness of Malaya has many causes. Its population is compartmentalized so that there is no cohesion and no common basis for unified action. Deadlock threatens the Federation when elections are held because the indigenous Malays number about the same as local Chinese and Indians combined. The conflict of interest between town and country is here racialized — rural life is largely Malay and urban life Chinese. Commerce is Chinese, apart from a few big European agencies.



THE HOSPITALITY OF **PROVENCE** FAMOUS IN FRANCE

Sunny Provence is a well-loved land where beautiful countryside and warm-hearted folk reward the visitor with unforgettable memories. Arles! Nîmes! Avignon! Each name brings up a picture of her varied charms. Since early Greek and Roman days, all the world has come to Provence—to bask in her hospitality, delight in her food.

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. J1, Box 221, New York 10



NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL

A SERVICE AGENCY OF THE MINISTRY OF
PUBLIC WORKS, TRANSPORTATION AND TOURISM

Rice labor is Malay, mining labor Chinese; rubber labor is largely Indian and Chinese. The trade-unions are similarly racial. The racial groups are highly illiterate and for that reason largely incommunicado and distinctly mercenary in outlook.

Within each community there are further breaks. Among the Malays each sultanate preserves its distinction from the others, so that there are nine sets of Malay aristocrats, glorified beyond recognition in comparison with what they were when the British first entered the peninsula in 1874. Then the sultans led only a few thousand people; they were pitifully poor and inept as figureheads despite their high-sounding titles. Now many of them have large incomes and maintain flashy, Ruritanian courts. The wealth is not of their creation—they merely profit from British and Chinese enterprise.

Loyalty to whom?

Against this aristocracy is developing a people's movement among Malays, hastened by the war and the realization that the Malay has been kept in feudal subservience to his aristocracy while the newcomer Indians and Chinese have freely risen socially as they "made good."

The greatest single political force in Malaya today is the United Malay Nationalist Organization (UMNO), a post-war party in which for the first time the ordinary Malays have been vocal on political issues. Only superficially does it resemble the nationalist movement of other Southeast Asia countries. UMNO deals with the "survival problem" for Malays and it aims at the democratization of Malay society. This division marks a new social ferment.

Because of its racial feuds, Malaya is wide open to internal disruption. Loyalty among its polyglot people means little: it is an abstraction in most of Asia. Loyalty there has to be a personal matter, a matter of mercenary self-interest. This has to be borne in mind not only regarding loyalty by Malaysians to Malaya but also regarding the loyalty of Malaysian Chinese to China.

At the moment there is only one common denominator in Malaya—the economic fact that everyone in the country depends on trade in tin and

rubber. Every phase and standard of life depends on these exports. Malays cannot obtain the expanded training they ask unless revenues, which mostly derive from tin and rubber, are forthcoming. For the Malaysian Chinese, if trade in tin and rubber fades out, their livelihood ceases and the foundation of their businesses inside and around Malaya crumbles. There is neither food nor industry to support Malaysians if their tin and rubber fail.

No boom in tin and rubber

Doubt about the future is preventing any boom in Malaya even though the prices for tin and rubber are record-high; no one can imagine them lasting. Expansion of industries is not taking place though the amount of money in Malaya is probably larger than ever before and everything is really set for industrialization to broaden the basis of Malaysian economy. But those with money cannot see ahead for the length of time necessary for a reasonable return on money invested.

This is a fantastic form of paralysis. With good prices now and much gold coming from China in the retreat from Mao Tse-tung, Malaya is almost clogged with money to invest. Without some stability for the basic materials of Malaya nothing can be done with this capital except the sterile use of it in real estate. What is needed is not a fancy price for tin and rubber but a plan for their futures.

In the United States people now realize that the stockpiling program for tin and rubber has not been successful as an insurance or as a denial operation. In Malaya, it is causing ridiculous prices and weakening morale. The specter of a collapse in tin and rubber when the ceiling is reached haunts every Malaysian project. It helps account for the suspicion and fear with which American economic policy is received in Southeast Asia.

If the U.S. will take the lead

The United States, whose purchasing power in the automobile, electric, and food-canning industries has been the greatest single stimulus to Malaya's past success, is now viewed as the greatest single threat to its future. American stockpiling is discouraging local industrialization and undermining the only common bond among Malaysian nationals. To them, United



A new book "INDUSTRY IN ACTION", which tells you all about La Province de Québec: its geography, its historical background, its resources in power, minerals, agriculture, its fine communications by rail, road, air, water. Also general statistics, charts and precise data. All is here in this fully illustrated 84 page book.



Write to-day for a complimentary copy to: the Honorable Paul Beaulieu, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20.



AN
Atlantic Monthly Press
BOOK

Henry Williamson's THE PHASIAN BIRD

The author of *Salar the Salmon* tells, with realism, beauty and humor, the story of a magnificent cock pheasant, of his friends and enemies.

At all bookstores • \$4.00

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON.

States policy seems to be offering a breakdown differing only in name from what Malaya may expect through Communism.

Desirable as covert tactics a year ago, stockpiling has been outmoded by Korea. It is not necessary on supply grounds, now that synthetic factories are out of mothballs. The immense stockpile fund may at this stage be used constructively for underpinning the economy of Malaya and thereby offering something which no other power in Asia can promise — time for Malaya to mature into a model of successful pioneering by Asians.

It will be quite enough to disperse the air of doubt and uncertainty in Malaya if the United States announces that its present budget earmarked for stockpiling tin and rubber will henceforth be held in reserve to be drawn on whenever within the next five years tin falls below 85 cents a pound or rubber below 40 cents. These are substantially lower than present prices but they are adequate for the producers.

A medium-term price assurance of that kind would provide in Malaya and Southeast Asia such a fillip to confidence that local capital would be released, local industries would be promoted, and the general welfare would be so improved that it would probably never be necessary to spend the fund. It must deny any section of Malaysians the expectation of being no worse off by going Communist — which is the danger of the moment.

A project of this type may be unprecedented in American policy. What of that? Past policy has veered between giving away billions of dollars for no return and direct military action — neither of which has effectively secured the peace. In Malaya internal security can be obtained without giveaways or fighting.

Few parts of the world so lend themselves to the constructive approach as Malaya. A medium-term assurance to Malaya of the type suggested can underpin at once the whole of Southeast Asia. Above all, it provides what no other policy can — a line of personal propaganda by Malayan Chinese to other Asians demonstrating that the West can aid Asia without strings.

Sail on the LARGEST Cruise Liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*

To the WEST INDIES
and SOUTH AMERICA

As complete and as well-run as the finest resort hotel on this or any continent. The perfect ship for cruising. Genuinely friendly service and attention. A cuisine that has become an international topic. Pool-side and midnight buffets. Gay social and sports programs, with

Broadway entertainers, nationally known cruise directors, and a top-flight golf 'pro.'

36,667 gross tons
7 passenger decks
Acres of deck space
Sumptuous salons
Children's play room
7 elevators
Cinema, night clubs
Swimming pool
Continental shops



FIVE WINTER CRUISES to choicest
ports in the sunny Caribbean!

Dec. 21 — 12 Days
Over Christmas and New Years. 4
ports—\$330 up.

Jan. 19 — 15 Days
Midwinter Cruise. 6 ports — \$415
up.

Feb. 6 — 18 Days
Over Lincoln's and Washington's
Birthdays. 8 ports—\$495 up.

Feb. 27 — 15 Days
Late Winter Cruise. 6 ports—\$415
up.

Mar. 16 — 12 Days
Easter Cruise. 4 ports—\$330 up.

All Sailings from New York

Also three 10½ Day
VEENDAM cruises
to Havana—Nassau

Dec. 22, Feb. 3, Feb. 15
\$195 up plus Fed. Tax.

Consult your Travel Agent

*Holland-America
Line*

29 Broadway, New York 6, New York
Branches in all Principal Cities



"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A
WELL-RUN SHIP"

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Sterilization"

SIR:

Dr. Abraham Myerson in his excellent article on sterilization (November *Atlantic*) spoke of opposition to its use stemming from repugnance for meddling with the sexual organs. Unfortunately, he doesn't correct the misapprehension on which this repugnance is based.

Modern surgical sterilization is very different from the barnyard operation of castration with which most people wrongly associate it. The operation consists only of the closure of two small tubes through which the germ cells pass — the egg in the woman, the sperm in the man. No organ is removed from the body, and no alteration in sexual characteristics or interests results. There is no change the patient can detect except the desired one that children are not produced.

When more Americans understand these facts, greater protection will be possible for this generation and the next.

CLARENCE J. GAMBLE, M.D.
Milton, Mass.

SIR:

Dr. Myerson was one of my professors in medical school. I admired him tremendously, but his article on sterilization shows, unfortunately, that he did not have a thorough knowledge of the mentally retarded and their problems.

In my twenty-five years here I have seen literally thousands of cases, and when Dr. Myerson belittled the hereditary factors, he did not know what he was talking about.

Our statistics show that over 50 per cent of our cases come from very

definitely neuropathic stock which includes a very high percentage of mentally defective parents. Furthermore, a large number of these mentally retarded come from families far larger than the so-called "normal" family.

How many "normal" families does one see today in which there are ten, fifteen, or twenty children? We have several examples of families of this size, and in many instances all the members are retarded.

While it is true that normal families may beget subnormal children, it is equally true that the proponents of sterilization limit the application of the measure to those who are very definitely of hereditary origin; hence it is common to refer to the procedure as "selective sterilization."

E. ARTHUR WHITNEY, M.D., Supt.
*Elwyn Training School
Elwyn, Penn.*

SIR:

In his article Dr. Myerson said that California is the only state that to any extent really enforces its sterilization law. In 1949 it reported the largest number of cases given protective sterilization (381), according to an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, October 28, 1950, page 783.

When the ratio to population is considered, however, Virginia was the leading state, with 6.9 operations per 100,000. North Carolina, Iowa, Delaware, Georgia, and North Dakota also had a higher rate than did California.

W. I. PRICHARD, M.D., Supt.
*Petersburg State Colony
Petersburg, Va.*

I Personally—

SIR:

John K. Fairbank's article, "China" (November *Atlantic*), is one of the most informed discussions of the subject that I have seen. The "pulverizing of the center" is one of the basic problems of our foreign policy today. If there is any answer to be found to the dilemma of the two extremes, I am convinced that it is to be found along the lines laid down by Mr. Fairbank.

RICHARD C. JOHNSON
Middle Village, Long Island, N.Y.

SIR:

Congratulations again and again on printing John Fairbank's superb article on China. It is refreshing to read such sane, sound, intelligent proposals, written by a man of obviously great competence and a vigorous, imaginative, liberal outlook, printed in a magazine with such a long record of "safe" policies. Refreshing because this article cannot by any stretch of the imagination, even the most rabidly anti-Communist, be called "Communistic" (a favorite epithet of all those who are unable to see any point of view other than their own), but will, I hope, have a wide and beneficial influence, particularly in the depths of political Washington.

Thank you for continuing your long record of public service.

JUDITH FREEDMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR:

You have rendered a distinct service to the American people by publishing the article by Dr. James How-

ard Means, "The Doctors' Lobby" (October *Atlantic*). He has said ably what many of us within the profession — a growing minority — feel. We are not allowed to express our views in the A.M.A. *Journal*. We love our profession. We want it to look forward, not backward; to think primarily of the public that it serves, not of itself; and we are sad to see it led by those who do the latter. We do not want the American public to believe that official A.M.A. views and political activities represent the views of all physicians. Hence the importance of Dr. Means's article.

The A.M.A. lobby to which Dr. Means refers has to its credit in the year 1950 the fighting of all but one health measure which has come before Congress. Among these are the School Health Services Bill to provide treatment for the defects found in school examinations (for fear some child of parents with a moderate income might have treatment without cost, a hundred other needy children may not be treated); federal aid to rural health plans; federal aid to local public health units; and the disability insurance section of the Social Security Law, which has been weakened to provide limited aid for "certified needy," permanently disabled people.

For lobbying like this, which seems to me directly opposed to the best interests of the American people, and for printed material distributed by the firm of Whitaker and Baxter, which abounds in distortions, each member of the American Medical Association is required to pay twenty-five dollars in "dues." I am among those who cannot in good conscience finance such activities. I have therefore formally refused to pay the "dues." What our fate will be after January 1, 1951, is impossible to say.

Even to those who do not agree with Dr. Means it should be apparent that both sides of a public question must be presented if American democracy is to endure.

Doctor's name withheld
Midwestern U.S.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

marboro books *CUTS* prices

42 — The Creative Mind

By Henri Bergson. A masterly autobiography of his philosophical method. Here, in his last published work, Bergson's "calling" for a new philosophy shines through every page. Pub. at \$3.75. **Only .98**

208 — Greek Sculpture

Printed in Paris. 96 full-page plates, each reproducing the timeless beauty of an Ancient Greek masterpiece. Text in French. Flexible cover. 4 1/2" x 7". **Only 1.35**

12 — Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden

A book of photographs by Merlin Severn. 80 page-size (10 1/4" x 8 1/4") plates of actual scenes photographed during Sadler's Wells performances. See Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, Moira Shearer, etc., in *Sleeping Beauty* and other favorites. **Only 2.98**

116 — I Was There

By Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy. The dramatic personal story of the Chief of Staff to Roosevelt and Truman, based on notes and diaries made at the time. Foreword by President Truman. Profusely illustrated. 524 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. **Now .98**

173 — An Inquiry Into the Intimate Lives of Women

By Marc Lanval, Dr. S.S., U.L.B. The long-awaited English translation of the famous European report on the intimate behaviour of women based on scores of personal interviews. Often called the European equivalent of the Kinsey report. 256 pages. **Only 2.98**

253 — Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine

Introduction by Joseph M. Bernstein. Arthur Symonds' unabridged translations of Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil* and *Prose Poems*; translations of Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* and *Illuminations*; and translations of a representative selection of Verlaine's verse. Pub. at \$3.00. **Special 1.98**

151 — Pushkin to Gorky: A Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories

Edited by Avraham Yarnolinsky. With biographical notes on each author and an introductory essay by the editor. More than 1000 pages. Contains 53 stories that range in time from Pushkin through Gorky, and includes a novelette by Dostoevsky. Pub. at \$4.50. **Only 2.95**

108 — Global Mission

By H. H. Arnold, General of the Air Force. The richly colored autobiography of "Hap" Arnold, Commander-in-Chief of the greatest air force the world has ever seen. Relates the exciting behind-the-scenes story of American air power and the great decisions of World War II. With 34 photos of unusual interest. Contains 626 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. **Now only .98**

158 — Paul Klee

Printed in France by Braun et Cie. 24 surrealist masterpieces reproduced in full-color with all the brilliance of the originals. Biographical and critical introduction in English, French and German. 6 1/4" x 8 1/4". **Only 1.98**

73 — World's Great Catholic Literature

Edited by George N. Shuster. Over 200 selections from the world's great legacy of Catholic prose. Writings of Cardinal Newman, Erasmus, Dryden, Chaucer, Thomas à Kempis, St. Thomas Aquinas and a host of others. 441 pages. Originally \$3.50. **Now only .98**

135 — Audubon Birds of America

Just published! Reproduced directly from the *Elephant Folio* engravings valued as high as \$1500 apiece! Each 8 1/2" x 11" plate is printed on a soft-textured, linen-weave sheet superbly suited for capturing the breathtaking true-to-nature colors of the originals. Portfolio ties on 3 sides with removable ribbon... includes a pre-cut "decorator's mat." Set of 16 prints with portfolio. **Only 1.98**

86 — Memoirs of Cordell Hull

One of the great works of modern history. Handsome gift edition in blue slip case with title stamped in gold. Two volumes. 1804 pages. Pub. at \$10.50. **Now only 3.95**

165 — Crusade in Europe

By Dwight D. Eisenhower. A warm and richly personal account of the war as Eisenhower planned it and lived it. 44 detailed maps, 6 of them in color. 16 full-page combat photos. 559 pages. Pub. at \$5.00. **Now only 2.95**

95 — Four Plastic Books for Baby

For 6 mos. to 2 1/2 years. Flexible plastic pages that can be washed with soap and sterilized in hot water. All 4 have bright pictures in gay colors that will not run. "Baby Goes for a Ride," "Baby's Pets," "Baby's Home," "Baby's Bath Book." Pub. at \$3.00. **4 books for only 1.69**

26 — Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex

By Drs. Willy, Vander, Fisher and other authorities. A complete and up to date discussion of sexual practice with 186 detailed, explanatory illustrations, including 23 color plates and a concise dictionary of sexual terms. Never before has such a unique series of illustrations of the sexual apparatus of both sexes appeared in a single volume. **Only 4.95**

271 — Watercolor Drawings of Rowlandson

Commentary by Arthur W. Heintzelman. 50 watercolor drawings (20 of them in full-color) by "the greatest master of pure line England ever produced." Printed by the special true-to-the-original Optak process. Each plate on an individual over-size 10" x 13" page. Pub. at \$12.50. **Now only 2.98**

55 — Seven Science Fiction Novels of H. G. Wells

1024 pages. Complete and unabridged versions of Wells' most famous masterpieces — *Time Machine*, *Invisible Man*, *War of the Worlds*, *First Men in the Moon*, *Island of Dr. Moreau*, *Food of the Gods*, and *In the Days of the Comet*. **Only 3.95**

198 — London Reverie

All the charm of London portrayed in 56 masterful drawings by Joseph Pennel. Each large 8 1/2" x 11" unbacked reproduction is ideal for framing. Introductory essay and notes by J. C. Squire. Pub. at \$3.49. **Now only 1.98**

Mail This Coupon Without Delay or Write to—

MARBORO BOOKS DEPT. 11, 117 E. 24 STREET, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please rush me, postage prepaid, the book bargains I have circled below
☐ Enclosed find \$..... ☐ Please send C.O.D.

12	26	42	55	73	86	95	108	116
135	151	158	165	173	198	208	253	271

Name
Address
City Zone State

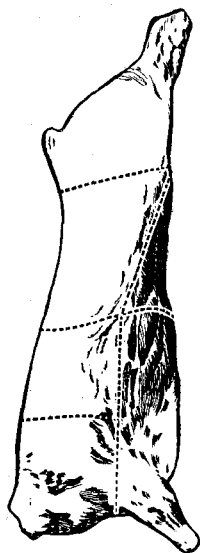
A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 15¢ per title for deliveries outside U. S. A. and possessions.
GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return books after ten-day examination and money will be refunded.

MEAT PRICES . . . from steer to steak

Cattle are not all beef . . . Beef is not all steak



1000 lbs. Steer =
at 26¢ per lb.
Packer pays
\$260⁰⁰



600 lbs. Beef =
at 42½¢ per lb.
Retailer pays
\$255^{00*}

	LBS.	PRICE	TOTAL
Porterhouse steak 	40	95¢	\$38.00
Sirloin steak 	50	85¢	42.50
Round steak 	80	85¢	68.00
Rib & rump roasts 	70	75¢	52.50
Chuck roast 	100	55¢	55.00
Hamburger, stew beef 	160	50¢	80.00
Fats 	40	5¢	2.00
	540	63¢	↓

540 lbs. Retail Cuts
(including shop fats)
Consumer pays
\$338⁰⁰

For livestock raising to be profitable, farmer's return must cover maintenance of breeding stock, feed and labor costs, land use and the grower's time for the three years it takes to produce a good-grade steer.

*Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, fertilizer, etc., typically offsets packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that the beef from a steer normally sells at wholesale for less than the live animal cost.

Retail markup must cover such costs as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc., as well as shrinkage in weight of beef carcass when converted into retail cuts. Prices are averaged. In some stores they were lower. In some charge-and-deliver stores or in high-cost areas, they were higher.

Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Chicago, during 1949.

A good look at this chart quickly provides answers to a lot of questions people ask about meat. For example, it shows why sirloin steak from a 26¢-per-pound steer may cost 85¢ over the counter, and why a meat packer can sell beef for less than he paid for the animal "on the hoof."

Efficiency in saving by-products as well as meat—and not economic legerdemain—makes this possible. It is one of the big reasons why meat moves from farmer—to packer—to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago

•

Members throughout the U.S.



VINCENT SHEEAN, who began his writing as a foreign correspondent and who scored his first international success with *Personal History*, was abashed — as any young writer would be — on his first meeting with George Bernard Shaw. But Shaw took a liking to him and to his wife, Diana Forbes-Robertson. He was invited again to the Victorian house on the edge of the little village of Ayot St. Lawrence, and as he came to know the great man and his charming wife Aunt Charlotte, his veneration for Shaw deepened and became articulate. These are the impressions of his last visit with George Bernard Shaw in the spring of 1949.

MY LAST VISIT WITH SHAW

by VINCENT SHEEAN

On a spring day in 1949 my wife and I drove down from London to Ayot St. Lawrence, in Hertfordshire, to see Mr. Bernard Shaw. It was the Fourth of June, the annual festival at Eton; it was also Derby Day; and by the vagaries of the lunar calendar it was at the same time the Whitsun week-end. London was a deserted city, bathed in summer light like a stage setting awaiting its actors. Once we left the city, all along the way there were intrepid youths and maidens in shorts and T shirts, riding bicycles or simply running, flexing their muscles, preparing for some mysterious test of fitness or saluting the sun. I was by no means unaware of the blossoming countryside through which we drove, but for the most part my mind was busy with our illustrious host, his wit and wisdom, his rebellious intellect and his irrepressible kindness.

More than once I had made this journey. Over a period of fifteen years, at intervals I had grasped in my hand the green sheet of directions, hired a car, proclaimed our destination, and set forth, secure in the knowledge that no chauffeur could possibly go wrong if he did everything this sheet of paper told him to do. For these directions were Mr. Shaw's own most careful composition, on which he worked for years, correcting and abridging when he judged it necessary, so that it was virtually foolproof. My recollection is that fifteen years ago the green sheet

was about twice as long and twice as detailed. The print certainly filled the whole paper at that time, with no room at the bottom for writing. This time the directions had a written addendum: —

MY DEAR DIANA: —

Vincent had better come on Saturday. I shall be free at 4 or later. Hadn't he better bring his wife, if she can bear the spectacle of a doddering old crock who might be her great-grandfather?

The only bearable way of getting here is by car from door to door. Without the printed directions above you will lose your way in the lanes; but if you have no car, hire from Fred Day, Telephone Kensington 5257. He specializes in Shaw visits, and knows the way.

G.B.S.

This visit was of a special nature. On previous occasions — too few, indeed, and all before the war — I had gone in response to the invitations of Mrs. Shaw, the kind and valiant mother-bird, the good soul now departed, for whom my own affection had sprung up unbidden from the moment I first saw her in Forbes-Robertson's house in the winter of 1935. After 1940 I had not been to Ayot St. Lawrence again — only to Whitehall Court, in London, where there were always a few to lunch and much talk, even up to the bombing days. This had been the London habitat of the Shaws ever since the old Adelphi on the river, where they used to live, was

Copyright 1950, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

torn down to make way for a huge modern building. It was in Whitehall Court that I heard Shaw say some of the most startling things that fell upon my ears in 1940. The French, he said, on that awful day when France fell, will be happy now; they can at last join the Germans and turn on the British Empire, which is what they have always wanted to do. (I was shocked when he said it; but how right he turned out to be!) On the same day he remarked that he would be the correct person to negotiate with Hitler, since he and Hitler were the only two men living who had read Richard Wagner's *Art and Society*. (Again he was right, as I know now; then I was only startled.)

Between Whitehall Court, the quiet London flat, and Ayot St. Lawrence, the unbeautiful but comfortable late Victorian house embowered in the Hertfordshire lanes, everything I had known or seen of Shaw was framed. Once only I had seen him elsewhere, in the Adam drawing room of my father-in-law Forbes-Robertson's house in Bedford Square. That was when I met him first, when he and Mrs. Shaw came to lunch and he darted across the room, shook my hand and said: "So *this* is the celebrated author of —" I was so embarrassed that I hardly dared utter a word for the rest of that lunch. Mr. Shaw was never unkind, and did not mean to be then — on the contrary, I suppose he meant to lift me from the depths of my awe; but it was inevitable that I should think he was making mock of me.

2

THE impressions of any writer of another are likely to be tinted or twisted by purely professional peculiarities, such as the extreme familiarity which the writing itself engenders. That is to say, I spent such a very large part of my first youth reading Shaw's plays and prefaces that I felt myself to be among the familiars of his mind long before I ever saw him. I used to go up to the smoking room in Mitchell Tower, next to Harper Library in the University of Chicago, and read those works for hours on end. That room was hardly ever used (undergraduates as a rule did not know of its existence) and I spent innumerable hours with Shaw in those days after the First World War.

It would be difficult to convey to anybody of another generation what a liberating wind came from his words. It was the opening of doors and windows, the welcome flood of the morning sun. As a result I was always on my guard, in after years, against Shaw's occasional habit of quoting himself. ("I read that once and will not forget it," I used to say to myself, "and why does he think he has to tell me now?") That was a slight impediment to my correct appreciation of his personality. Another was his habit of giving unnecessary information about his own work, which I felt I knew about as well as anybody who was not a specialist in it. He

once said to me: "I wrote a comedy some years ago called *Pygmalion*," and I was convulsed with an internal fury. I know now that I was foolish and he was right: a great many people may not have known that he wrote a comedy called *Pygmalion*. Everything is possible. But for some years I was blinded towards Shaw's absolute sincerity and honesty by this habit he had of telling me things I already knew. To me he was the greatest writer of our time, and also by all odds the most famous, so that every time he gave me information of this sort it only meant (to me) that he regarded me as an ignoramus.

And awe, too, awe itself, which any younger writer must feel for one so old and famous, is an impediment. Shaw did his best to get me out of that. His method was to compare me to Colonel T. E. Lawrence, who had greatly frequented the Shaw household and who had been "shaken with awe," Mr. Shaw said, "about what he called gr-r-reat writers." Shaw's insistence upon an analogy between Lawrence and me was probably, I see now, as much for my own good as anything else. It was a form of therapy. By making fun of Lawrence he hoped to get some of the same snarls and snags out of my own composition. According to his thesis, Lawrence and I both suffered from the same disease, which he called (in the phrase from Ibsen's *Master Builder*) "the sickly conscience." According to Shaw, this malady had never existed in the past; Lawrence and I were the principal examples he could think of; and we could not possibly have lived at any time except the twentieth century. He once developed this theme at the greatest length (to my intense distress) until Mrs. Shaw told him to stop.

But as the years passed and I did somewhat conquer my "awe," our few meetings turned into something of rare value to me. I saw in him a leonine courage and an intelligence so incisive that it made most of what passed for "thinking" in our time look like a form of embroidery. His wit was natural, flowing, incessant, and represented on the surface what was fundamentally his attitude towards life; but the words in which it was expressed were an art. Like all art, they came not by nature alone. He had worked. He had in fact penetrated the language as few writers ever do. Actors have told me that his lines are easy to memorize, in spite of their length, because of the inner connections between them: the progressions have inevitability. What is more, the lines have cadence, and if an actor leaves out a word or substitutes another the cadence is as much destroyed as it would be in Shakespeare. During the rehearsals of *Caesar and Cleopatra* fifty years ago my mother-in-law, who was sitting with Shaw in the darkened theatre watching a scene, was suddenly entranced by the line of the slave Britannus: "Only as Caesar's slave have I known true freedom." She turned to Shaw impulsively (she was only twenty) and said: "Oh, Mr. Shaw, you really

ought to write poetry." He boomed back at her: "My dear Miss Elliott, I never write anything else."

This poet, warrior, and sage appeared to a large number of people in his own generation and for a generation or two afterwards in the guise of a clown, perhaps of a gifted clown, but with the unmistakable clownishness just the same. It was by turning things topsy-turvy that he set them straight. His formidable central gift was aesthetic; it was for the creation of works of art. (H. G. Wells told me that long ago. "Don't make the mistake of taking Shaw as a thinker," he said. "That's secondary. Primarily and all the time, don't you know, his is an aesthetic gift.") These works of art were at their best before I was born or just after I was born, perhaps, but they reached their general recognition just as my generation was ready to read them. The gap is therefore tremendous, since Mr. Shaw's best plays were all written after he was forty and fully half of them after he was sixty. He may perhaps belong — does, I think — to the period called "the turn of the century," and therefore the "sickly conscience" was always alien to him. Across such gulfs it is sometimes hard to communicate.

Now, on this visit to Ayot St. Lawrence, I was going for the first time on business. One of the popular magazines had sent me to ask Mr. Shaw if he would write an article or essay for them, of whatever length, on his views of the twentieth century in midstream. We were approaching the year 1950, the "grand climacteric" according to some systems of belief, and it was rightly held that Shaw's remarks could not fail to be illuminating.

But there were two drawbacks. First, Shaw was old, approaching then his ninety-third birthday; second, anything to do with business always did put him on the defensive. I had been in Paris for the conference of the foreign ministers of the four principal powers (the "Big Four") and proposed to come over to London for one week-end to see him. I wrote him a note from Paris, and also asked my wife, Diana Forbes-Robertson, to telephone from London to Ayot St. Lawrence to make an appointment. (We were then divorced, which Mr. Shaw apparently did not know; we were remarried the following December.) His first response was to send her the green sheet of directions with the written note. She then sent him a telegram saying I had a project to submit, and he replied: —

MY DEAR DIANA: —

Since writing to you your telegram has arrived with the alarming intimation that Vincent is coming to submit a project to me. Now I don't want him to be disappointed and have his tedious journey for nothing.

It is on the face of it absurd to submit a new project to a man of 93. It is even more hopeless to enlist a man without a penny to spare. Vincent thinks I am under 40 and have millions.

Make him read the enclosed printed card which

he must take very seriously. I am selling all my London books and furniture, and changing into a cheaper flat, to scrape together enough cash to avoid being sold-up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The only people who have any spare money now are financiers whose gains on the Stock Exchange are exempt from taxation. I am taxed 19/6 in the pound to a point which leaves me only a subsistence income.

Vincent must write me off as no good for anything.

G.B.S.

The pink ticket enclosed with this note said: —

"Mr. Bernard Shaw receives daily a mass of appeals from charitable institutions, religious sects and Churches, inventors, Utopian writers desirous of establishing international millennial leagues, parents unable to afford secondary education for their children: in short, everybody and every enterprise in financial straits of any sort.

"All these appeals are founded on the notion that Mr. Shaw is a multimillionaire. The writers apparently do not know that all his income except enough to meet his permanent engagements is confiscated by the Exchequer and redistributed to those with smaller tax-free incomes or applied to general purposes by which everyone benefits.

"Clearly Mr. Shaw's correspondents cannot have his income both ways: in cash from himself and in services from the State. He does not complain of this system, having advocated it for more than half a century, and nationalized all his landed property; but now that it is in active and increasing operation it is useless to ask him for money; he has none to spare.

"He begs to be excused accordingly. No other reply to appeals is possible."

I believe my wife then spoke to Mr. Loewenstein, Shaw's secretary, on the telephone, assuring him that this was not a fund-raising expedition, and was told to revert to the original plan.

3

THUS, on the Saturday afternoon of maximum pre-occupation for the rest of England — Derby Day and all that — we passed through the lanes and the bosky dells and came to the Victorian house set back at the crossroads on the edge of the little village. The driver — a specialist in Shaw visits — drove in knowingly over the gravel and then took his place near the gate of exit. We rang the bell and found ourselves in a hall which did not seem to have changed for years. Sunshine was flooding in from the garden. The pink-faced maid who let us in said she did not know where Mr. Shaw was but she thought he was walking outside. We decided, after a few minutes, to go and find him. The first place I looked, of course, was across the slope to the summerhouse opposite, on the other side of the garden,

where he used to do much of his writing. I remembered well having seen him come swinging along from that place through winter or summer weather, robust and indefatigable. But there was no Shaw to be seen; the garden was empty. Then, as we looked round, he emerged from a clump of shrubbery down on the right and began to walk slowly up the garden path towards the house. We went to meet him swiftly.

My first feeling was one of shock and terror. I had not expected this fragility. For a moment I almost thought he was a ghost; I was sorry I had come to disturb so august a shade. But then he began to talk, a little slowly it is true, and moreover our progress up the garden walk was preternaturally slow, but I began to feel, after all, that nothing had changed — that time had taken away a little color, a little solidity (a little of the too, too solid flesh), but had touched nothing essential. This was Shaw, all right, the unmistakable original article and no other. Only once he said something that reminded me abruptly of how many long years he had passed in this garden. My wife admired the row of tall poplars that stood over against the ridge at the end of the garden opposite the house.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Shaw said, "they shoot up with the greatest celerity. One moment you look at them and they are knee-high, and the next moment they tower above you."

A few decades more or less could not have been more cavalierly dismissed.

But it was when we came at last to the house and to the familiar small sitting room at the end that he really shed the years. Seated in his own chimney corner, beside the unlit fire (it was a warm day), and resting his extraordinary head against the back of a tall chair, everything came back to him at once — the resonant voice and the panoply of words, the range of subject and the vivacity of attack upon each in turn. He had walked very straight, it is true — there was no bend in that back — and had spoken with his usual crystalline clarity, even in the garden, but here in his chimney corner he was at ease and in command.

The little maid brought in a table groaning with tea and all sorts of food and cakes for Dinah and me. I looked inquiringly at Mr. Shaw.

"Go ahead and have what you like," he said. "It's a meal I don't take."

(I was reminded of years ago when it was a meal he did take, and Aunt Charlotte — I am sure she never knew we used to call her Aunt Charlotte, but she wouldn't have minded anyhow — used to give us so much food we could not eat it all; and Mr. Shaw, in the midst of lecturing me on what part of the cake to eat, consigning the greater part of it to perdition as "muck," got so engrossed in his own talk that he crumbled and ate all the "muck" that he had forbidden me.)

He talked a little about diet; he would not have

been himself without at least a reference to that subject. Somebody had sent him a machine from America which seized upon raw vegetables and shredded them into a sort of pulp; this substance constituted Mr. Shaw's main meal at midday. In the evening he supped on milk and bread or biscuit, with perhaps a little fruit.

"Most people suffer from protein poisoning," he said, not too pointedly. "It's one thing I'll never have."

4

THROUGH the subject of diet we progressed to Mahatma Gandhi, and Shaw really got into his stride. The meeting with Gandhi, to which he referred, must have taken place in 1931 when the Mahatma was in London for the Round Table Conference on a Constitution for India (boycotted by Nehru). I had always thought Gandhiji stayed his whole time in London at a settlement house in the East End, but apparently there was some interval when he had quarters in a more upholstered part of London.

"He was staying in Kensington," Shaw said positively, "in a big house."

(It would have been like Gandhiji to go to the house of some Indian friend to receive the Shaws — to spare them the journey to the slums.)

"I went there with my wife and we were shown into a room bare of all furniture except for three armchairs. I could see the blanket against the wall where Gandhi had been sitting, but he sat in an armchair as we did. We had the usual polite preliminaries and then I said to him: 'Now, look here, Gandhi, wouldn't you be more comfortable on the floor?' He said as a matter of fact he would, and he sat on the floor from then on while we continued to sit in our armchairs."

The anecdote left me quite breathless for a moment; I could hardly tell which of the two, Shaw or Gandhi, was putting the other at a disadvantage, but I know that in my own experience I could not have endured sitting on a chair with Gandhi at my feet. Shaw could.

"We had a talk about the situation of the day, and a great deal about food and diet and such matters, as we were both cranks," Mr. Shaw continued with gusto, remembering more of the story as he went on. "And then it came time to go. Gandhi got up and insisted on seeing us to the door. He wanted to know if we had a car. I said, 'Certainly not; we never keep a car in London; we shall find a taxi.' He said he would find us a car. I protested, but it was in vain; he was an obstinate little man. He accompanied us out of the house and across the drive to the street where there was standing a long row of magnificent-looking motorcars of an obviously private ownership and use. He picked out one of the most splendid of these vehicles and urged us to get into it.

We did so in some bewilderment and then I said: 'Why, look here, Gandhi, there's no driver for this car.' He said not to mind, he'd find us a driver; we said our farewells and sat back, wondering what would happen next. Presently there appeared a majestically handsome young man in a most resplendent uniform. He got into the driver's seat and asked us where we wanted to go. We were in fact going to a cinema in Leicester Square to see a new film.

"The young man delivered us at our destination and the motorcar was most comfortable. We thanked him when we got out and then afterwards, when we were already seated in the cinema, it occurred to me that I might quite properly have given him a tip. I put three shillings into a twist of paper — a florin and a shilling, I remember — and summoned a page boy to deliver the money. Presently the page boy came back and told me the driver did not want a tip. The twist of paper was pressed into my hand and it was not until afterward that I discovered it contained only the florin. The shilling had vanished."

Mr. Shaw paused to reflect for a moment about the vanished shilling of twenty years ago.

"On the following day," he said, cheering up, "we received the visit of the majestic young man who had driven us to the cinema. He had come to pay his respects. He was the Maharajah of Something-or-other. And it appears that all the Indians in London, whether maharajahs or millionaires or whatever, had placed their motorcars at Gandhi's disposal during his visit to London, and since he couldn't possibly use them all they simply lined up there and waited!"

This afforded Mr. Shaw great amusement, no doubt as an example of the irrationality of Orientals; and indeed it would be hard to account for such behavior under the Marxian view. Since I had been in India a good deal of late, it did not seem to me so astonishing. I told him what Gandhi had said to me: —

"In everything that I have read of Bernard Shaw's there has been a religious center."

Suddenly Mr. Shaw became very serious and leaned his head on his hand. After a pause I heard him speak, perhaps not even to me.

"That's true," he said. "That's very true."

5

THE somber moment was gone before I fully realized its meaning; it was the only one I ever saw with Bernard Shaw. To hasten its passing I outlined for him an article in which he would give his views of the twentieth century.

"Oh, good heavens no," he said. "I can hardly remember anything for ten minutes at a time. How could I write about the twentieth century? Besides, it's a poor laggard century. It's never

been able to catch up with me. No, no. Now mind you, Vincent, you must make all the money you can out of it, but don't count on me for any writing. Besides, how do I know I should see the thing in print? And why should I labor for the Chancellor of the Exchequer? No, no, count me out."

And then he began to talk about the twentieth century with a fine thrust and parry of words, like a man fencing with himself. He said it had started out well, equipped for great adventures in reorganization and development.

"But nobody can tell," he said with complete seriousness although at the same pace, "what might have happened in the first half of the twentieth century if it had not been thoroughly disrupted by two savagely destructive wars. It had the material for a tremendous evolutionary jump, a great advance in the general wealth and welfare, when these two wars came along and tore the whole thing apart, and the second one was worse than the one before."

He was pensive for the briefest pause, and then resumed in a deliberately brighter vein, as if he had looked over his rapiers and chosen this one with precision.

"Now I wonder who the great men of the century might be?" he remarked, and proceeded without waiting for a reply. "There'd be Stalin, of course, first of all. That Stalin," he said admiringly, "he's got a fist on 'um!"

I wondered why he said Stalin and not Lenin, who was, after all, the creator of Stalin and of everything else in the Bolshevik revolution; but as he pursued his discourse I saw that he was talking of living men only — hence two or three significant omissions.

"Then of course you'd have to say Einstein, too," Shaw continued. "That's in a different realm of ideas but obviously he's remade his world. And then who? Well, I suppose you might say Nehru, but he's getting a little old."

This was too much for me.

"But, Mr. Shaw," I protested, "he's only sixty."

"Sixty, is it?" said Shaw. "Well, then, maybe he's been in jail too long. Anyhow he came to see me here last autumn and I thought he seemed a little old. Well, then, who else? I might really add a fourth, if modesty did not forbid."

He enjoyed this joke as much as we did and then launched forth into a long reminiscence about his visit to Stalin twenty-odd years ago. He had gone to Russia in 1927 with Lord and Lady Astor and had been received by Stalin with them. It appears that Lady Astor, who was then at the height of her career in the House of Commons, took charge of the meeting and did not permit Shaw to get a word in edgewise. He did have some slight exchange with Stalin, but on the whole derived his

impression of the Soviet dictator's strength and good sense from the talk of the others. At one point it seems that Lady Astor began to harangue Stalin about his welfare workers, district visitors or housing inspectors or something of the kind. She was especially incensed that, in what she had seen, too much of this work was done by men.

"You send me one competent woman to Plymouth," she told the dictator, "and I'll teach her how to do the job."

The visit to Russia ended soon afterwards and the Astor-Shaw party returned to England; within a few days there had turned up in Plymouth not one competent woman, but six.

It was no part of my plan or wish, with a man of Mr. Shaw's age and eminence, to engage in argument. What I did think then, and developed in talk with my wife on the way back to London in the car, and have thought dozens of times in the past fifteen years, is this: that Mr. Shaw has consistently ignored the brutal violence of Stalin's rule over his own people. In such remarks of his as I have heard, and in his frequent letters to the *Times* as well as in other printed work of these late years, Shaw has emphasized the reconstructive social enterprises of the Soviet Union, its work in the direction of a new society, to the exclusion of everything else. For a pacifist vegetarian to take this view meant that he must have excluded from his mind everything of a contradictory nature, such as the wholesale extermination of peasants in the collectivization of agriculture, or numerous other immense human sacrifices on a scale never seen since ancient Mexico. If I had been able to get a word in edgewise in other years, before he became so extremely venerable, I should have asked Mr. Shaw about this, and if he had made the usual reply that "you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs," I should have asked him to name the number of eggs. I have never quite understood how a nonviolent, vegetarian pacifist can approve of the utter disregard for contemporary life which characterizes Stalin's battle for the problematical future. This question, however, I never had a chance to ask.

Curiously enough, in the whole of this disquisition Shaw did not once mention Roosevelt or Churchill. All those who are dead, among them friends of his such as H. G. Wells and world-shakers such as Lenin and Gandhi, were as if they had never been.

When an hour was up we rose to go, for fear of tiring him. I remember that as we stirred about the room, preparatory to departure, my wife's eye was taken by a gilt statuette on the chimney piece. It was not beautiful, but beautiful objects were not much in Mr. Shaw's period (comfort was preferred). Aside from a bust of himself by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy this gilt figurine was the only thing in the room that had the slightest pretension to the status of art. My wife touched it and asked what it was.

"That's what they call an Oscar," Shaw said. "They give it as an award in Hollywood for the best film of the year. I don't know why they call it Oscar. They gave it to me for *Pygmalion*."

We looked at it with interest, not only because we had heard of this award and never seen it, but also because we (or at least I) wondered at the extraordinary presumption of those who awarded it to Shaw.

"It's not *real* gold," he said. "It's just a sham."

When we went out of the door he came along with us. Only a few years ago he used to scamper about that graveled front like a two-year-old, acting as master of ceremonies for the visiting chauffeur. Now he was more sedate, and on emerging from the house took on again that extraordinary air of fragility that had struck me so much an hour before. He satisfied himself that we could get through the gate and also that the chauffeur knew the way back to London.

"He can't fail, Mr. Shaw," I told him, "because he has your green sheet of instructions."

"Ah, you've kept it," he said, pleased. "That's right. You stick to that and you can't go wrong."

We left him there, standing in the road outside his own gateway, straight as an arrow, wispy white hair and beard blowing, the aged lion to whom we and all in our time owed so much.





Give us orthodoxy and tell us what to do is the attitude which OSCAR HANDLIN, Associate Professor of History at Harvard, finds in the present-day college student. "The college is muggy with modest ambitions," Professor Handlin writes; "the little dreams are not of wealth or fame or monumental accomplishments, but of bureaucrats' offices in government or the corporations." An authority on American social and economic history, Professor Handlin is the author of This Was America, published by Harvard University Press in 1949.

YEARNING FOR SECURITY

by OSCAR HANDLIN

1

THE girls seem the more concerned. Where will all this leave them? The boys know the answer. It may be the draft will close in or else universal service will draw them away. There will be a job to do and they will do it competently. The thought of protest, even of questions, seems not to occur to them. This is the order of a world they accept.

We who remember another world, before the war, are uneasy in the face of their acquiescence. We expect of these young people something other than their complete passivity. But we look in vain for the gesture of resistance as they lose control of a good part of their lives.

Not that we are ourselves particularly eager to throw up the barricades. Indeed, as we move on toward our forties, the group of us seems to grow increasingly conservative. But that, we feel, is a prerogative of our advance into middle age. It is not right that these our juniors should surpass us in attachment to the status quo. We think nostalgically of our own stormy youth of fifteen years ago and shake our collective heads. We cannot understand why these boys and girls, as young now as we were then, pass by the excitement and risk — of experiment, of protest, of revolt.

I suppose we are uncomfortable partly by way of personal justification. If they are right now, does not that imply that we were wrong then? And since we retain an emotional attachment to that past of ours, we cannot admit that we were then wrong.

But there is also a deeper level to our uneasiness. For we grew up to think with Emerson that America is the country of young men. That was part of our heritage of optimism, of our faith in progress. A society that believed in inevitable improvement, that judged tomorrow always better than yesterday, necessarily ascribed a special virtue to youth, less constricted by the errors of the past, more re-

sponsive to the opportunities of the future. It was proper that the young should rise up against the old; experience would always justify the rebellion. In fact, the old rather expected that this would happen and could enjoy their own relaxed stability because they knew someone else labored under the burden of progress. Perhaps we in our group resent this present generation so much because we fear they are stealing from us the leisure of our conservatism. How can we sit by if they too accept the status quo, and if no one pushes forward?

I remember once in 1946, just after the veterans came back to the university in large numbers, we tried to put into words what seemed to us the dominant characteristics of this generation. Invariably our discussion took the form of a comparison with our own generation of the 1930s and with that which had preceded us ten years earlier.

Well, the lost generation of the first post-war we knew through its impact upon us. In a sense that group of the early 1920s was disillusioned; it thought it had been betrayed, sacrificed for hollow slogans. It was very much aware of reality and of the limitations of its own powers. But nevertheless it held to kinds of faith that were very important to us who followed it.

The men of that generation had a great certainty as to the intrinsic worth of what they were doing. The artists and the novelists, like the teachers and physicians, like the businessmen even, then felt no need to justify their callings by any extrinsic standards; and that gave their work a sense of great authenticity. What they did, those people believed, was worth doing for its own sake, because their doing it expressed their own individuality.

In retrospect, that seemed to us to have been the unique quality of that earlier generation. It cherished its own personality, and for that reason it indulged in eccentricities of many sorts, trumpeted

its own ingenuous discovery of sex, felt outraged by prohibition — indeed by any sham that seemed to *derogate from the dignity of the individual*. The surface disillusionment and the skepticism about forms concealed only dimly a genuine faith. It was no accident that the two books of great meaning for that generation — *Ulysses* and *The Great Gatsby* — both ended with a series of mighty affirmations.

In our own youth, we came to take those affirmations for granted — so much so that we then minimized the achievements of our predecessors and were more likely to criticize what they had left undone than to value what they had done.

Mainly, the burden of our complaint was that the men of the 1920s had been too much concerned with the isolated individual, too little with man as a social being. While we too cherished self-development, free expression, and personal dignity, we regarded a failure in the social system as the chief impediment to those ends, and we looked to planning as the corrective. The humanitarian energies on which the New Deal drew were generated by the confidence that men did have the power so to mold their social environment as to create an adequate setting within which they could attain full realization of their personal capacities. That was the meaning we then imparted to social justice.

In the generation of the 1930s as in that of the 1920s, the logic of their situation supplied young people with a drive that made them willing to struggle. They were realists all right, believed in economic determinism or dialectical materialism, in behaviorism or Freudianism. There was no inclination among them to accept any comfortable transcendentalism that offered man an easy nobility. But their realism left room for venturesomeness; indeed, realism seemed to demand experiment and nonconformity.

2

It was against this image of ourselves that we were disposed to judge this present generation. We were at first well impressed. The veterans who returned to college struck us as mature and earnest; they worked hard and got good grades. (We tended to forget that they *were* older and that this was the pick of a five-year crop.) But we quickly came to realize that all this earnestness and effort was directed toward a very meager goal. Reluctantly but inexorably, we arrived at the conclusion that these young men and women were earnestly working toward a riskless security and, to attain it, were willing to sink into a dull conformity.

I remember being shocked when I caught a glimpse of their own visions of their futures. The lad who hoped to be a doctor looked forward to getting onto the staff of some institution, to live, as he said, without problems and with a salary. On a questionnaire, the graduate students put down what they expected to be after twenty years; with amaze-

ment we saw their ideal: the administrator-dean. The college, we discovered, was muggy with modest ambitions; the little dreams were not of wealth or fame or monumental accomplishments, but of bureaucrats' offices in government or the corporations.

In a way, we explained this poverty of aspiration as the product of a yearning for security. We could understand that. But we could not understand why these youngsters were all the time making matters more difficult for themselves. If they worried about the future, why did they take on obligations so casually? To us they seemed to marry, bear children, recklessly, without forethought or concern; and statistics which showed a steady drop in the age of marriage and a steady rise in the birth rate bore us out. The answer was, we concluded, that they did not regard these as obligations; somehow, someone would provide. Meanwhile, they settled easily into the ruts they dug for themselves, expecting to spend out the rest of their lives undisturbed.

Like everyone else. Not willing consciously to take on risks, the young people showed no inclination to deviate from established patterns. Their minds ran to motorcars and suburban bungalows. As students they read thoroughly what was assigned them, but were not inclined to be adventuresome or heretic. In discussion they were eminently docile.

Partly, they conformed because it was dangerous not to. They knew that those who dealt out the office space in government and industry were not likely to discriminate among types of radicalism, that a red glow was reflected from every heterodox idea. Still, there seemed to be no objection, certainly no rebellion, against these pressures toward like-mindedness.

On the contrary, this generation welcomed the shackles of orthodoxy — all those eager faces looking up at the platform, waiting to be told what to believe. There was a delight in dogma; know the authorities, accept the classics, and wash your problems away. What did youth say when it spoke up to the educators? In a broadcast last year the chairman of the *Yale Daily News* bemoaned his instructor's lack of enthusiasm for free enterprise. His warning was explicit: Stop stirring up those nagging doubts or we'll tell the trustees on you (and everyone knows where the money comes from).

When I hurled these charges at groups of them, they sat back complacently. What I intended as epithets, they took as compliments. Pleased, they would tell me they were so well adjusted because they were better brought up. Their parents read Gesell and saved them from frustrations.

Why was this generation which had been so ill used, which had so many grievances — why was it so lacking in youthful energies?

From time to time, in these years, various ideas have come to us. At first, when the shadow of the great war loomed largest, we ascribed these effects to the nature of the group's participation in the

conflict. These boys had gone in and out of uniform with a curious sense of detachment.

About war in general, they had acquired no strong opinions, nor about the next war in particular. They were not convinced that another conflict was avoidable, nor that it was inevitable. They certainly had no feeling that they could do anything about it. They would take it if it came; meanwhile they wished to get as far with their personal lives as possible.

Korea came to them with the uneventfulness of a monthly bill in the mail. Those eligible for the draft or enrolled in the reserves felt more concern than the others whose obligations had already been cleared. But there was nowhere an expressed consciousness of the great social and intellectual issues involved, nowhere any insistence that youth had a special stake in the matter, a special claim to be heard.

We would not deny, as we discussed it, that a decade of involvement in war on these terms would generate apathy among the young. But we were not content to accept this as a total explanation. Granted that the years of conflict were such a decisive breach, were there no pre-war paths this generation could have taken up? In any case, why was it so inadequately prepared for today's great crisis?

With some reluctance we began to suspect there had been some original fault in the liberal tradition of our own times, some fault that accounted both for the inadequacies of youth and also for the slow death of that tradition itself since 1939. It became clearer, as we understood more of what had happened, that our own liberalism had not known how to face up to the challenge of totalitarianism. Japan, Germany, Italy, Spain, the war itself, were the evidence; and peace added the Soviet Union.

From the point of view of those who reached maturity in the years of our successive defeats, there was not much attractive in our liberalism. Our great victories had come in domestic policy, but events increasingly gave primacy to foreign affairs. And in foreign affairs was written only the record of our failures.

A fellow who came out of the army in 1945 would think of liberalism in terms of the struggle for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination of the year before; he would seek to take up the tradition in the pages of the *Nation* and *New Republic*. To chart the course those journals had taken in the ten years before would not inspire the veteran with enthusiasm; and to trace the eccentric gyrations of Mr. Wallace would lead no one to the conviction that in liberalism was any present saving grace.

The tragic divorce of youth from liberalism was illustrated for us by the decay of the organized youth movements. In our time, young people had been persons of consequence, courted by politicians, consulted by statesmen, active as auxiliaries in the labor movement. The organizations of greatest

consequence had been controlled from within the age group. This favorable situation has now collapsed. Washington would be as little inclined to regard the ideas of youth as youth is to look for ideas in Washington. The old associations have fallen apart — some disrupted by Communist infiltration, others simply through the weight of their own inertia and their seeming lack of relevance to the times. Even the veterans of this generation seem disinclined to do much for themselves. The A.V.C. has not managed to evoke substantial response; generally the demobilized young man prefers to let the old-line hacks of the Legion and the V.F.W. do the job for him.

So, for a long time we said, Well, the war; and hoped that as the war receded, we would come back to where we were before. When the first group of nonveterans turned up and were the same, we said, Well, their education was skimped; after all, what perspective would they have acquired, going through high school in the war? But already before Korea, these explanations were sticking in our throats. Now certainly it's time, and more, that youth should have asserted itself.

Against our will, really, we are drawn to the conclusion that some deeper change is involved. We begin to fear the divide is deep, reaches down to some fundamental alteration in our society. Now and then, for instance, it occurs to us that there is something familiar about the call for security, about which we complain in them; we hear in it the echo of what we were ourselves saying fifteen years ago. Was this not a key word in the strivings of the New Deal in both domestic and foreign policy?

Only, we insist, to us this was not an end but a means. We never surrendered individualism to Mr. Hoover, but hoped, perhaps recklessly, that a foundation of security at the base of the social structure would unloose creative individual energies through the rest of it. If we fought for unemployment insurance or farm relief or industrial unionism, it was not to plunge a large part of the population into complacency, but to ease destructive fears so that men could turn their energies toward other ends.

Looking back now, we acknowledge that it may have been our fault that we thought so little of those other ends — so little that this generation, which was not immediately involved in our struggle, can see as ideals only the means for which we battled.

Yet they need not have fallen into that confusion. Our least certain speculations revolve about the question of why they did. Always we come back to an underlying doubt: perhaps it is not youth that has changed, but the situation of youth; not they, but the world we made for them.

If Emerson's America was the country of young men because it believed in progress and had faith in itself, has our America ceased to be the country of young men because it has lost confidence and no longer believes in itself?



"The road ahead may be invisible," writes I. I. RABI, Higgins Professor of Physics at Columbia University, "but to science the unknown is a problem full of interest and promise. The scientific tradition should help us to renew and reaffirm our faith." Dr. Rabi, who served as a member of the General Advisory Committee for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1944 for his work in atomic physics.

FAITH IN SCIENCE

by I. I. RABI

1

MANKIND is puny and feeble under the heavens as long as it is ignorant. It is ignorant in so far as it is self-limited by dogma, custom, and most of all by fear — fear of the unknown. To science the unknown is a problem full of interest and promise; in fact science derives its sustenance from the unknown; all the good things have come from that inexhaustible realm. But without the light of science the unknown is a menace to be avoided by taboo or propitiated by incantation and sacrifice. The scientific tradition rests first of all on a faith in mankind, in the ability of humans to understand, and ultimately, within certain limits, which are in the nature of things, to control, the environment in which we live in all its aspects: physical, biological, and social.

This optimistic faith has always permeated and energized the American way of life. The scientific tradition should help us to renew and reaffirm our faith. In recent years, however, ominous symptoms of moral hypochondria have disturbed the development of our institutions. Under the threat of impending conflict with the Russian empire some sections of the public have reacted with blind, irrational fear. The action of Congress in overriding the presidential veto of the anti-Communist bill and the arrogant dismissal of a large number of professors by the regents of the University of California are the newest examples of what I would call moral hypochondria. A healthy awareness of grave danger should lead to clear, considered, decisive action. Hysterical fear results in the setting up of taboos around emotionally charged words and symbols. The real objective, security for the free development of our institutions, becomes hazy and possibly perverted when panic takes over.

The greatest enemy of the scientific tradition is superstition. By superstition I do not mean merely a belief in goblins, gremlins, and the malevolent power of Friday the 13th. The superstition which

is completely incompatible with the scientific tradition usually comes as a plausible system of ideas founded on premises which defy exact formulation. They may be words without a definite meaning or inferences from events inexactly described or unique and nonrepetitive.

An attempt to study a superstition in an external, objective fashion usually encounters emotional and often physical opposition from its proponents. Mankind seems to have a genius for the invention of superstition. As science advances, superstition makes more and more use of the terminology of science; it becomes in fact a parody of the scientific method, a deft mixture of the true and the false, which often has a fatal fascination.

The best examples of this sort of thing can probably be found within the realm of the Soviets. The whole Nazi movement in Germany was founded on this kind of superstition. Superstitions arise everywhere and there is no force which can hope to combat them successfully except science.

Even science itself has not been wholly free from superstition. Science strives for understanding, but how can one distinguish understanding from mere plausibility? The scientific tradition, although affirmative in spirit, polices itself by a profound skepticism. There are many examples where scientists have made mistakes, where they have been fooled or have fooled themselves. However, all their work passes under the scrutiny of friendly but skeptical minds.

Individual authority no longer possesses any force in the scientific tradition. No scientist, however great his renown, can mislead his fellow scientists for longer than it takes to check his observations or verify his conclusions and their consequences. Whether the individual scientist acknowledges his error or not is of little consequence as long as the tradition is kept pure. Controversy and polemic are now outmoded forms of scientific

publication except possibly within the Soviet Union. Even there the appeal is hardly meant for fellow scientists.

I dwell on this point not only to show something of the reason for the great authority of established scientific doctrine, but also to indicate the way of life of science when it is free. If some of the customs and tradition of science could be transferred to the halls of our Congress or the United Nations, how beautiful life could become.

It is a truism to say that the application of science to technology is the basis of modern life in the United States. I refer not only to the products in everyday use, from the automobile parked in the street to the detergent in the kitchen, but more to the living social integration of our economy. Cut a relatively few electric power lines and the larger gasoline pipes which cross the country from west to east and south to north and keep them cut for a while. The effect on the life of the country would be like a thumb on the windpipe of a baby. Even the proud independent farmer would be unable to cultivate his acres without gasoline. His horses are gone and his wife is not inured to pulling the plow.

The development of new means of communication, production, transportation, and control have not merely added new possibilities to an existing way of living; they have so altered our basic patterns of organization that national life as of today would be impossible without them. We consider ourselves exponents of individualism and free enterprise, and national planning is on the whole unpopular. Yet we live under a degree of integration of social effort comparable to that of the cells in our bodies. I doubt very much whether we would have dared to build a social structure which is so vulnerable to attack from without, and to social disorganization from within, if it were actually planned from the very beginning.

On the other hand, if we consider the assimilation of science into our way of thought we find that our general public — and even our educated public — is as ignorant of science as a healthy Hottentot is of physiology. We are like the city boy who likes milk but is afraid of cows.

It is one of the paradoxes of our age that our general public, our lawmakers, our molders of public opinion, novelists, columnists, labor leaders, and administrators, have not devoted themselves more to understanding this force which is shaping our present and our future. Wise decisions in which science is involved cannot be reached merely by consulting experts. The very aims and ideals which condition these decisions come from the intellectual and spiritual background of the people who are in positions of responsibility. These ideals come from within and are a part of the culture of the nation. We do not ask an expert to tell us what should be our heart's desire. We only ask him how it is to be attained.

Barring war or other catastrophe our standard of living, and therefore our dependence on science, will increase rather than decrease. Even if our population were decentralized, our dependence on science would not be lessened, but rather increased, if we wish to maintain and better our standards of health and comfort. Is it not folly to believe that a complex organism like our society, dependent as it is on science for its lifeblood and development, can continue to be managed properly by people whose education is not imbued with the living tradition of science, who have never experienced the influence of a scientific discipline?

For what science has to offer, and for what the country needs, a mere interest in the so-called scientific method, without specific knowledge of some part of some science, is as devoid of content as moral principle without moral action.

2

OVER and above our lives as citizens, we also live our lives as individuals. What has science to offer as a guide to conduct and to the enrichment of one's inner life?

Fundamental to the existence of science is a body of established facts which come either from observation of nature in the raw, so to speak, or from experiment. Without facts we have no science. Facts are to the scientist what words are to the poet. The scientist has a love of facts, even isolated facts, similar to the poet's love of words. But a collection of facts is not science any more than a dictionary is poetry. Around his facts the scientist weaves a logical pattern or theory which gives the facts meaning, order, and significance. For example, no one can look at a brilliant night sky without emotion, but the realization that the earth and planets move in great orbits according to simple laws gives proportion and significance to this experience.

Theory may be qualitative and descriptive like Darwin's theory of the origin of species, or quantitative, exact, and mathematical in form like Newton's theory of the motions of planets. In both cases the theory goes far beyond the facts because it has unforeseen consequences which can be applied to new facts or be tested by experiment.

A scientific theory is not a discovery of a law of nature in the sense of a discovery of a mine or the end result of a treasure hunt or a statute that has been hidden in an obscure volume. It is a free creation of the human mind. It becomes a guide to new discovery and a way of looking at the world — which gives it meaning.

A successful theory goes far beyond the facts which it was made to fit. Newton in his laws of motion and theory of universal gravitation essentially created a universe which seemed to have the same properties as the existing universe. But it is hardly to be expected that the creation of a finite

human mind would duplicate existing nature in every respect. The history of science indicates that it can't be done. Newton's theory has given place to Einstein's theory of relativity and gravitation. The Darwinian theory has been greatly modified by the geneticists.

The great scientific theories enable us to project our knowledge to enormous distances in time and space. They enable us to penetrate below the surface to the interior of the atom, or to the operation of our bodies and our minds. They are tremendously strong and beautiful structures, the fruit of the labors of many generations. Yet they are man-made and contingent. New discoveries and insights may modify them or even overthrow them entirely. However, what was good in them is never lost, but is taken over in the new theory in a different context. In this respect the scientist is the most conservative of men.

More than anything else, science requires for its progress opportunity for free, untrammelled, creative activity. The scientist must follow his thought and his data wherever they may lead. A new and fundamental scientific idea is always strange and uncomfortable to established doctrine and must have complete freedom in its development; otherwise it may be strangled at birth. Ever since the time of Galileo the progress of science has continued without a break and at an accelerated rate in spite of war, revolution, and persecution. However, this progress has not always been in the same country. When science faltered in Italy, it began to bloom in England and Holland, then in France and Germany. Now that scientific progress is unfortunately slowing down in Europe, science in the United States after an incredibly long period of quiescence has burst out with tremendous vigor.

The great contributions to science in any country have usually come during or close to a period of great vigor in other fields, in periods of optimism, expansion, and revolutionary creative activity. In England it was right after the Elizabethan period. Newton's great contributions came within fifty years after the death of Shakespeare. The other great period in British science was between the Napoleonic Wars and the First World War. It was also a period of great poetry. In the United States the giant figure of Benjamin Franklin had no equal down to the most recent times; his period also produced the greatest statesmen in our history.

I do not wish to imply any necessary causal connection between important achievement in different fields of activity, but no one will deny that certain intellectual, moral, and spiritual climates are more conducive to creative activity than others. No one can deny that the continuity of a living tradition can be broken by the murder, exile, or ostracism of its chief exponents, or that a culture which is sterile can be kept so indefinitely by rigorous police action

which prevents the intrusion of alien ideas. We have seen all too many examples of the self-preservation of sterility in recent years.

Fortunately for the scientific tradition it carries with it many gifts, some of which are more practical than spiritual, and therefore it has never lacked a new home when the time came to move. Science has never become localized in any place or in any culture. It is merely human and universal. French science and German science, Russian, English, Japanese, and American, do not exist separately as does poetry or some other arts such as law and government. They all speak the same universal language of science and say the same things when they have something to say. When another mode is imposed from without, science either quietly dies or goes away, leaving the field to the charlatan and pseudoscientist.

What then are our conclusions? What does the tradition of science teach us?

It teaches us moderation and tolerance of ideas, not because of lack of faith in one's own belief, but because every view is subject to change and every truth we know is only partial. The strange thought or custom may still be valid.

It teaches coöperation not only among people of the same kind, but also of the most diverse origins and cultures. Science is the most successful coöperative effort in the history of mankind.

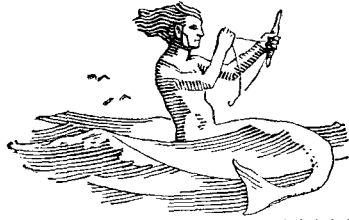
Science inspires us with a feeling of hopefulness and of infinite possibility. The road ahead may be invisible but the tradition of science has shown that the human spirit applied in the tradition of science will find a way toward the objective. Science shows that it is possible to foresee and to plan and that we can take the future into our own hands if we rid ourselves of prejudice and superstition.

The tradition of science teaches us that no vested interests in institutions or systems of thought should escape continual re-examination merely because they have existed and have been successful. On the other hand it also teaches us to conserve what is operative and useful.

Science teaches us self-discipline. One must continually look for the mote in one's own eye. The history of science shows that it is always there.

These lessons can be multiplied to cover almost the entire range of human activity, because science is itself a contemporaneous living thing made by men for man's edification and entertainment.

I will close with one last point. Science is fun even for the amateur. Every scientist is himself an amateur in another field of science which is not his specialty, but the spirit is the same. Science is a game that is inspiring and refreshing. The playing field is the universe itself. The stakes are high, because you must put down all your preconceived ideas and habits of thought. The rewards are great because you find a home in the world, a home you have made for yourself.



An Atlantic Story



A native Texan and a partner in the Houston law firm of Baker, Botts, Andrews, and Parish, DILLON ANDERSON is establishing a fresh reputation as a writer of short stories. He is contributing to the Atlantic a series of adventures in the lives of two happy hobos who fortunately do not take themselves too seriously. The Editor captured the first story on his visit to Houston in 1948; this is the fifth, and there are more to come.

THE WEATHER PROPHET

by DILLON ANDERSON

LISTEN, Claudie," I said, "I'd about as soon be plumb out of money as to have only four or five dollars."

"I druther have this here five dollars, Clint," he answered.

"But what I'm trying to tell you is this," I went on; "we've got to get our car fixed, and that five dollars won't do it. You know what the man at the garage said; he won't touch the burnt-out bearing for less than twenty dollars."

Claudie just stood there on the docks looking at a battered-up old shrimper nudging its way in to the pier. It was late in the afternoon, the hot Texas sun was beginning to ease up on us a little, and the mosquitoes were moving in. We'd been watching the fishing boats for an hour or so as they came in from the Gulf of Mexico to unload their catch at the Rockport wharf.

"Remember, Claudie," I said, "we've been here on the waterfront for three days now, and nobody has offered us any kind of a job at all. You know that. The only thing we've been asked to since we arrived here is the crap game on that big yacht tonight. Who worked up that invitation? Me or you?"

"You did," Claudie admitted, "but you didn't have to tell the man on the yacht that you was a friend of the Governor of Texas."

"Anyway," I said, "I can't figure how I'm going to get even one roll with the dice if I haven't got any money."

"You shoulda thought of that last night before you tried to break all them pinball machines," he answered.

"Listen, Claudie," I went on, "do you know

what happened to the man in the Bible with five talents?"

"No. What?"

"I'll tell you," I said. "He put the talents to work, that's what; and in the long run he turned out better than the fellow that just sat on what he had."

Claudie's stubborn look was softening up.

"Another thing, Claudie," I went on. "You might have noticed how I've been watching the birds in the sky all day."

"What have they got to do with it?" Claudie wanted to know as he kicked against a rotten pile on the dock and watched the splinters fall among some jellyfish that were squooching around there in the water.

"Plenty," I told him. "The sky is where a change in a man's luck will always show up. You can notice it first in the flight of sea gulls and pelicans; then you begin to see it in other ways. Now I can feel it in my bones too. This is my lucky day with the dice."

"Trouble is," Claudie fussed, "you've felt this way before and been wrong."

"Tell you what I'll do, Claudie," I said. "You keep four dollars and let me have one. If I'm wrong, the whole five wouldn't last long; but if I'm right, that'll be enough to get me started. I'll give you exactly half of what I win, and your dollar back to boot."

That got him; he fished an old wrinkled dollar bill out of his pocket and turned it over to me. I said, "Thank you, Claudie. Now I want you to come along to the crap game with me. You might bring me even more luck."

When we got down to the private docks about dusk we found the yacht we were looking for. The name was painted in gold letters on the rear end: *The Pride of Texas, III*. It was the biggest of the long, shiny boats tied up there. The lights were already burning inside, and we could see how fine it was fixed with big comfortable chairs and sofas, a radio, and pretty rugs on the floor.

The man that had asked me to the crap game stuck his head through a window and said, "Come aboard, men," and we climbed on the boat's rear end. It was made like a porch with a big awning over it.

I said to the man, "I didn't get your name this morning, Captain."

"Hinder," he said, "but they call me Squatty," and I could see why. He wasn't much over five feet tall, and he was nearly square. His jaw set out a little like a bulldog's, but he had nice, friendly little brown eyes. He was wearing a blue cap with some gold palms sewed on the front.

"Clint Hightower is the name," I told him, "and this big guy here is my associate, Claudie Hughes. He came to bring me luck." Claudie grinned, and we went inside.

While we waited for the other crapshooters to come along, Squatty explained that *The Pride of Texas, III* belonged to a rich oilman named Easley who lived in Fort Worth. Squatty said that Mr. Easley had gone to Canada on a vacation, so it was all right for us to shoot craps in the owner's cabin.

Squatty told us he lived on the boat and kept it shipshape all the time, and as he spoke I could see that he was real proud of the way it looked. He should have been, too; all the brass was shining, the windows were clean, and you couldn't see a speck of dust anywhere. The owner's cabin was neat as a pin too. It had two big bunks, wide almost as beds, a dresser with real drawers and a mirror above it, and bright lights all around. A nice, smooth rug covered the floor, perfect for dice.

2

It wasn't long before the other crapshooters came along. I remember one was a San Antonio plumber that had a red mustache; then there was a fat shrimp-boat captain that they called Big Squall; there was a Mexican, and a Bible salesman with a peculiar motto tattooed on his arm that read, "Oh hell, what's the use?" There was another one, too; a very grubby-looking character that came late, lost his money, and left early. I noticed they all called Squatty "Captain Squatty."

We all got right down on the rug in the owner's cabin and went to work with the dice. The first time I rolled I shot a half and ran it up to five or six dollars before I fell off. It looked like my lucky day, but Claudie just sat there on one of the bunks with a droopy look on his face. Then I faded some

of the others, but the dice were right, so when it came my turn again, I was down to about where I had started. But I put down my dollar and made four passes before I fell off again. I almost didn't drag in time, but I came out with three dollars.

It went along like this for three or four hours; several times I was up, but not much; other times I got down to nearly even. Along about midnight people started to gape and stretch, and it began to look like the game was about over. The luck had been pretty even all around, except I could tell from the ugly looks they were giving Big Squall that he had been stashing some money away.

I figured it was time for me to hit a big lick if I had one in my system, so the next time I got the dice I counted out and put down all I had — eight dollars and a half. They covered it, and I rolled two big, ugly sixes — boxcars. They gathered up my money and yelled, "Go ahead, Clint, you've still got the dice."

I looked at Claudie, and he was sound asleep there on the bunk. "Wake up, Claudie," I said. "I need another dollar." Claudie woke up. I whispered to him that I still had the dice and told him it was the unluckiest thing in the world for a man to pass a roll he had coming to him, but Claudie just sat there blinking. Everybody was looking at me, and I had to do something right away. At such times a man may have his best ideas. The best I could do was to say, "Gents, my associate here, Claudie, will shoot for me. I've got a little cramp in my right arm." Nobody said no, so I said, "Go ahead, Claudie, and shoot a dollar."

He was still too drowsy to argue, so he put a dollar down. Somebody covered it, and Claudie rolled the dice out on the rug. He made a neat seven.

"Fade it, men," I said; "we shoot the two dollars," and the two got to be four. The four got to be eight; and when it was sixteen, Claudie said he wanted to drag it and quit. Those frogskins there on the rug were waking him up.

"Are you crazy?" I asked him. "I knew I'd seen luck for somebody in the sky today. It wasn't me. It was you. Let it all ride!"

Claudie let it ride and passed again. Next he made two hard points: a nine and then a ten. We had sixty-four dollars won, and they had to dig deep to cover it, but they did. Claudie came out with eight for a point, and on the very next roll he made it the hard way — two fours. His luck was in the light of the moon.

"Eighter," I yelled, "from Decatur, the county seat of Wise," and all I got was some black looks. Then I said, "We let it all ride. A hundred and twenty-eight dollars is begging."

Captain Squatty went through a little door in the front of the owner's cabin and came back with a roll of bills you could have wadded a cannon with. He counted them out, and with what Big Squall

dug out of his jeans they finally got our pile of money covered. There on the cabin floor was two hundred and fifty-six dollars — half ours and half theirs — and one more pass was all we needed to break up the game. I looked at Claudie, and I could see he was ready. He was lightning ready to strike, and he did! He rolled a great big sparkling eleven, and it got so quiet we could hear the oysters clapping their shells together on the bottom of Rockport Bay.

Captain Squatty spoke up first; he said he was out of cash, but he had a government bond in the bank at Port Lavaca; he wondered if he could put in his IOU to cover the two hundred and fifty-six dollars.

"Sure. Let's have it," I told him, so he wrote it out on the back of an envelope and put it on top of the pile of bills there on the cabin floor. By this time Claudie had a wild, rich look in his eyes, like a trapeze artist taking a bow. He was blowing on the dice and whispering soft words to them. Captain Squatty was pale as a ghost, and little beads of sweat were cropping out all over his face, but he said, "Go ahead, Claudie, and shoot; but you'd better roll them hard against the bulkhead."

"Against the what?" Claudie asked.

"The door to the head, right there in front of you," the Captain told him. He was almost fussy with Claudie, I thought.

As he came out with the dice, Claudie snorted like a mule colt. "Come seven," he said in a hoarse voice. The bones bounced against the door and settled back on the soft rug — a six and an ace.

"Seven it is," I said as I picked up the pile of bills and Captain Squatty's IOU. "You can't beat a shooter that is in tune with the sky."

After all the others left, I and Claudie stayed on the boat a little while to speak with Captain Squatty alone about the IOU; but before we could, he went to the icebox and got out three bottles of cold beer. He swigged the beer and licked his lips where they'd been drying up after Claudie's last pass; then he said, "Gents, I am worried about that IOU you've got there."

"We're not, Captain Squatty," I told him. "You can get your IOU back in the morning when you cash the bond."

He swallowed, and his face got the color of things that grow under rocks. "Trouble is," he said, "the bond ain't enough to do it. It's only a twenty-five-dollar bond."

Claudie began to count on his fingers, and I said, "Captain, I wouldn't worry a minute about the difference. It ain't but two hundred and thirty-one dollars."

He fired up a cigarette and took a drag that burnt it about halfway down before he said, "That's what I figure, but I haven't got the money."

"Think nothing of it, Captain," I said. "I and Claudie can take it out in room and board on this

yacht while Mr. Easley is in Canada. We'll use this room right here and credit you with ten dollars every day we stay. Before long it'll all be paid out."

Captain Squatty started, "But this is the owner's cabin —"; then I went on, "And now I wonder if you could pass us another couple of bottles of that nice cold beer. We're going to like it here fine."

3

THE next morning it was cloudy and a little cooler, so I and Claudie slept late. As I was waking up, I thought what a shame and a waste it was for those lovely mattresses in the owner's cabin not to be used every night of the world. When Captain Squatty came from the little room in the front of the boat where he had his bunk, I told him that I and Claudie had one weakness we hoped he could get used to.

"What's that?" the Captain asked.

"We like our breakfast in bed. The other meals we get up and dress for."

Without a word, Captain Squatty went into the kitchen and started pumping away on the alcohol stove.

"Claudie," I said, "would you like a little coffee first, or with your breakfast?"

"I like coffee first thing, Clint," Claudie answered.

"Hear that, Captain Squatty?" I yelled. "I and Claudie like coffee first; one lump for me and two for him. No cream, please; we like it hot and black."

After breakfast we got dressed, and I sent Claudie up to the garage to get the burnt-out bearing on our car fixed. "See about a new battery, too, Claudie," I told him as he left. "I like for a battery to turn the starter over fast. While you are at it, you might want to get a foxtail for the radiator cap and a bottle of medicine for your corns. Get the largest size."

While Captain Squatty cleaned up the kitchen and washed the dishes, I went out on the rear end of the boat and stood under the awning to study the sky. Higher up it was solid gray, and dark clouds were rolling in low from the gulf. The gusty air had the feel of worse weather coming, and I called Captain Squatty out to speak with him about it.

"Tell me, Captain," I said, "what do you make of this weather?"

"The glass is low, Clint," he answered.

"The what?" I asked.

"The barometer," he said. "It's below twenty-nine. There's a hurricane somewhere out there in the Gulf."

"Don't tell Claudie," I said. "He's always been afraid of storms."

But when Claudie came back to the yacht around noon, he had already heard about it. In fact, he said, the town was pretty full of hurricane

talk. The storm was still way down in the Gulf of Mexico, close to Yucatan, they were saying, but it could blow in anywhere along the Gulf Coast. I kept a pretty close eye on the sky the rest of the day, and the Captain studied the glass.

The next morning the weather looked a lot better, and there was almost no wind at all. The talk along the waterfront was that the hurricane was about to peter out down around Mexico somewhere. Captain Squatty said the glass was higher, and I told him I liked the feel of the weather a little better. I said, "Couldn't we fire up this here yacht, Captain, and go out there in the bay somewhere and catch ourselves a nice mess of fish?"

"I can't do it," he said.

"I don't know why," I said. "We'll credit you an extra ten dollars on the IOU for every fishing trip we make."

"Mr. Easley's orders are not to move *The Pride of Texas, III* from this dock except for a hurricane."

"What?" I asked him. "You mean you would go right out in a storm?"

"Sure," he said. "In case of a big blow, *The Pride of Texas, III* would be bashed all to hell against this dock here if I left it tied up. Out in the bay you can anchor a boat and ride it out. That's part of my job; to pull out in the bay if there's a hurricane coming."

The next morning our car was ready to run again, so we left Claudie to watch the boat and the weather while I drove Captain Squatty over to Port Lavaca to get our bond. We cashed it for twenty-five dollars, and I marked up the Captain's payment on the IOU. I gave him credit for another twenty dollars to cover the two days we had lived on the boat and another five dollars on account of the Captain's fine cooking. That cut it down to two hundred and six dollars.

On the way back from Port Lavaca the sun broke through the clouds, and Captain Squatty said he believed that old hurricane must have blown itself out somewhere.

"Don't be too sure," I answered; "the sky don't look too good, and the air don't feel plumb right to me yet."

The Captain grunted and said, "I just think you want to go fishing, Clint, but you wouldn't get me in any more trouble with Mr. Easley than I'm already in, would you?"

"The last thing I'd want to do," I told him, "would be to get you in trouble with Mr. Easley."

4

THE next morning there wasn't a cloud in the sky, the water was clear and blue, and the air felt fresh and clean. A lot of fishing boats shoved off early. I and Claudie got up, dressed for breakfast, and Captain Squatty served it to us on the rear end of the boat under the awning. While he was bringing

us toothpicks, I credited him with ten dollars for another day; then, while I was at it, I wrote up another ten dollars for the next day and said, "Captain, from here on we're going to pay in advance every day. See here, this IOU is down now to a hundred and eighty-six dollars."

Captain Squatty only nodded his head and chewed awhile on one of his thumbnails.

After breakfast Claudie went to get us some cards and cigars and bring Captain Squatty's mail back from the post office. We smoked and played pitch all morning on the deck while the Captain freshened up the boat. He wiped all the windows with a chamois skin; he swept the boat out from one end to the other and waxed the floors and the wood inside; then he hosed and mopped the outside of the boat and polished all the brass on it. By noon there wasn't anything about the boat that wasn't shining, except our cigarette trays, and Captain Squatty emptied them and wiped the ashes out inside. Then he went to get our provisions for the day at the store in Rockport where Mr. Easley had a charge account.

When Captain Squatty came back with a big basket full of groceries and things, I asked him how the glass was, and he said, "Rising; the hurricane must be gone."

"That's what I want to speak to you about, Captain," I told him. "I have a troubled feeling about the weather."

"The glass is good enough for me," he answered as he went down to the kitchen with the food. I followed him down there and left Claudie at the card table.

"Captain Hinder," I said, and I was very firm, "suppose you got warned that a hurricane was coming and you didn't take *The Pride of Texas, III* out in the bay to ride it out. Then if a hurricane did come, you'd really be in trouble with Mr. Easley, wouldn't you?"

"I'll say I would," he answered without even looking up.

"Well," I said, "I'm warning you now, Captain; there may be a hurricane. Don't tell Claudie; he's scared of storms, but I figure we'd better get this yacht out in the bay."

The Captain's jaw tightened up, and his eyes seemed to get smaller, but he didn't say a word.

"Of course," I went on, "we can fish until it comes up. We'll give you an extra sixteen dollars' credit for the trip. That'll cut the IOU down to a hundred and seventy dollars. I'll bet you never thought you'd work it off so fast!"

"I'll do it if you credit me with twenty-six dollars for the trip," he answered, and I took him up in a hurry.

I pulled out the IOU, wrote the credit on the back and showed it to him. "See?" I said. "Paid in advance."

Captain Squatty fired up the motors while

Claudie untied us from the docks, and we took off. As we hummed along through the water with the motors singing together, I and Claudie sat back in the deck chairs on the rear end smoking cigars and feeding bread crumbs to the gulls.

"Claudie," I said, "this is the way a man should live every day of his life. A lot of people get themselves so tangled up in work and bother that they never take time to pleasure themselves; they get old before they learn to enjoy the finer things in this great big world. Take Mr. Easley; I'll bet he's up there in Canada right now worrying about expenses and taxes and the government."

"I shore feel sorry for Mr. Easley," Claudie said.

When we got out in the middle of Copano Bay, we saw a big bunch of gulls working above the water close to a little green island, and the Captain said that was a very good sign; the gulls were eating mullet that had been driven to the top of the water by a school of bigger fish. We circled the island and found that the gulls were working above a long, narrow reef where the water was light green and so shallow that the waves broke and splashed in a line along the surface. Captain Hinder said it was an oyster reef where the fishing was sometimes good. He eased the boat across the blue channel that lay between the island and the reef and backed us up to the edge of the green water. He showed Claudie how to throw the anchor over, and we settled down to fish from the rear end of the boat.

Mr. Easley had the fanciest hooks and lines and winding reels I ever saw anywhere. Captain Squatty rigged our tackle and baited our hooks with shrimp, and from the first the fishing was fine. We caught trout, gaff-top catfish, croakers, whiting, and a few little sharks that we threw back. Claudie caught a sting ray about the size of a catcher's mitt, and that long stinger whipping around scared Claudie aplenty. I stepped inside the boat and watched Claudie dodge and dance away from his catch until Captain Squatty finally managed to get it off the hook and back in the water.

The sun was slipping behind a big blue cloud bank in the west, and we had the fish box half full when Captain Squatty said, "We better get back to Rockport, Clint; it'll take us an hour or more."

"You must be forgetting my warning, Captain Hinder," I said, looking him straight in the eye. He looked down.

"What warning?" Claudie wanted to know.

"Never mind, Claudie," I said. "We'll be on the reef at daylight, and that's when fishing is always best."

The Captain pulled the boat away from the edge of the reef into the deeper water, and Claudie's handling of the anchor on the move made me downright proud of him. Then Captain Squatty fried us a mess of fresh fish in corn meal, and we had a big supper on the yacht. We washed it down with cold beer. The slap, slap of the water against the sides

and the easy sway of the boat back and forth made us sleepy on top of all that food and beer, so we turned in early.

5

WHEN a man has got himself used to the finer things in life, it jolts him to be roused in the middle of a deep sleep. This thought bruised my mind way in the middle of the night when I felt the boat take a big sway that batted my face up against the magazine rack next to my bunk. I wondered why they couldn't put shock absorbers around the owner's cabin to save him from such rough movements of a fine yacht like that. Then Claudie said, "What the hell was that we hit?"

Captain Squatty came in and turned on the lights. He said that a big wave had hit the boat.

"It ain't gonna sink, is it?" Claudie wanted to know as he got up and started buttoning his shirt.

"No, Claudie," I told him, "it ain't gonna sink," but I wasn't too sure, since by this time the yacht was rolling and swaying around more than ever. About this time another wave hit us, and a lot of water flew in the porthole by my bunk and sprinkled me all over. It tasted crawfishy and salty.

"Captain Hinder," I said, "take a look at the glass." He did and said it was low and falling.

"Here's your hurricane," I told him. "I'm glad your God-damned glass has found out about it at last."

Then another wave hit and slammed us all down on one side of the owner's cabin. It broke loose the pots and kettles below, and you couldn't have matched the racket if you'd beaten a tow sack full of tin cans against the bottom of a washtub.

We went out on the rear end, and, sure enough, it was blowing hard, and the rain was coming down in sheets. The awning was flapping around, popping in the wind like a buggy whip, until Captain Squatty finally got it down and brought it inside. Then the hurricane really got into high gear.

I've seen the wind blow the wash right off a clothesline, and I've seen it blow knotholes out of pine fences, but that was on dry land. It's worse on the water. The wind was coming in gusts; hard, howling gusts, each one stronger and longer and louder, until I had a feeling deep in my insides that something had to give somewhere. Then it would ease up a little before it came again, harder each time than the time before, until *The Pride of Texas, III* was bobbing around like a dead fly in a churn.

I told Claudie how the yacht was better off where we were, and he tried his best to believe me, but all he could say was "I've allus been scared of storms." He began to gulp and swallow like an old tomcat with a fishbone in his throat, a light skim came over his eyes, and he turned scum-green around his mouth and chin. He said he might be a little sick

if the wind didn't die down pretty soon. It didn't, but as it went on and on, howling and screaming and whining out there, we got down on the floor of the boat and tried to get used to it — as used to it, that is, as a man can get to that much wind. For a long time nothing happened except a whole lot more of the same thing, and Captain Squatty told us that was about all there'd be to riding out the hurricane. Claudie said he figured that was enough.

When daylight came it made us feel better to see that we were still where we'd been the night before and not away off somewhere in the middle of a stormy ocean. The little island was right where it had been, and on the other side the waves were still piling up and breaking over the reef, but the water wasn't green any more; it was muddy gray. The gusts were getting easier by the time it was broad-open day, and the rain was pouring almost straight down in between them. In an hour it was dead calm, and Claudie was looking more like himself. He said his liver was still bothering him some, though, and he believed he'd go back to bed.

"I wouldn't," Captain Squatty told him. "It's only half over. The center is passing us now. In a little while we'll have the other half."

He was a man who knew his hurricanes all right, and pretty soon the wind started to blow again — but from the other direction. The yacht swung around on the anchor rope so that the rear end was pointed toward the reef, and the island was up ahead. We drank some coffee while we could, and by the time we were through, the hurricane was up to full steam again — and then some. It was raining harder again, and it was raining plumb sideways — that's how hard the wind was blowing.

"Two halves of a hurricane is all they is, ain't they?" Claudie asked once between gusts.

"Certainly, Claudie," I told him. "You got that far in arithmetic, I know."

I don't know what made me glance out in front of the boat as it swung back and forth against the anchor and rolled in the wind, but when I did I saw that something awful had happened to the island. It was a long way off. First I thought it had moved, and then I knew it must have been the yacht moving. Captain Squatty saw it at almost the same time that I did; then we looked back of us, and there were the waves piling up on the reef not fifty feet away. The Captain's little eyes got big, and he said, "Good God, we're dragging anchor!"

"How's that?" Claudie asked.

"We're dragging anchor," he said. "If we pile up on that oyster reef, there won't be a piece of this here yacht big enough to pick your teeth with. Get up on the bow and get ready to raise the anchor. I'll start the motors."

I said, "Who? Me?" as Squatty ran to start the motors and yelled, "Both of you, or it'll be too late."

I looked at Claudie, and Claudie looked ready.

We went through Captain Squatty's cubbyhole to the lid that opened on the front of the boat where the anchor rope was tied.

"Go on, Claudie," I said. "I'm coming behind you." He opened the lid, and when he did a gust of wet wind swept through it and slapped us down on the floor.

"Go ahead," I urged him, "we haven't got much time," and somehow Claudie got his six and a half foot bulk through the hatch. Then I got out, and we both held on to the little stob on the front of the boat where the anchor rope was tied. We were in a long, high gust that got harder and stronger until I felt like it would buckle-in my eardrums if it got any worse.

Finally we both got a good hold on the anchor rope. It was tight, and I could feel a quiver in it as the anchor would give and drag a little. I knew that anchor was plowing a furrow there on the bottom of the bay. I looked back once and saw that on one of our long swings against the anchor the rear end of the yacht was nearly even with the breakers on the reef. I figured we might clear it once more, but I figured if we did, it would be the last time. When the wind slacked between gusts, I knew it was our time to get her away before all hell broke loose on the rear end. By this time the motors were whining and groaning, and we could feel the whole boat throb as they fought against the wind. We eased forward a little, and I and Claudie pulled the rope in and kept it tight, coiling up the slack behind us. Finally, we were right over the anchor, and the rope went straight down from the front of the boat.

"It's now or never, Claudie," I yelled, and we heisted hard on it, but the anchor wouldn't budge.

Claudie reached down and got another hold on the rope; I got one just behind him, and we pulled with everything we had. I could see the big veins standing out on his neck like chicken guts, and it seemed that new muscles rose up around his eyes and ears as he strained to lift it. But the anchor was stuck solid in the bottom of Copano Bay. Captain Squatty was yelling something at us, but it wasn't any use. You couldn't hear anything above the roar of another gust that was building up, and by that time we were pulling as hard as we knew how, just to hold our own. Then we weren't holding our own; we had to pay out some rope or go over with it, and I yelled, "Latch it onto the stob, Claudie, or we'll be back where we started."

Claudie wrapped the anchor rope several times around the stob there, as the gust blew out, and then the boat was pitching and rolling hard against the tight rope. That was what broke the anchor out, and as soon as it gave way, we pulled the rope in until the anchor was out of the water. I could see we were moving forward, away from the reef, with both motors screaming and straining down in the heart of *The Pride of Texas, III*.

In a few minutes we were clear out in the deep water, a hundred yards or more away from the reef, and Captain Squatty was yelling and motioning for us to drop the anchor again. We did, and this time it held. We got back down into the boat and closed the lid as another gust came and grew into full flow. Then Claudie was sick — very sick — but Captain Squatty said it was all right, since he'd cleaned up after seasick people before.

The hurricane petered out almost as fast as it had come. In an hour or so the yacht settled down to an easy roll, and the rain slacked up, but none of this cured Claudie. He was stretched out on the floor of the owner's cabin, blinking his eyes and swallowing.

Around noon we pulled up the anchor and started back. As we left Copano Bay and headed south for Rockport, the water was plumb smooth again. I got out Captain Squatty's I O U, gave him credit for another day's room and board, and showed him how this cut it down to a hundred and fifty dollars.

Then I went down to the owner's cabin to check up on Claudie. He was still on the floor, and he had laid beside him some things out of his pockets — wet matches, cigars, a deck of cards, and a letter. When I saw the letter was addressed to Captain Earl Hinder and postmarked Fort Worth, I said, "Where the hell did you get that, Claudie?"

"At the post office, whenever it was I went to get the mail," he answered and rolled over on his stomach. "I must have forgot to give it to Captain Squatty."

I took it up to the Captain, and as he read it, the muscles started working and quivering around his jawbones. He said, "It's from Mr. Easley. He will be here Tuesday night with two guests."

"Tuesday night was last night," I reminded him.

"Oh, my God!" he yelled. "I'm ruined."

"Ruined?" I said. "What do you mean ruined? Suppose you hadn't taken *The Pride of Texas, III* out on Tuesday?"

By this time we were getting close to Rockport,

and we could see what an awful mess the hurricane had made there. Tree limbs and chunks of wood were floating all around in the water. Four of the other yachts were partly sunk, and the back end of another one was battered and busted plumb out. There wasn't a one of them that wasn't bashed in one way or the other. One yacht, a blue one nearly as big as ours, was turned over and half sunk. There was a hole in the bottom a horse could have walked through.

A crowd of people stood there on the docks looking at all the damage, and as we eased up to the place where *The Pride of Texas, III* belonged, they all came over toward us. They grabbed our ropes and helped us tie up, and we climbed back onto dry land.

Mr. Easley was there to meet us. He was a nice little gray-haired man, all macked out in sport clothes. He shook hands with Captain Squatty and shook hands with us.

"Any damage to *The Pride of Texas, III*?" he asked.

"None, sir," Captain Squatty said, standing straight and looking Mr. Easley in the eye.

"Hinder," he said, "you are a real skipper. I knew you could smell out a blow if anybody could."

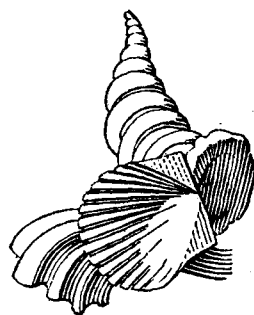
Squatty said, "Mr. Easley, I couldn't have done it without the help of these two fine seamen here, Clint and Claudie."

Mr. Easley beamed on us and took out a big green roll. He peeled off a hundred-dollar bill and handed it to me. He gave Claudie one, too, and said he wondered if it was a big enough tip at that.

"Mr. Easley," I stated, "this is your change," and I gave him fifty dollars out of the roll we'd won in the crap game.

"I don't get it, fellows," he said.

"I and my associate, Claudie, are professional men," I said. "We do not work for tips. A hundred and fifty is all we are due, and that is all we will take. If you feel like it, you might want to give that extra fifty to Captain Squatty, though. He's a fine skipper."





Many Americans have wondered by what mechanics of censorship the Soviet government has maintained its ironclad control over ideas and information within its own borders. ALEX INKELES, Lecturer and Research Associate at the Russian Research Center at Harvard, reveals a system of mass communications in which every loud-speaker, theater, newspaper, bulletin board, and advertisement is joined in an unceasing propaganda onslaught on the individual Russian. Dr. Inkeles is the author of the book Public Opinion in Soviet Russia published last summer by the Harvard University Press.

THE RUSSIANS DON'T HEAR

by ALEX INKELES

I

THE belief that there is a fundamental gulf between the Soviet people and the Communist Party and government of the U.S.S.R. has become a standard assumption of American foreign policy. This assumption has led us to intensify our efforts to reach the Soviet people directly with American views about the Communist system and with basic news about political, social, and economic life in the United States and the countries outside the Soviet orbit. The Soviet attempt to jam the broadcasts of the "Voice of America" — our chief instrument for penetrating the iron curtain — has dramatically called attention to the obstacles which face our effort.

Less dramatic but equally frustrating are the limitations inherent in the very structure of the Soviet system of mass communication. For example, radio is much less extensively developed as a means of mass communication in the Soviet Union than it is in the United States. There are fewer than 75 receivers per thousand of population in the U.S.S.R., as against a rate of up to 200 in many European countries and 425 in the United States. But much more fundamental is the problem posed by the unique structure of the radio receiving network. About 80 per cent of the equipment capable of receiving radio programs in the Soviet Union does not consist of radio sets at all. Rather it is made up of wired speakers. Each speaker is connected with a central exchange — of which there are more than 10,000 — much in the manner of a telephone system. The owner of a wired speaker has a switch to turn his speaker on and off, and a volume control. But he cannot freely tune in on the air waves to select his programs. He can hear only those programs carried or "piped" over the wires of his exchange, and these exchanges, needless to say, do not carry the programs of the "Voice of

America." Thus the system of wired speakers gives the regime a remarkable instrument for controlling what the Soviet radio audience may hear.

These facts are not presented to indicate that the VOA broadcasts are a waste of time and money. On the contrary, we know that there are several million sets in the U.S.S.R. capable of hearing our broadcasts. These sets, furthermore, are largely in the hands of the most important segments of the Soviet population — Party members, intellectuals, leading workers, who are responsible for mobilizing public opinion among the rank and file. Increased expenditures for more stations and for technical innovations to circumvent jamming can easily be justified on the basis of the crucial nature of this admittedly small potential audience. But these facts about the nature of the radio network do highlight the need for an accurate picture of the Soviet approach to the mobilization of public opinion.

It is widely and mistakenly assumed in the West that Soviet leaders are unconcerned with public opinion. Actually, Leninist theory and Soviet practice reveal a most intense interest in popular thinking. But the Soviet leaders are not interested in public opinion in order to follow its demands. Indeed, Stalin has declared that a party which "limits its activities to a mere registration of the sufferings and thoughts of the proletarian masses" is not fit to take over the functions of leadership. Soviet theory defines the Communist Party as the "teacher, guide, and leader" of the popular masses. As such, its interest lies in molding public opinion, in conducting propaganda and agitation to bring the masses to the required state of support for — or, as Lenin phrased it, benevolent neutrality towards — the policies of the Party and the government.

In the U.S.S.R. the films, the radio, and the press

are not a channel for investment, nor are they regarded as a potential source of amusement or recreation for the population. The media are spoken of as tools, instruments, weapons, and "driving belts" by which the Party advances its goals. This fundamental orientation of Communist leaders towards public opinion has completely shaped the Soviet conception of the functions of the media of mass communication. Lenin, for example, defined the newspaper as a collective propagandist, agitator, and organizer. The radio is regarded as a channel for public education, a means for the "Communist upbringing of the masses." And the Minister of Cinematography has defined the task of the Soviet film industry in the post-war period as that of producing films which rally the Soviet audience for greater sacrifices "in the struggle for transforming the country into the most powerful and advanced in the world."

These conceptions have had a profound impact on the content of Soviet mass communication. Even for those not familiar with the Soviet cinema it will be no great surprise that the film comedy has been the least developed and the least successful of all types of Soviet motion pictures. In the case of the radio the Party has given a very heavy emphasis to cultural materials, particularly to serious music. Indeed, the concentration on such broadcasts is probably far greater than it would be if the Russian radio audience were free to determine for itself the selection of its radio fare.

The impact of the basic Communist orientation towards mass communication is most apparent, however, in the Soviet press. Bolshevik theory rejects the idea of freedom of the press as it is understood in the West, and similarly rejects objectivity as a goal of journalistic effort. The main ingredients of Soviet news are those events which characterize the effort of the Communist Party to cement its control of Soviet society and to press the rapid industrialization of the country. Thus the Soviet newspaper is constantly full of reports on such matters as the progress of the sowing or harvesting campaigns, or the "difficulties" experienced in building new industrial plants. If a lathe operator in some obscure plant in the Urals succeeds in increasing his production by 40 per cent, the Soviet newspapers everywhere will take up the story in an effort to get other lathe operators to adopt the new methods.

The media of mass communication have been adapted to the Party's purposes in their physical structure no less than in their content. For in so far as the Party seeks to mobilize behind its programs the minds and wills of the people, it must adjust its appeals to the various audiences and to the particular functions which diverse groups play in Soviet society. This principle is well illustrated in the structure of the Soviet radio network. The director of each radio exchange knows the precise

social composition of the audience which subscribes to his exchange. And usually these audiences are highly homogeneous, being made up predominantly of the peasants of a particular area or the workers of a given factory or industrial district. As a result, the director of the exchange is able to select carefully the programs carried over his exchange's wires to suit them to the audience and to the tasks set for it by the Party and government.

The same principle is also very much in evidence in the organization of the press. The 7000 Soviet daily and other newspapers include not only general newspapers serving particular regions, which is the familiar pattern in the United States, but also separate newspaper chains appealing to different segments of the population according to nationality, occupation, age, sex, and so on. Each of these chains includes a paper of national scope which sets the pattern for other papers in the chain serving more restricted local audiences. Thus *Trud* (Labor), the national organ of the trade-unions, serves as a model for the local newspapers put out by the trade-union councils of republics and regions as well as for the papers of particular industries and large factories. The daily youth paper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, which is itself patterned after the national organ of the Communist Party, serves in turn as a model for the 150 other newspapers for the youth published throughout the country. There are similar chains of newspapers for the peasant population, the soldiers, sailors, and so on. In addition, more than 2000 of the total number of newspapers are issued in the languages of the various nationality groups which compose the Soviet population. Thus the Party has adapted the physical structure of the press, as it has the other media, to ensure that its message will be carried to the various segments of the Soviet population in the manner most calculated to effect their mobilization behind the tasks set for them by the regime.

2

ONE of the most outstanding characteristics of the Soviet approach to mass persuasion lies in the readiness to utilize unusual means of communication as a supplement to the standard media. The Party thus provides itself with the ability to use more effectively its scarce communications resources to reach the 200 million of the Soviet population scattered over some 8.5 million square miles of territory and speaking almost 200 different languages and dialects. At the same time, the utilization of unusual approaches gives the Party's efforts at mass communication a degree of flexibility and adaptability to local conditions, and a quality of directness and intimacy of approach, which are ordinarily lacking in the standard media like the press and radio.

For example, in 1939 the Soviet Union boasted

only 3000 film theaters as against almost 20,000 for the United States. But by placing projectors in clubs, schools, libraries, and other public places, and by using almost 15,000 portable projectors to show films in the villages, the number of installations was brought up to a total of over 30,000. Similarly, the printed newspapers of the Soviet Union are supplemented by hundreds of thousands of "wall newspapers" put out in a single handwritten or typed copy on the bulletin boards of factories, farms, and housing developments. They report on the production activities of their plant or farm, give suggestions for the improvement of particular work processes, criticize those workers or shops which are lagging behind and praise those whose work is outstanding, and carry local notices of various kinds. It is characteristic of Soviet policy that these "wall newspapers" are not haphazard or uncontrolled phenomena, but are considered as integral parts of the total press apparatus, with regular part-time editors and "correspondents," all closely supervised by the local Party organizations.

The most striking example of the Party's utilization of unusual instruments of mass communication, however, is to be found in its reliance on the unique person of the Bolshevik agitator. The Party maintains a huge corps of Bolshevik agitators who regularly number 2 million, but whose ranks swell to more than 3 million at the time of special campaigns. The agitators are the part-time, unpaid, "volunteer" voice of the regime in the ranks of the masses of the population. Selected primarily from among Party members, it is their task to bring the message of the Party to the people through direct face-to-face contact. Before or after the change of shift, or during the rest period in the plants and on the farms, and even in the workers' dormitories or at their apartments, the agitator is expected to gather together small groups of his fellow workers or residents to conduct his agitation. Whether he reads aloud some article from the daily press, describes some important recent decision of the Party or government, criticizes the work performance of his group, or exhorts them to greater effort, he speaks in each case as the voice of the Party.

Group agitation is an unusual means of mass communication, the significance of which should be better understood in the West. Like all agitation and propaganda, that of the Communist Party is designed to affect attitudes, and through attitudes to affect action. Contemporary American research indicates that a group setting and, particularly, group discussion are generally more effective instruments for changing attitudes than are the radio and the newspaper. To a large extent the work of the Bolshevik agitator, since it includes regular contact in a group setting and provides an opportunity for group discussion, however limited, creates a situation which should be conducive to effective formation of an attitude. Through its

utilization of the Bolshevik agitator the Communist Party has capitalized on one of the most effective of all instruments of mass communication.

In addition to serving as the voice of the Party among the rank and file of the population, the agitator serves another function which many assume has no place at all in the Soviet scheme — namely, communication from the people up to the rulers of the nation. Yet it is one of the major functions of the agitator to serve as a source of information on the attitudes and state of mind of the population. He is expected to keep a careful account of the questions asked during his agitation sessions and to report these to the local Party officials. They in turn are expected to summarize the reports of the individual agitators and to pass the results on up the ranks of the Party hierarchy. In this way the corps of agitators serves the Party as a kind of substitute for a system of open public opinion testing, which is of course impossible under Soviet conditions.

The agitator also serves as a convenient target toward whom his audience may, in limited degree, direct hostility and express discontent. His service in this respect is supplemented by Soviet newspapers through their letters-to-the-editor columns, which constitute a major part of the Soviet institution of *samo-kritika* or self-criticism. In these letters Soviet citizens are provided a kind of open season on bureaucrats. So long as they are careful not to aim too high, and avoid any appearance of criticizing the regime or basic Party policy, Soviet citizens may through these letters vent rather strongly worded complaints against the work of the government bureaucracy in such matters as supplying consumers' goods and repairing and maintaining housing and public facilities. In this way the Party leaders utilize the media of mass communication as a carefully controlled means whereby the population may drain off some of the aggression generated by the frustrations of Soviet life. This aggression is apparently purposely diverted towards the minor figures in the system, particularly the petty bureaucrats, in an effort to deflect it from the Communist Party leaders and the regime itself.

3

DESPITE these limited channels for the expression of popular sentiment, however, the foremost feature of the Soviet system of mass communication is the thoroughness and absoluteness of its control. To effect this control, the Party has established a special Department of Propaganda and Agitation. Within the framework of the policy decisions set down by the Politburo, the Department unifies and gives central direction to the multiform activities designed to influence public opinion carried on by the Party, the government, and agencies like the trade-unions. To fulfill its responsibilities it is di-

vided into a series of sectors, each with a distinct sphere of operations — “cultural enlightenment,” the press and publishing, radio, films, art, science, education, and so on. There is no realm of intellectual endeavor, no organized form of activity which might conceivably influence public opinion, which the Party exempts from this control.

The pervasiveness of the control mechanism may be illustrated by considering the position of the average editor of the main newspaper in a regional center of the Soviet Union. The editor is of necessity a member of the Party, trained in Party schools for propagandists and journalists. His appointment comes directly from the Central Committee of the Party, perhaps on the recommendation of the regional Party organization. He must run his newspaper in a manner determined by the regional Party organization, and in accordance with the directives of the central press sector of the Department of Propaganda and Agitation. In addition, his paper is carefully checked by the government censorship agency to ensure that it does not reveal state secrets. Finally, the editor's work is regularly reviewed and criticized by some central newspaper like *Pravda*. Yet the regional editor is controller as well as controlled, for as the editor of a regional newspaper it is his task to supervise the work of the editors of the district, local, and wall newspapers issued in his region. The ramifications of the system of control are manifested at all levels of the Soviet newspaper world. And the situation in radio work, in the film industry, and elsewhere is much the same.

It is true, of course, that there are serious defects in the Soviet propaganda armor. The agitators, for example, are caught between the direct pressures and hostilities of the population and the constant pressure of the Party demanding that they exhort and goad on the tired population to still greater efforts and sacrifice. As a result thousands each year abandon their work as agitators. Editors must constantly be reprimanded for ideological “deviations” in their newspapers, films cannot be shown, books must be withdrawn. And the regime is in many respects a prisoner of its own system. For in so far as the Soviet leaders wish to judge the state of popular thinking, they must rely on the reports of the agitators and the newspaper editors, the very same men who are locally responsible for the state of public opinion. Often for these men to report the facts is to expose themselves to criticism, removal, or worse forms of reprimand for falling down on the job. The result is that they frequently withhold the truth, or present false, glowing pictures of their success. It is really doubtful that the men in the

Kremlin have an accurate picture of the state of mind of the Soviet public.

Despite such difficulties and shortcomings, however, there remains the hard and unpleasant fact of the regime's absolute monopoly of mass communication, and its consequent ability to control what the Soviet citizen sees of and hears about events in the outside world.

What then are our chances of counteracting the regime's monopoly of communications within the Soviet Union?

To find the answer, one must look not so much to American counterpropaganda as to factors internal to the Soviet system. The contradiction between the promises of Soviet propaganda and the realities of Soviet life is the greatest weakness in the regime's effort to secure the allegiance and support of its population. The Party's message is simple enough in its essentials: work harder, trust the Party, hate the defined enemies of the regime within and without, and believe in the future. But one must ask how long the population can be expected to continue exchanging today's sacrifices for tomorrow's promises. How can the media of communication convince the people of the all-pervasive solicitude of the government for their welfare, in the face of the persistent shortages of consumers' goods, food, and housing? How teach the population to despise the “false freedom” of the slaves of bourgeois countries, when the rule of the secret police makes the mockery of Soviet freedom everywhere evident to the Soviet citizen?

The presence in Western Europe of several hundred thousand individuals who chose the overwhelming hardships and uncertainties of life as displaced persons rather than return to the Soviet Union hardly lends support to any claim of omnipotence for Soviet propaganda and agitation. The amazing repetitiveness of Soviet mass communication strongly suggests that the leaders have little faith in the extent to which the people have adopted the maxims put to them, or how far they can be expected, on the basis of their own experience, to continue believing in them without constant reiteration. After more than thirty years of Soviet rule the Party finds that it still cannot relax its extraordinary control over mass communication — indeed, it must periodically increase the intensity of those controls. So long as the contradiction between promise and performance remains, the repetitiveness and the control will continue. But so long as they persist, the tendency towards disillusion, disbelief, and avoidance of the official channels of mass communication will also persist and perhaps increase.



PRE-VALEDICTORY

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

I HEAR people say, "Well, when my time comes . . ."
But as for me, there will be no such time.
My time, on the contrary and thank God,
Will have gone — oh yes, every bit of it,
Every little segment with its infinity of terrible moments,
Every long year that could muster so few minutes after all.
Unlike all my previous points in time,
This one will have no successor,
No future rising, rising, always pressing for more.
Time is a commodity that pays off poorly.
I shall close it out; some younger person may handle it
Until he too learns better.
I shall be done with Time.

Pray do not then leap to the conclusion
That I have resigned my existence.
I propose to check in, not out.
And just because one is freed from Time
He does not therefore cease.
Freedom from Time is Eternity,
And Eternity is not endless time, not at all.

Time is a thoroughly irritating thing.
You don't get anywhere until you are shed of it.
One gets fed up with Time, in time.
It keeps your nose on the grindstone.
It holds you in the narrowest of all possible ruts,
That which lies between past and future.
And even the confining present it does not let you fairly savor.
It says, the Red Queen notwithstanding,
"Jam, if any, today,
But never jam yesterday, never tomorrow;
Remembered jam — oh, well;
Anticipated jam — maybe;
Honest-to-God jam — never except today."
Even so, you must renounce part of it
To buy tomorrow's bread.

A starveling thing indeed is this Today, this Now,
So thin it cannot keep the past and future from showing through,
So furtive it cannot look you in the eye,

Always taking it on the lam, always changing into the past,
Forever hanging around and butting into your privacy
With perfect assurance, impudent insistence;
Never quite bringing things off,
Never quite sure what the topic of conversation is.
Time announces, with the innocent moronic phiz of a radio dial:
“It is now exactly six seconds before ten o’clock.”
And it isn’t true; it’s never perfectly true.
Time is forever just missing an appointment with himself.
Time is rather silly.
Thank God, we can stand him up at last.

And please do not waste thought, either, on *where* I have gone.
Remember it is written, “Say not, Lo here, or Lo there.”
I shall be in such wise that “Where” cannot even put the question,
Nor “There” give an answer.
You must believe this: I never was any *where*.
My body? Oh, I didn’t know we were talking about that.
Why, yes, my body has always been here and there,
In a manner of speaking,
And perhaps I negligently conveyed the impression that I was, too.
My mistake and your error.
I was never any *where*; I simply was, simply shall be.
Don’t look at me that way; I’m quite serious,
Though I know very well you are thinking me dogmatic.
But observe that I am not presuming to speak for you;
I am only telling you my experience.
Look to yourself, but have no anxiety about my personality, my self.
I am agile, like Socrates: they must first lay hold of me.
But also I am no longer a youth; I’ve been around a bit.
For decades I have maintained a selfhood against odds.
How my enemies tried to do me in!
But, by the Eternal, I am not expendable.

No, do not speculate on where I have gone.
The guides on this journey do not speak our language.
I have long contemplated reduction to my essential being.
Now regard me as having slipped into the finer interstices of the universe of Spirit.
Take heed to St. Paul, and do not ask
“With what manner of body . . . ?”
Why, I wouldn’t be caught dead with a body.

Should you care to note my withdrawal
In the manner that best links spirit and matter,
Play the Emperor Concerto, second movement, and disperse
But cheerfully.



A Yankee Republican liberal, SENATOR RALPH E. FLANDERS carried both labor's and industry's endorsement when he ran as Senator from Vermont. He has been a designer and inventor of machine tools. For thirteen years he was President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and in 1944 he received the American Engineering Council's Hoover Medal for outstanding public service. Throughout his career, he has maintained that the standards of American industry should be initiated by industry itself, not imposed on industry by government, and in this trenchant article he explains why.

HOW BIG IS AN INCH?

by SENATOR RALPH E. FLANDERS

I

A FEW months ago I traveled westward by rail from Washington to the Pacific Coast. In the course of that journey I was transferred through the trunk lines of four great railroad systems: the Pennsylvania, the Burlington, the Denver & Rio Grande, the Western Pacific. The third transfer was made during the night. There was no confusion and no delay. No change from one car into another was necessary, for the rails of the lines were fortunately the same $56\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, and their cars automatically braked and coupled with each other. In fact, I continued the sleep of a tired traveler and did not even realize the change had been made.

It occurred to me a few days later that this is a remarkable circumstance in American life which all of us take entirely too much for granted. We ship an electric washer across the country with our household goods with never a conscious thought but that it is sure to meet the same voltage and current wherever it is plugged in. Our incandescent lamp finds the same socket in Springfield, Vermont, and Springfield, Illinois. The $15\frac{1}{2}$ -34 shirt we send as a present from Iowa will fit the neck and arms that grew up to size in Virginia. We drive an automobile from coast to coast under uniform traffic signals. In Chicago we buy a tire that was made in Akron, and it will fit the wheel (made in Pittsburgh) of the car (built in Detroit) that we bought in New York.

This simplification and workable interchangeability of parts and practices is known as standardization.

The fact that we have a high degree of standardization has made life simpler for us in ways so basic and so obvious that we do not even realize they exist. It has given us the free national market which we take so casually. To you as end man,

the American consumer, it has given lower prices and better quality, more safety, greater availability, prompter exchange and repair service, and all the other material advantages of mass production. Is this something to be taken for granted?

Standardization is economically and socially desirable at any time, but in time of war or preparation for war it becomes nothing less than a requisite for survival. Now we are compelled again to realize the consequence where standards are lacking — where the bullet does not match the rifle, where the nut does not fit the bolt, where the spare part does not drop correctly into place in the machine or lies idle and wasted on the shelf. The most eloquent plea for standardization I know was uttered in wartime. A U.S. Eighth Air Force mechanic said bitterly: "We can't borrow plane parts from the British. We can't even steal them. *They don't fit.*"

Throughout World War II we had a higher degree of industrial standardization than any nation, including our own, had ever applied to the winning of a war. American mass production, made possible by standardization, was our number one weapon in that war. And yet we cannot possibly estimate the loss we suffered in men and money, in time and resources, because of lack of certain proper standards. Our losses really began in the spring of 1940, when 400,000 Belgian troops might have fought better and longer if British ammunition had fitted their empty rifles. The losses continued at the first battle of El Alamein, where a contributing cause of the British defeat and retreat was the lack of standard interchangeable parts in the radio and other auxiliary equipment of the British tanks. At home we lost the services of thousands of small companies which would have participated in war production if there had been a comprehensive sys-

tem of national defense standards to which they were accustomed to work. Others would have participated more effectively. The whole complicated relationship of prime contractor to subcontractor would have been simplified.

At one moment early in the war, lack of a standard almost caused disaster on the grand scale. A part broke in one of the radar units protecting the length of the Panama Canal. Those in command were dismayed to discover that no replacement part was in stock. They put through a rush call to Washington to have the part flown from the factory to the Canal. Long before it arrived, however, the officer in charge of stores made a foot-by-foot search of his warehouse. He found eight full bins of the needed part, all marked with a different stock number. "Stock duplication caused by lack of or deficiency in a standard parts catalogue," standards men call it.

Very probably it was a screw thread that cost this country its greatest losses in time, money, and materials. The screw thread is a simple device, but it ties together the whole mechanical skeleton of our civilization. Throughout World War II we desperately needed the mechanical coordination that an international screw thread system would have provided. The British Whitworth Standard and our own American Standard differed only slightly in their dimensions, but the difference might as well have been as wide as the Atlantic Ocean.

William L. Batt, American chairman of the Combined Production and Resources Board, has estimated that because of lack of interchangeability in screw threads we shipped about 600 million dollars abroad in the form of extra screws, nuts, and bolts as spare parts. When Packard took over the manufacture of the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine in the summer of 1940, it first had to spend ten months redrawing 2000 blueprints American fashion and translating the Whitworth thread forms into the American Standard on 3200 nuts, bolts, and studs.

2

How do we stand today? Both press and President have stressed the fact that we are in some ways, notably in industrial productive capacity, far ahead of where we were at the start of the last war. As far as standardization is concerned, that is remarkably true. We are much better prepared in standards today because of things learned, of men trained, of work done in standardization over the past ten years, both during the war and in the phenomenal post-war industrial expansion.

The Panama Canal incident, for example, started widespread reforms in the purchasing habits of the armed forces. As a direct result of it, the Army Signal Corps made a three-month analysis that eliminated 63,000 duplicate or nonstandard items

out of 220,000 pieces of Signal Corps equipment. When the results were published, the other technical services of the armed forces made the same analysis, and with pretty much the same astonishing results. In 1945 the Navy — which had spent 55 billions during the war for the goods of industry — called in Remington Rand to help it survey its 50 million stock numbers. Of the first 15 million checked, only 2 million represented parts actually in use. Because some identical parts were listed under as many as 630 different numbers, this 2 million in turn was reduced to 80,825. Today the project of simplifying and standardizing the stores of the entire military establishment is well under way.

In 1943 Britain, Canada, and the United States held the first international conference on screw thread unification. As chairman of the American Standards Association Screw Thread Committee, I presided at the meetings. Five years and five conferences later, on November 18, 1948, these three countries agreed on a Unified Standard. The screw thread systems of the United States and the United Kingdom are now interchangeable. That fact, I think, is of tremendous importance to the security of the Western world.

In the meantime, standards activities that will give us quicker, cheaper, and more efficient economic mobilization and rearmament have been continuing, some of them speeded up by the events of the past six months. Last summer a conference of military, government, and industrial representatives from Britain, Canada, and the United States formulated a program leading to an agreement on bolt and nut dimensions. When a new unified standard is developed, American and British users of equipment will be able to use English and American bolts and nuts interchangeably and another critical bottleneck in the production of war material will be eliminated. A major effort is under way to resolve the differences between government practice and private industry practice in the making of engineering drawings. Requirements in radio and radar equipment are being standardized so that the military can obtain uniform and interchangeable products from many suppliers.

Whether or not we Americans appreciate standards, whether we examine them in peace or in time of war, standardization is a fundamental characteristic of our economic system. It got us where we are today. But we have cashed in on only a fraction of what peacetime standards can give us in almost any field.

House construction, one of the least standardized of our industries, is a perfect example of what standards could do if given the chance. I hasten to add, however, that I am not proposing rows of identical houses under uniform trees. Standardization is an engineering technique and it has nothing to do with unaesthetic uniformity.

Just a glance at a sash and door catalogue, with its fifty or more bastard sizes of doors and windows, gives a hint of how many dollars might be saved per dwelling by an industry-wide program of simplification and workable interchangeability. Except as necessary replacements in houses already built, the odd sizes represent waste. They perpetuate and compound an ancient evil. They add nothing to the appearance of a house, they clutter up warehouses, and they cost everyone money.

Or consider tubular locks for interior doors. Door manufacturers could easily produce their doors with holes drilled and ready to receive these locks. A few of the different lock manufacturers, however, make their tubular locks with slight variations. Consequently a carpenter must measure, drill, and chisel a mortise for the particular tubular lock which is to go into each door. We have been building about 100,000 houses per month, each with perhaps ten such doors. If standardization of these locks saved \$1 per door, the saving to the home-buying public last year would have been around 12 million dollars.

3

STANDARDS to remedy these conditions do not come about by accident. They are born in a conscious effort; they are developed with organized machinery. Today the question of *who* is to control this machinery is a problem of our internal economy that is at once unrecognized, obscure, and crucial.

The problem has not been with us for long, for in our industrial beginnings our standards were written by only two men. The maker and the user alone were concerned, and perhaps their only exchange was that oldest of specifications, "Like the last one." Early in the present century, however, the situation became involved with the growing complexities of our industrial society. The federal government joined producer and user as the third partner in the making of standards.

This intervention by government began as a means of curbing abuses in capitalism's iron age, of regulating standards affecting public life, health, and safety. Large government purchases in and between wars, all of them carrying specifications, next made federal agencies a directly interested party in many business and industrial fields. Centralized government buying according to purchase specification began to cut deeper and deeper as a standardizing influence on industry. A half-dozen federal standardizing agencies were created.

Now the federal government has an important role to play in the writing of our standards. Historically, the federal government has an admirable record in formulating standards, in supporting the principles of standardization, and in promoting their knowledge and use, particularly in the field of

health and safety. Government obviously has the right to set standards for the goods it buys. It is an interested party, and should be an active and watchful one.

So much is granted. But there is a wide difference between *some* and *much*, and an even vaster distinction between *much* and *all*. I am for the spoonful of vinegar in the salad dressing, but I am against a cupful. There are trends, plans, and proposals currently under way that would make standardization wholly or mainly a function of government, and I am opposed to them. I do not want my talented, capable, and sincere friends in the federal agencies in Washington to write the industrial standards of this country. Too much is at stake.

Standards are now built into the very structure of American industry. They are the controls that management employs to direct smooth and efficient company operation. The standards a manufacturer uses in operating his plant, the control of the quality of his product, the specifications under which he sells that product — all these are fundamental functions of business management.

If you control an industry's standards, therefore, you control that industry lock, stock, and ledger. On the day that standards become a governmental function and responsibility, as is now being threatened, the government will take a very long step toward the control of American industry. That is a step which will reach into every manufacturing and operating company, big and little, and consequently will affect every consumer in the country.

In such a setup, government personnel will decide when and what standards should be developed and what the provisions of the standards should be. That method is inflexible. It leaves little room for the manufacturer to experiment with products which do not comply with a standard. It does not allow for improvements in standards and their consequent revision. It does not permit the single manufacturer to depart from a standard in order to develop a specialized and useful business.

Standards made under such conditions tend to become limitations, controls, and restrictive procedures. They reduce consumer choice. The manufacturer obeys an order he had no part in formulating. Whether he thinks those orders are good or bad, right or wrong, he follows them, and expends effort to make sure he follows them correctly and within the law. Or he resorts to political pressures to get the standards he wants.

I am opposed to government control of standards activities, however, for a much simpler reason. No government planner knows enough to write the standards for the rest of American industry and all other American people. Even if he and his advisers were as wise as Jupiter, he would still stand helpless before economic forces which are too powerful, delicate, and complex for individual control. In 1933, when such ideas did not have their current

acceptance among our best thinkers, I wrote in an *Atlantic Monthly* article entitled "Business Looks at the NRA" as follows: —

The enormous extent of our operations in manufacturing and distributing material goods, their unimaginable variety, the incalculable complexity of the courses they take, the innumerable final desires and satisfactions they reach and serve, are beyond the comprehension or calculation of any planning board.

In the words of a great modern English statesman on a totally different subject, "I was rather pleased with this when I wrote it, and I don't mind the look of it now."

4

Now the situation certainly alters when people begin to shoot at us. In time of war we must quickly take special measures to save materials and manpower, to bring maximum efforts and resources to bear on production and mobilization. Under such pressure there are naturally tendencies and a will to give full authority to a planner or a group of planners, to hand down standards by decree. A point to remember, however, is that they must still be effective, workable standards. The planner, of course, is no wiser simply because bullets are flying or because he has put on a uniform. Those are just people moving around up there, and they are as fallible as ever. The standards, the thousands upon thousands of purchase specifications they hand down, are as likely as before to be unrealistic, uncreative, and unnecessarily expensive. With this added difference: their errors can now be a thousand times more serious.

Nazi Germany practiced standards by decree and paid the price for it, notably when it standardized its military airplanes too much and too soon. Our own experience in World War II demonstrates that we worked best when industry was not only consulted in the development of the standards of the goods it was to manufacture, but also participated in decisions as to what the contents of the standards should be.

If an illustration is needed for an obvious truth, the case of the portable projector for training films may be briefly cited. One branch of the armed forces handed down specifications to the manufacturers that were quite out of line with the rigorous use for which the machine was intended, with the result that it frequently broke down after two or three uses. After the war a number of companies in the photographic equipment industry, working with a technical standards association, drew up specifications that harmonized the requirements of the machine and the ability of the industry to produce it. It is now in full military use.

If the answer to the problem of standardization is not to be found in standards written by the manu-

facturer alone, or by the consumer, or by federal agencies, where then is it to be found?

It lies with no one of them, I think, and with all of them. The solution lies in consensus. Where everyone is affected by standards, everyone should make the standards. Every group substantially concerned — manufacturer, designer, distributor, seller, consumer, the government — should have the right to participate in deciding what the provisions of a standard shall be, and none should dominate the decision at the expense of another. For if a standard is to be of any value, it must be generally acceptable to all who use it. Industries, like people, are most willing to abide by regulations which they set up themselves.

Voluntary standardization on the consensus principle works. The fact that it works because of the businessman's desire to stay out of trouble and make a profit is incidental. The businessman, just like every other individual, is motivated primarily by self-interest. We hope that self-interest is enlightened, but whether it is or not, if he directs his business in such a manner as to give a good economic performance and produce goods of the greatest value, then he promotes the public interest whether or not he intends it, wants it, or even knows it.

The thirty-year record demonstrates that voluntary standardization is an entirely workable and practical system. The American Society for Testing Materials, for instance, has cut across industries to write hundreds of useful voluntary national standards. The trade associations and technical societies of private American industry have written thousands of voluntary and socially beneficial standards. Many of these standards have been industry-wide and national in scope and have included varying degrees of government and consumer participation. Because they have been written under the pressure of competition, they must please the customer or flop, and they must therefore be periodically revised.

The American Standards Association, with headquarters in New York, is unique in the field of voluntary standardization, and may be called private industry's primary answer to the challenge of government control of standards activities. It was founded in 1918 by five of the country's leading engineering societies and three government departments — War, Navy, and Commerce — to bring order to the confused field of standardization. It now comprises 106 technical societies, trade associations, and groups of such organizations, and some 1800 private companies.

It works to simplify developments of engineering, commercial, consumer, and safety standards; to eliminate duplication, overlapping, and variables of standards activities by other standardization bodies in the country; to promote knowledge and use of standards; and to serve as a clearinghouse for information on all standards in the U.S. It serves as the channel of coöperation with the standards bodies

of the twenty-nine other nations which belong to the International Organization for Standardization. About 4000 executives and technical experts are now serving on committees which are developing and constantly revising American Standards under the clearinghouse machinery of the ASA.

Those standards range from traffic signals to electric wiring, from specifications for fire hose to recent safety specifications for circus tents. They include standards for gear sizes; for the carat content of articles made of gold; for electric ranges, water heaters, and gas-burning appliances; for refrigeration equipment; and for eliminating variation in the shades of gray on industrial machines. There is an American Standard that fixes the musical note A in the treble clef at 440 cycles, and one that eliminates variation in kitchen measuring cups, pans, and spoons. An ASA committee is now seeking to complete an American Standard which will set minimum standards and informative labeling for rayon fabrics.

In none of these cases did the American Standards Association initiate a standard or hand it down to others as a finished job. It simply provided the machinery by which those who are concerned developed the standard. In drawing up the proposed 160-page rayon fabrics standard, over thirty national organizations participated. Producers, distributors, consumers, service industries, and federal agencies helped in its development.

Since 1948, and particularly since the attack on the Korean Republic, the American Standards Association has been engaged in an increasing amount of work directly concerned with or related to the country's program for rearmament. In working with the federal government for more than thirty years with a notable degree of harmony, it had already developed a formula for an effective coöperative relationship. As many as ten federal departments and agencies at one time were ASA members, and as many as sixty-four agencies have participated in the work of its sectional committees. Three directors and an associate director of the Bureau of Standards have sat on the board of directors of ASA, the Bureau itself helping to write nearly half of all American Standards.

During World War II, ASA helped to develop about 500 standards which contributed to the war effort. Of these, 160 were specifically requested by government agencies such as the Army, Navy, War Production Board, and Office of Price Administration. These introduced safety procedures and protective clothing (28 War Standards); set specifications for radio components, electrical instruments, and photographic equipment; drew up standards for quality control in production; and by specific measures conserved materials and manpower.

Enforced government standards entered our private lives in ways that would have been unthinkable and, I hopefully presume, unacceptable in time

of peace. The government standardized tubes for civilian radios and the thickness of leather permitted in a half sole; bicycles (twenty types reduced to two) and working clothes (six types); the number of pockets on women's coveralls (two); the style of pants cuffs (none) and the length of your shirttail (shorter).

While these War Standards were compulsory, the consensus principle, nevertheless, was maintained to a marked degree in writing them. The area of agreement was narrowed to those directly participating. At the consultation table, private industry retained its position of the responsible producer and the government, with the war effort absorbing nearly half the national economy, assumed the position at once of buyer and user. When properly carried out, this procedure developed War Standards that did not unnecessarily depart from current industrial practice and made good use of the technical and creative abilities of American industry.

In its rearmament program of the past two years, the military establishment has achieved notably successful results where it has continued to follow the consensus principle in writing standards. But there is now a heightened danger that the intensified pressures of war preparedness will cause the consensus principle in standards to be thrown out and War Standards to be handed down by dictate. There is a greater danger that the government, using the war emergency as an opportunity and an excuse, will not only take over full powers in standards activities but will fail to relinquish them when the emergency ends. There is a group, both in and out of government, who feel that standardization is properly a government responsibility. In two, five, or ten years when, God willing, we begin again to take up life in a post-war economy, the cry will be louder than before that our standards should be written in the government offices.

I think that neither now nor later can we afford such a reversal of our economic and technical processes. Our standards are now basic to our industrial economy. They will be more important than ever as we organize resistance against aggressive forces. When this crisis ends, we must work to achieve a higher degree of harmony and order in our world; to relieve the strain of modern living by simplification; to increase the standard of living through more efficient production of interchangeable parts in a free market. We must use standards as "the liberator that relegates the problems that have already been solved to the field of routine, and leaves the creative faculties free for the problems that are still unsolved."

I say that this is not work for the master planner. Creative dynamic standards are not composed on the higher levels and handed down by decree and proclamation. They are formulated by the voluntary agreement of all groups concerned. They must be worked out by the people themselves.



Composer and author, NICOLAS NABOKOV began his study of music in St. Petersburg, where in his impressionable years he heard the singing of Chaliapin and the playing of Rachmaninov and young Heifetz, and saw the dancing of Pavlova and Karsavina. After the Revolution, he worked in the Berlin Conservatory, and when his first ballet-oratorio, *Ode*, was produced by Diaghilev in Paris, he entered upon the creative years during which he was to enjoy the friendship of Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Koussevitzky. The paper which follows is drawn from his delightful book, *Old Friends and New Music*, which will soon be published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

MUSIC UNDER THE GENERALS

by NICOLAS NABOKOV

1

MR. NABICALF, Mr. Nabicalf, hurry up, we're late," came Blintz's voice from below. "*Es ist schon nach halb vier.*" "Damn that German and his creaky voice," I grumbled, and ran down the staircase.

Blintz, a placid GI of Hamburger origin, stood at the bottom of the stairs and shook his head. "Always late, always late," he mumbled as we walked to the garden gate.

"Oh stop nagging, Blintz."

Looking sulky he slipped into the driver's seat of the worn Ford sedan, our so-called "staff car." "It is not I who is going to the opera," he began sulking again, as we drove towards the Königin Luisen Strasse, "*und* you know how long it takes to get to the Russian sector."

We drove to the gray arcades of the ruined central Radio Station and turned into the main artery leading from the west straight into the Russian heart of Berlin. I looked at my watch. It was 4.05. The opera began at 4.30. There was time enough, I thought, but Blintz grumbled on. "You know how it is *mit die Russen*," he said; "dey don't know how to handle traffic. And today all de generals will be dere: from us, from de British, from de French. We will never get trough."

As soon as we turned left on the Friedrichstrasse we got into a fierce traffic jam. Blintz was right. The narrow passageway in the center of the street (a winding river bed between high banks of rubble) was filled with cars. All of them, in an endless file, were stalled, honking, their drivers cursing in four different tongues. When we finally got to the Wintergarten (the old Berlin Music Hall that housed the Prussian State Opera Company) the courtyard was nearly empty. Only a few latecomers were jumping out of cars and hurrying towards the entrance. At the door two officers in long gray

coats with blue bands on their caps (the colors of the M.V.D. Security Troops) asked for the invitation. I produced the large engraved card with its golden hammer and sickle and its uneuphonious text. Then I crossed through the empty lobby and as I climbed the plush and gilt staircase two adolescent soldiers in dark green parade uniforms saluted me. The hall was dark. The curtain was up. The music had begun. "My God," I said to myself, recognizing the oily tunes of *Madame Butterfly*, "not that old thing!"

The stage, a labyrinth of bedragoned screens and bamboo shades, was lit from the back by the indigo blue of the Nagasaki harbor. On the left of the stage, in rocking chairs, sat Lieutenant Pinkerton, U.S.N. (tenor), and the American Consul, Mr. Sharpless (baritone). Between them a small wicker table held two glasses, a water pitcher, and a Vat 69 bottle in a bucket of ice. In high-pitched German (the lingua franca of Berlin) Lieutenant Pinkerton invited Mr. Sharpless to "*Milch*, punch, *oder* whisky?" and then resumed his loud bravado about "Yankee *Freuden*" (pleasures) and "Yankee *Reisen*" (travels).

Stepping on boots and shoes, I made my way to a seat in the center of the eighth row. Oddly lit by the interior of Lieutenant Pinkerton's Nagasaki dwelling, the hall was a strange and perplexing spectacle. Hundreds of rows of oversized eggs, with noses, mouths, and eyebrows painted on them, rested on top of glimmering epaulets, colored lapels, beribboned and bemedaled chests, and vertical rows of golden buttons. All was motionless. From every direction and level of the enormous dark hall the eggs were staring at the stage.

"Hy'-you, Nick. I'm sure glad *you're* here," said a voice on my left in a loud whisper and a perceptible Southern drawl. I turned around and

saw the bald anteater's profile of General X. "You know Colonel W, don't you?" and he introduced me to his neighbor. "Nick here," whispered the General to the Colonel, "works for Bob McClure in Information Control. He's hep on music and shows the Krauts how to go about it. He'll tell us what this g.d. thing is all about."

Trying to be as quiet as possible, in order not to interfere with Lieutenant Pinkerton's enumeration of the advantages of a Japanese marriage ("*Es kann monatlich annulliert werden* — It can be annulled each month"), I began explaining that this was *Madame Butterfly*, an Italian opera with music by Puccini, adapted by two Italians from a story by Long and Be —

"I don't care who wrote the damn thing," interrupted the General. "What I want to know is who are those guys up there, and what's this German doing," and he pointed at Lieutenant Pinkerton, "in an American uniform?"

"*Silence, s'il vous plaît,*" whispered an angry uniform in front of us. "*Ah, ces Américains!*"

"Go on, never mind the Frenchie," said the General and turned his ear closer to my mouth.

I started explaining the story of *Madame Butterfly*, and as I went on, his face began to change. From cheerful, it turned earnest, from earnest, grave, from grave, angry, from angry, outraged. "Why it's an insult!" he burst out in a loud whisper. "You mean to say that an American officer knocks up this Jap girl" — and he pointed to Cho-Cho-San — "and then goes back home and marries somebody else? It's outrageous! Don't they know that an American officer, if he did such a thing, would get court-martialed?"

"*Wollen Sie bitte schweigen,*" said another uniform, in a broad Russian accent.

"Oh, damn it," mumbled the General. He turned away from the stage and stopped looking at it. We sat through the rest of the act in awkward, frozen silence. Only towards the end, when after a great deal of slobbery singing and perfunctory necking, Pinkerton and Cho-Cho-San were about to withdraw to their so-called "marriage chamber," did the General look at the stage again. "Why the g.d. s.o.b.'s," he grunted as the curtain went down and several thousand pairs of uniformed arms began to flail about producing a drone of applause.

"Say, Nick," said General X in an irritated tone, "did *you* know about this g.d. thing," and he pointed in the direction of the stage, "before you came here tonight?" I replied that I had known but had forgotten about it. "How could you forget about it?" he asked. "You knew that they were going to permit the Krauts to put on American uniforms and go through that . . . insulting . . . that slanderous rigmarole! And you didn't do anything about it! You didn't protest?"

I explained that I believed there was nothing to

protest. "After all, General," I said in as soothing a tone as I could muster, "*Madame Butterfly* is performed in New York at the Met and all over the United States. It's a famous opera . . . it's a classic . . . its music is known to —"

"I know, I know," he interrupted, "I've heard that g.d. music played by our band in Fort Worth, and better than those Germans, too. I don't mean the *music*. I mean the *play*. I mean that these stinking bastards did it on purpose. It's a calculated insult to America and its armed forces. We *must* protest. Don't you think so, Bill?" and he turned to the Colonel. The Wrigley-trained jaws of the Colonel moved acquiescingly.

"If you let these Russkies get away with it," continued the General, "you'll soon have them . . . they'll soon be . . . they'll soon have us by the . . ." And not finding the proper words he turned on me in a rage and started shaking his finger: "I'm going to call Bob McClure and tell him to lodge a protest tomorrow and demand an apology." He put on his cap, buttoned his coat, and started towards the stairs. "And if Bob McClure won't do anything about it," he barked, "I'm going to see Lucius Clay."

2

MUSICAL life in Berlin was indeed complicated in the winter of 1945–1946. When I arrived there in August, 1945, the Allies had divided their musical Germans among themselves and were controlling their activities with various degrees of severity and encouragement. The three big music-making organizations, the State Opera, the Berlin Municipal Opera, and the Philharmonic Orchestra, went respectively to the Russians, the British, and the Americans. The French, having come too late for the prize-awarding ceremony, got nothing. They had to be content with occasional gifts from the other Allies, in the form either of concerts by the Philharmonic Orchestra in their part of the sprawling Berlin ruin, or of the loan of the Municipal or the State Opera House for performances of the Comédie Française or the Conservatoire orchestra.

The control of German music by the American generals was, on the surface, reasonable enough. It was based on the principle so well expressed by the late King of Saxony, who, having abdicated, turned to the delegates of the Constitutional Assembly and said, "Now you can make your dirt all by yourself."

Officially we were supposed to be concerned only with the following: —

1. To eject the Nazis from German musical life and license those German musicians whom we believed to be "clean" Germans.

2. To control the programs of German concerts and see to it that they would not turn into nationalist manifestations.

3. To guard and protect the "monuments" and "treasures" of Germany's culture which had by virtue of conquest fallen into our hands.

Unofficially we had to find halls and houses for the orchestras, operas, and conservatories, coal to heat them, roofing and bricks to patch up the leaks and holes, bulbs to light them, instruments for the orchestras, calories for the musicians (questions raised at staff meetings included such ticklish problems as whether a trombonist is justified in getting more calories than a string player — that is, whether more calories are needed to blow the trombone than to bow the double bass). The bombed-out orchestra libraries needed parts and scores; composers needed music paper and ink; opera houses needed performers and costumes; and everybody needed shelter, food, and fuel. Fortunately "our" general was a very good general. He backed up the work of his officers and fought with his superiors about the shortsightedness of our policy.

The Russian policy differed from ours. The problem of "clean hands" in regard to Nazis and collaborators did not worry them. In the beginning, they put thousands of Nazis in M.V.D. camps, raped and murdered a number of others while putting Berlin and other German cities through a monstrous medieval sack, but once all this was over they began to use the Nazi conductors, performers, and singers whenever and wherever they found it useful. They agreed with us perfunctorily on the need for denazification but, as in most other cases involving "quadrupartite agreements," they disregarded the agreements completely whenever they found them to be obstacles to their independent policy in regard to Germany. Overtly, towards the Germans, they began from the very outset to play the role of patrons of German art, German music, and German culture; and as a corollary to this propagandistic *Kulturträgetum* (carrying the banner of culture) they began at first secretly, then openly, to castigate the Americans and the British as suppressors of German culture, pointing at our "hands-off policy" with an accusing finger. While we kept aloof, the Russians pushed the Germans around, told them what to do and how to do it, ordered them to resume opera and ballet performances on incredibly short notice, told them what to play and what not to play, made them join the Socialist Unity or the Communist Party under the threat of losing their jobs or the inducement of getting better rations, and presented to them, as supreme examples of the Great Soviet culture, Russian choruses, troupes of dancers, singers, and virtuosos, brought to entertain Soviet occupation troops and the officials of their military government.

3

THESE "closed" concerts for the Soviet military, by imported Russian artists, were curious affairs,

reflecting average Russian tastes and hence fascinating to see. I would occasionally go when invited by my "opposite numbers" of the Soviet military government. Once after a concert these gentlemen took me to a kind of Junior Officers' Club in Karlshorst, the northeastern part of Berlin, where the Soviet Military Administration had its headquarters. There were other Soviet citizens in the party — Russian artists and actors, both male and female, military and civilian.

The concert had been long and dreary. It had begun with the famous Russian tenor Kozlovsky, who sang the two famous arias from *Eugene Onegin*, the *Song of India* from *Sadko*, and lieder by Tchaikovsky, Glinka, Arensky, and Rachmaninov. The voice was small but lovely. Like many Russian tenors it had a warm lyrical quality. He switched from his full tone to a soft falsetto with ease and grace. His breath was controlled and completely inaudible. His dynamics were smooth and his intonation perfect; but . . . but . . . his interpretation! The awful provincial taste in delivery, its greasy outmoded sentimentality reminiscent of the worst habits of the American radio crooner. After each of his numbers the audience clapped and cheered furiously. Their faces got red and their eyes wet. The stocky pomaded little colonels and their round middle-class wives dressed in pre-war evening gowns, a plump brooch keeping the V-shaped neckline from bursting out under the heavy milk-farm equipment, jumped to their feet and bellowed the names of famous Russian songs they wanted to hear and yelled: "*Bi-is . . . Bi-is . . . Bi-is.*" He sang innumerable encores, each time interspersed with the same kind of bellowing and clapping, until finally, after he had made a gesture of vocal exhaustion, they let him go.

During the next two numbers on the program, the *Second String Quartet* by Borodin and the oozy *Andante Cantabile* by Tchaikovsky, played by the famous Moscow Beethoven String Quartet, the audience sat in respectful though fidgety silence. They looked just a touch bored and restive. The next attraction was a cubical lady pianist who played the *Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody* of Liszt, two hackneyed nocturnes of Chopin, and the painfully boring *Polichinelle* by Rachmaninov.

Then a troupe of Ukrainian singers and dancers in national costume and headgear appeared and did what Ukrainian singers and dancers are supposed to do and have been doing whenever and wherever they are on the stage of a theater, a concert hall, or a cabaret. The male dancers kicked about on the floor in crouched positions, surrounded by a flock of bouncing girls who zigzagged between them waving colored kerchiefs. The chorus, in a semicircle behind them, bellowed and clapped to the strumming of three pandura players. The last and longest entertainment on the program was the singing of the famous and superlative Red Army Chorus.

The army boys started off with Russian sentimentalism (akin in spirit, period, and quality to the American barbershopiana), then branched into three or four old patriotic songs of the time of the late Emperors Alexander III and Nicolas II. They concluded with the three celebrated patriotic Soviet songs of the Second World War: *Broad Is My Fatherland*, *The Song of the Red Pioneers*, and the unavoidable *Red Cavalry Song* with the thumping of horses as background. With the exception of the Red Army songs, there was not a single piece of music that had not been composed long before the Revolution of 1917, nor the name of a single famous Soviet composer on the program.

Now, I thought, as I entered the officers' club after the concert, I may have the opportunity of asking a few questions of my Russian hosts and for once getting straight answers. I sat down at an oblong table, covered with a worn white cloth, in a large, crowded, and smoke-filled dining room. My neighbors at the table were a pleasant-looking Russian captain and a girl in a lieutenant's uniform, with a pale, sad face and black unkempt hair. The cubical pianist and a few other artists of the evening's performance also sat with us. After some small talk I turned to the nice-looking captain and asked him why the evening's program did not contain at least one work by a contemporary Soviet composer. Realizing that I was some Russian-speaking kind of foreigner who wanted an explanation, instead of giving me the propaganda line he said quite frankly: "You see, we don't really *like* the music of Shostakovich and Prokofiev. . . . It's strange to us . . . its language is unfamiliar . . . it's too complicated, too dissonant . . . and not enough *melodichna*." While he talked, the lady pianist and some of the other artists nodded approvingly.

"But isn't this just your personal feeling?" I insisted. "Don't the majority of the Russian people admire Prokofiev and Shostakovich?"

"Yes, we do . . . *admire* them," he answered, making a special inflection on the word *admire*, "but admiring and liking are two different things, aren't they?" and he smiled disarmingly.

"Most of us in Russia," broke in the girl lieutenant on my right, saying *Rossia* instead of the usual *Soiouz* (Union), "don't like to listen to this new music. When I go to a concert, I want to hear exactly the kind of program we heard tonight. Didn't you think this was a splendid concert?"

I heard these opinions often, especially on those occasions when, after some drinking and eating, Soviet citizens would unbend and forget about the presence of a foreigner. Later, when the music purge took place, it occurred to me how much their point of view conformed to that of the Politburo and Stalin, or rather how closely their taste and opinions in regard to music (as represented in the edict of the Central Committee of the Com-

munist Party) reflected the incredibly old-fashioned provincial taste of the new uneducated middle strata of Soviet society.

4

BUT the main purpose of my coming to Berlin and working on General McClure's staff had little to do with the recolorization of German trombone players or the observation of Russian tastes in music. My job was to track down those Russians in the Soviet administration whose task was the same as General McClure's — that is, the control of German press, publications, radio, films, theater, and music. After finding the recalcitrants, I was to persuade them of the urgent need and the general usefulness of establishing a Quadripartite Directorate of Information Control with the British, the French, and the Americans.

My difficulties in unraveling the structure of the Soviet military bureaucracy in Berlin seemed normal. I knew that the secrets of bureaucracy have to be penetrated gradually and that the technique of penetration should be based upon (a) tenacity, (b) constant pressure on sources of information, and (c) luck.

One day after nearly two months of frustrated efforts, Colonel Kirsanov, the editor of the official Soviet German-language daily, the *Tägliche Rundschau*, gave me a tip. He informed me that two important personages had arrived from Moscow and that both of them were to reorganize the information control bureaucracy of the Soviet Military Administration. He promised to introduce me to the august arrivals at the party Marshal Zhukov was giving in Potsdam on the 7th of November, to which all of our generals and colonels were invited.

On November 7, our general was out of town, so a friend, an American colonel, and I pocketed his invitation and drove to the party. The crowd of hosts and guests got drunk and noisy an hour after we arrived. I could not find Kirsanov anywhere and began to think that his tip was one of those deceptions and evasions to which I had become accustomed in Berlin. I went despondently through all of the halls of the Crown Prince's palace where the reception was being held. I inspected every corner, looking behind every group of red, roaring faces. He was nowhere to be found. My colonel-companion (a nondrinker) suggested that we leave.

"It's no use," he said, "your colonel pulled another one of his usual tricks." We went towards the exit. But I had forgotten my coat and went back to the check room. There, helping someone out of his fur coat, I recognized Colonel Kirsanov. He turned around and said, "Ah, Nikolai Dimitrievich, here he is! This is Colonel Tulpanov and this," and he directed me to another figure standing behind him, "this is General Bokov." The General seemed to be the open-stock pattern

Russian general: stocky, short, round-faced. The Colonel was different. His face, his manner, his whole appearance immediately arrested my attention. His head was clean-shaven and sat, totally neckless, like an oversized billiard ball, on a short, well-built body. His eyes were narrowly slit, his cheekbones protruded, and his nose was flat and turned up at the end. When he smiled, as he did when he greeted me, his eyes took on a shy and somewhat foxy expression. His whole manner of greeting me was both polite and reticent, awkward and friendly. I was struck by the absence of rows of medals on his worn-looking khaki coat — only one or two little patches of ribbons and a small red star dangling near them.

I did not know what to say and how to begin but he helped me. "You don't mean you are leaving so early," he said, "from such a . . . gay party?" and his eyes squinted. I replied that I had to, but that I was full of regrets because I had hoped so much and for so long to see him.

"But could I perhaps call on you . . . tomorrow," I said, "and extend to you at that time an invitation from my general, General McClure?"

"Not tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow we will be resting and digesting," and he looked up at Kirsanov and laughed. "Besides, I do not know *anything* about the things you want to talk to me about. Better give me a ring in a few days. Colonel Kirsanov knows my number."

"Call me up tomorrow," said Colonel Kirsanov as the group moved towards the party.

5

TULPANOV was Zhdanov's choice for the job of chief of Agitprop (Agitation and Propaganda Administration) for Germany. He and General Bokov were to be the eyes and ears of the Politburo in the S.M.A. Only gradually did we come to know the importance of the "Tulip." To us, in November, 1945, he was just another Soviet colonel, who had been sent to Berlin to put some order in the disorganized Soviet control of information media and, we hoped, come to terms with us and begin coöperating in our dreamland organization: the Quadripartite Directorate of Information Control.

Although I obtained the Tulip's telephone number I could not reach him. The other end of the wire would either not react at all or after endless ringings a bland voice would answer: "I am listening to you . . ."

"Is Colonel Tulpanov there?"

"No . . . he's out!" and the receiver would be slammed down.

Finally I decided to go to Soviet headquarters and find Tulpanov in person. After a great deal of labyrinthine exploration, insistence and persistence, patience and mock indignation, I succeeded in tracking him down and obtaining an interview

with him. He greeted me like an old friend, excused himself for having been "so terribly busy," and promised to call "next week" on General McClure. "Next week," surprisingly enough, occurred in ten days. He called on General McClure with two of his aides and agreed to meet with him and the British and French chiefs of Information Control on an "informal" basis to discuss "the points of common interest."

For the next three or four months, instead of lessening, our frustration was to grow stronger and more intense. We met at regular intervals at so-called "informal" meetings of an "informal" committee to discuss "informally" our "informal" business. When either his British or his American colleague asked him when we would be able to drop this ballast of "informality," his answer would be: "I am expecting new directives from my government."

In the course of these months, I grew to know him quite well and, so it seemed to me, he started to take an interest in, if not a liking to, me. At every opportunity for a private talk he would ask me questions about myself. Through the grapevine of our intelligence I was informed that the hierarchically minded S.M.A. had an exaggerated idea of my importance. Because of that I understood the Tulip's interest to mean that he wanted to find out who I was and what my duties really were.

General McClure was pressing me to get the Tulip to come and have a "quiet" dinner with him at his villa on the Wannsee. In the good old American way, he thought that the way to do business with a tough customer was to invite him to a party, have a couple of Martinis (vodka would do) before dinner, follow them up with a hearty meal, then have more drinks, and in the course of it all settle some "mutually profitable" business. The Tulip, after much nagging and prompting, accepted the General's invitation. But at the appointed hour he did not appear.

I was sitting in my office, waiting for him to arrive. It was arranged that I would guide him to the General's house. Six-thirty passed. My telephone rang every five minutes. The General was on the phone, getting angrier by the minute. I and a colleague of mine were working two phones, calling every Soviet number we knew.

While this frustrating and absurd search was going on, I kept seeing before my eyes the General's Martinis dissolve in ice, the roast shrink in the oven, the soup grow opaque, and the salad wilt. Finally at 8 P.M. we tracked down Major Dymshitz and by talking alternately we made him feel as if he were confronted with an ultimatum: "If Colonel Tulpanov is not going to come then . . ." Curiously enough it worked. Ten minutes later the Colonel called me. "But I thought it was the eighteenth and today is the sixteenth," he said in an unperturbed voice. I replied dryly that

he must have on his desk a "reminder" which had been sent to him only two days ago. "Noo . . . all right," he said, "if it isn't too late and I won't disturb the *gospodin* General McClure I will come." Half an hour later he arrived in my office in his long greatcoat and a *Papakha*, the tall gray Astrakhan fur cap of the Cossack cavalry. He smiled slyly and said: "Noo, Nikolai Dimitrievich, *po-y-dem* [let's go]. I'm awfully sorry. I hope your general will forgive me."

The first part of the dinner was icy and all my premonitions about the Martinis, the soup, the roast, and the salad came true. It took General McClure some time to control his indignation and decide to make the best of it. The Tulip, on the other hand, was all charm. He talked about the war and his wounds during the defense of Leningrad and the way the Germans were beaten in the battle of the Don. He asked the General about the landing in Normandy (a topic which no American general can resist) and the liberation of Paris and . . . by the time the dinner was over the General's ire had subsided. No business, however, had been discussed and there was not a glimmer of hope left that it would be.

When we got up from the table and went to the living room the Tulip, pointing at an upright piano in the corner of the room, turned to me and said: "Ah, now I've caught you! Get down at the piano and start playing." And he turned to the General: "*Gospodin* General, please order him to play." I had the feeling that, by that time, the General knew that the game was up.

6

It was dark when we slipped into the Tulip's big black Horch. "Where do you live? I will drop you," he said. I gave the driver my address, and we started bumping on the worn, narrow road. He hummed for a while the last song of the evening. Then he stopped. "Well, here we are," he began in a low, slow voice. "You, a Russian, and I, a Russian. Only you . . ." And he stopped for a moment as if searching for words. "You . . . are in this strange uniform and I . . . I wear our old Russian Cossack *Papakha* and the epaulets of the great Russian army." He stopped as if waiting for me to say something but I kept mum. "Ni-ko-lai Di-mi-tri-e-vich Na-bo-kov," he continued, pronouncing with care every syllable of my name. "What a good, well-sounding old Russian name. And here you are . . . in *that* uniform."

I felt suddenly that I had to speak, that I had to say something simple, something definite and true. "In this uniform," I said, "you can't do anything to me. If I didn't have this uniform on now . . . if I had stayed *there*, I wouldn't need any uniform. I would be dead. I would . . ."

He laughed quietly, slyly. "All of you *émigrés*,"

he remarked in a didactic, paternal way, with a barely perceptible overtone of contempt, "all of you have a thwarted, a distorted idea about our Fatherland. We have gone ahead and a new world has been born in Russia. The Revolution has receded into the dialectical process of history. The doors are open again for *all* Russians *everywhere*." I felt his eyes look me all over, as if baiting me: "A man with a name like Nabokov should be in Russia, working, toiling for the new life, for the future. You are a musician, aren't you? A composer?" And he stopped, waiting for my answer. But I couldn't speak; I had nothing to say.

"We need composers in Russia," he continued, "and you know what has happened all over Russia? New towns have sprung up all over the place, and each one has a new university and a *technicum* and a conservatory. I saw some of these wonderful new towns in Siberia. They were built by the Red pioneers, during their summer vacation." The tone of his voice began to mellow. It grew emphatic and lyrical. "In the middle of the town stands a factory, say a tractor factory, and around it are clean, neat workers' dwellings. The whole town lives for the factory. Imbued with pride in its rising production, it follows the statistics of the factory's output with intense excitement. When a tired father comes home from a day's work in the factory his children jump all over him and shout:

"Tell us, tell us, Father, how high was the output today?"

The car stopped and the driver rolled down the window and asked for directions. I told him where to turn and again dropped back into the darkness of my seat. "Yes, Nikolai Dimitrievich Nabokov," started the Tulip, picking up the thread of his talk where he had left it, "a man with your name and your intelligence should be wearing *our* uniform or should be teaching in one of *our* schools or *our* conservatories. We need people like you. Of course," he continued, and I felt the contempt so well concealed by the quiet paternal tone, "of course you wouldn't hope to find right away a teaching post in Moscow or Leningrad, or even Kharkov or Kiev, but . . . but in one of those new Siberian towns . . . there . . . there you would have a good place to live, to teach and to work."

I waited till the car had stopped in front of my house and the chauffeur had come out and opened the door. In the pale light of our door lantern I looked at Tulpanov's face. I saw his bare, naked forehead, his protruding ears and the sly, foxy eyes. He was looking at me, smiling, laughing, full of brazen scorn and contempt. "Thank you, Sergei Ivanovich," I said calmly and slowly, "but I prefer the climate of New York," and I shut the door of his car.

As I tiptoed upstairs to my room I heard the quiet snoring of Colonel Nicholson. "Thank God," I said and went straight to bed.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A veteran of the Navy now in his twenty-fourth year, PETER MATTHIESSEN was graduated last June from Yale, where he is teaching creative writing in a part-time capacity. "It's a fine job," he says. "One of its great advantages is the opportunity which it affords me for my own writing. This is primarily the story of one man," he continues. "His behavior is not intended as a comment on the South." On this piece John Farrar commented, "A remarkable story, a very fine story indeed. It has skill, authenticity, atmosphere, restraint."

SADIE

by PETER MATTHIESSEN

HELL, it ain't the nigger beat Pentland to death, it's Floyd. Dewey Floyd, sure as anything. One of these days he'll come back out of the woods, and that stick right in his hand. The way that man looks at things, I reckon he'd as soon be strung up as not.

I was over in Cady last February to see about their dogs, which they say is the best in Georgia. I was told to see this Mister Pentland, and if he weren't there, a feller name of Dewey Floyd.

That morning I come into the stable yard about half past eight, and they had the mules all ready, and two wagons rigged out. A couple of stable niggers was throwing the dogs into the wagons. Over against the wall a man was leaning where the sun was, switching pebbles with a stick and talking to a big nigger boy with boots on. The nigger saw me coming and spoke to the man leaning on the wall. I said good morning when he looked up.

"Mornin'," he said. He squinted out from under his hat.

"You Mister Pentland?"

"Nope. My name's Floyd. Dewey Floyd."

"Mine's Les Webster. I come about the dogs."

"Well, I'm pleased to know you, Mister Webster. We's fixin to run the dawgs now. Want to get out while the coveys is still feedin in the open." He nodded toward the wagons, which were pulling off down the road. The nigger nodded toward the wagons, too, but when I looked at him, he looked down, grinning, to slap the dust off his boots. You could see he hadn't had them boots too long.

Floyd was rolling a cigarette with his free hand. "Time we get you rigged out with a woods pony,

you can foller us down that road. Mister Pentland is meetin me an' the rigs over to Binny's Churchyard, an' we're workin out from there."

The nigger boy snickered at the way Floyd said "Mister" Pentland. Floyd looked at him a minute.

"This here's Buster," he said finally. "Buster'll get you a pony an' take you out to Binny's. I reckon Mister Pentland's the one to see if you take a likin to any of the dawgs."

Dewey Floyd switched a stone with his stick, then pushed himself away from the wall like he was tired and walked slowly across the yard. He was tall and skinny, dressed in a white field jacket and soiled khakis which hung out over his knee boots. There was something funny about the way he moved, just like the way he talked — sort of soft and quiet and not really getting any place, and that stick switching back and forth, slow, like the tail on a cat.

Buster come out of the stable now with two horses. I climbed on and headed after Floyd, and Buster right behind me, hollering at the other niggers to get out of his way.

Now he was prancing all over that red clay road, grinning like a damn fool. "Mistuh Dewey say ah's to take you out to Binny's Hant-yard."

"Yeah, I heard him."

"Yessuh."

Buster was making his horse prance by slapping the reins. He kept looking over at me to see if it was okay to talk. "Ah guess you-all ain' acquainted wid dese heah hants out to Binny's?"

"Who said there was ghosts there, Buster?"

"Mistuh Dewey Floyd. Mistuh Dewey, he live a

long time in de swamp. He say dey ain' no foolin' wid hants, an' ah don' truck wid 'em no time."

"Maybe he's ridin' you."

"Whuffo' he wan' go foolin' Bustuh? He ain' got no call to do dat."

Buster was staring at me, real uncertain. I didn't say nothing, only grinned.

"Now Mistuh Pentland, he say dey ain' none. He say Mistuh Dewey ain' no diff'rint den black folks. Don' seem like no hant gwine fool wid a Yankee man, ainyhow."

I looked at him then, and he turned away like he'd said something wrong. "He your boss?"

"Yessuh."

"How about Mister Floyd?"

"Yessuh. Bofe of 'em. Leastways, de Yankee man's de boss o' de outfit, an' ah kinda wuks fo' him, but mos'ly ah wuks wid Mistuh Dewey Floyd. It's him dat got me de job. Ah's de spottah. When a dawg is p'intin', ah hollers, an' when a dawg is los', ah fines him."

Buster was grinning again, and slapping the reins on the horse's neck. He stretched his legs out in the stirrups so's both of us could get a look at his boots. We rode along and didn't talk no more.

2

I saw the dogs first, in the cornfield on the left past the Churchyard, running in among the broken stalks. There was a black-and-white setter paired off with a little lemon pointer. The two wagon rigs were lying back on the road, a nigger driving each, and two men on horses were watching from the edge of the field. One of them was Dewey Floyd. The other headed over to me and the nigger.

Buster stopped whistling. "Heah he come," he whispered. He swung his horse wide and galloped for the wagons, the man yelling at him all the way.

"Talk about your shiftless niggers! I'm surprised he got you out here, Mister Webster. My name's Joe Pentland."

Pentland turned his horse around and fell in beside me. "Both rigs are out, so you'll get a chance to see pretty well what we got. There's plenty of birds, so there's no trouble that way."

"You got a couple of nice-lookin' rigs there, Mister Pentland."

"Joe'll do fine. I guess first names are okay in the same business, huh?" Pentland laughed loudly, even for a big man. "What the hell," he said.

"Yeah," I said. He looked at me. "My name's Les," I said.

"Okay, Les. Yeah, the rigs are okay. Twelve dogs to a rig, two out at a time, and each rig's got a special dog for singles. The owner wants the best, and I guess I got it for him, all right. Les, you're gonna like these dogs. Just look at that Sadie bitch out there and tell me I ain't got a right to be proud."

Somebody had a right to be proud, for sure. The lemon pointer come out real pretty from behind a pile of stalks and swung into a tight point, and the setter right behind her.

"P'int!" hollers the nigger.

I watched Floyd.

"I guess you see how the setter dog's honorin' her point," said Pentland. He laughed and spat on the ground.

Floyd was talking soft to the dogs: "Whoa-a-up, Sadie, eas-y, eas-y, whoo-a-up, Caesar, eas-y, boy, eas-y, eas-y. . . ."

Then the quail got up, and the way he handled the gun I knew he wouldn't miss: he took a bird off each side of the covey rise, neat as anything, and then he was talking again. "Daid, Caesar, daid, day-ud bird, Sadie, eas-y, eas-y. . . ."

"He's good with the dogs," I said. "Damn good."

"Hell, it's not him, it's the dogs." Pentland spat again, only a different way.

"Maybe, but they mind him good. And he's handy with that gun."

Pentland looked at me like I'd shot a dog by mistake. "He ain't been poachin' twenty years for nothin'! I ain't never seen the bastard miss a bird, but that don't mean nothin'. But for Joe Pentland, he'd be layin' up his time in the pokey. Wanted in three states for poachin', and when it ain't poachin', it's gettin' so cocky-eyed mean drunk that Jesus couldn't help him!"

Pentland was all red in the face and glaring at me. I didn't say nothing.

"Floyd'd do *any* damn thing when he's like that! A man like him should stay in the woods with the rest of the animals, that's what I say. Meaner'n hell. What are you goin' to do with a troublemaker like that, especially a goddamned redneck!"

I was surprised to see him getting so hot about a man, especially before a stranger. "I guess it ain't none of my affair," I said. "I just like the way he takes them dogs."

Floyd was walking slowly down the furrows to the horses, and the niggers let a new pair of dogs out of the rig.

"What in hell you let 'em do *that* for?" yelled Pentland, waving at the fresh dogs. "You know damned well I want to put Buddy and Tex onto the singles so's Mister Webster here can see 'em."

Pentland turned to me. "You see what I mean, Les?"

I didn't look at him.

Dewey Floyd looked at Pentland kind of funny. Buster come up behind him. He spoke to Buster, still watching Pentland. "Buster, tell 'em to pull on around and put down Tex and Buddy."

That quiet way of speaking, like there was never anything wrong. He just walked over to his horse and slid the gun into the saddle holster, and Pentland rode out after the dogs and the nigger. The

quail was mostly scattered along a ridge of loblolly pine over at the other side of the cornfield, and I headed after them.

Dewey Floyd rode up alongside. He yanked that stick of his out of the gun holster and took to swatting the dry stalks in half as he rode. His horse was used to that funny sound a stick makes, but mine's ears stuck up sharp, and he was all shivery under the saddle.

"Pentland's all riled about somethin', ain't he?" I said.

"Ain't he." Floyd repeated it softly. He took an extra hard cut at a cornstalk, and my horse jumped sideways. "Take keer on that pony," he said, not looking over. "He don't like no weight back o' the saddle, even yore hand."

"I guess it was the stick. What do you keep that around for?"

"Don't know for sure. Time I was livin in the woods, I kinda liked the feel of it in my hand."

I could feel he was looking me over, out from under his hat, and still switching the stick.

"I figger Pentland told you some about me?"

"Yeah. Yeah, he sorta did."

The way he was talking made me feel kind of funny.

"That's okay, Mister Webster, don't trouble yoreself none. He allers tells ever'body right off 'bout how he's the las' thing 'tween me and damnation." He laughed quietly, still looking at me the way a coon looks out of a tree. "He ain't told you nothin that ain't so, I guess. A feller'd never catch on that him and me's brother-in-laws. Maybe he ain't told you that part yet."

"Nope. What I mean is, you don't have to tell me nothin'."

"I reckon I don't, no. Don't pay me no mind, Mister Webster. I jes feels like talkin. Thing is, my sis has got herself married off to this here Pentland, an' that's how come I'm here. They don't want no poacher fer kin to the bes' dog trainer in Georgia, which folks say Pentland is, an' so they took me on long as I'd keep my nose clean. He's worryin hisself to death about that."

He laughed again. "Never knew a Yankee yet wasn't worryin on somethin'," he added.

"It looks like you're doin' a good job," I said.

"Eatin's good. Job don't pay nothin to speak of, an' it ain't news that me and Pentland got no use fer the other. Hell, I'd go back to the woods but fer the dawgs. I'm gittin mighty attached to them dawgs. How'd that li'l Sadie 'pear to you?"

"She's good. You handled her good."

Floyd nodded his head. "She's a right fine dawg, Sadie is. I done all the work on her an' I'd like a lot to have her fer mine. These two ain't bad neither."

We were coming up behind Pentland. The sun was right back of the pines in front of us, so bright I could only just make out the dogs. They were

close to twenty yards apart, both on nice points.

"Two sets of birds," said Floyd.

Pentland walked in fast, yelling at the setters to hold. He flushed two birds over the near dog, taking one, and swung over and killed a single that got up wild in front of the other dog after the first shot. He made it look harder than Floyd did, but a nice double all the same. Then he was yelling again, dead, dead, and they found the birds fast, only they brought 'em right over to Dewey Floyd.

"What do you want to go callin' 'em in like that for?" Pentland hollered at Floyd. "Dammit, you're goin' to fix these dogs so's they'll come to nobody else!"

He come stomping over toward us, and Buster behind him with his eyes bugging out.

"He didn't call 'em, Mister Pentland," I said, kind of uneasy.

"Seems like them ol' dawgs jes took a min' to come to Mistuh Dewey Floyd," whispered Buster, looking scared, and then Floyd had his horse over between Buster and Pentland.

"You Buster, get to hell back to them wagons," Floyd said. He cut Buster's horse across the rump with his stick, and the nigger lit out down the ridge and over the cornfield, all arms and legs and flapping leather.

That was it, right there. Talking soft and slow all the time, nice as hell to the dogs and niggers, and then he takes and cuts a horse like that. No reason, you know, just for the hell of it. I believe he'd as soon take that stick to himself if he couldn't find no other place to use it.

Floyd didn't look at Pentland at all. He came back past me, grinning a funny grin, and saying, "Look at that nigger boy ride, Mister Webster, jes you look at that nigger boy ride."

Then he was trotting away, switching his stick in the dew grass, and the dogs right on his heels.

Pentland jammed his gun back in its saddle holster. He wasn't saying a thing. I turned my horse back, and pretty soon he caught up. He was glaring like I was supposed to say something.

"I'd like to get a look at some more of your dogs," I said.

The rest of the day there wasn't much trouble, and I got to see the whole of both rigs. I never seen two men handle dogs like Floyd and Joe Pentland; there wasn't much to be said between them except they run the dogs different ways. Maybe it come from being a poacher, but Floyd knew the country like he was a part of it, and right where the birds was every time. That takes a man that's lived in the woods alone.

3

I got back there a few weeks later with an order for the three best setters Pentland was selling and the lemon bitch pointer if I could get her.

You could see right away that things was different. Dewey Floyd was leaning against the stable like before, switching dust with the stick, and there was the nigger right beside him. I didn't know it was Buster right off because he didn't have no boots, and niggers generally look pretty much the same. But he said "Mawnin', Mistuh Webstuh," and I knew it was him, only he sure looked different without the boots.

Dewey Floyd peered out from under his hat.

"Mornin'," I said. "I come to take that pointer away from you."

"No you ain't." He said it like it didn't need no explanation.

Buster stared at Floyd, kind of fidgety. "Mistuh Webstuh, we-uns ain' wid de dawgs no mo'."

"Buster, you go on up to the house an' say that Mister Webster done come, you hear me?"

Buster shambled off, looking back over his shoulder. Floyd watched him go.

"Looks kinda sorry without them boots, don't he?"

"What happened?"

"Hell, I don't know. . . . One night las' week I lit into some rotgut, some o' thet sour mash, an' come back an' — well, there was a kind of a ruckus, an' now me'n Buster is workin here in the stable." Floyd was staring at the ground all the time, kind of tired and tight, watching the end of the stick fooling in the dust.

"I'm sorry to hear it. I sure liked the way you run them dogs."

Joe Pentland was coming down the road to the stable. Floyd was watching him all the time he was talking.

"You see, Mister Webster, a man like me ain't got no place with dawgs. A man what would do what I done, he's a sight better off in the woods. Some of these days I aim to go back, 'cause when I'm here, ain't nothin seems to go right."

Pentland said good morning. "I'm goin' right down to the pens and get them setters for you, Webster."

He went ahead, then stopped and looked at Floyd. "You ain't paid to lean on that wall, Floyd, but since you're so busy shootin' off your mouth, why not tell Mister Webster why I can't sell him the pointer bitch? Why don't you tell him that?"

Pentland turned to me. "You remember the dog I mean. Sadie. The dog *Mister Floyd* liked so well — liked so damned well that last week he come home here drunk and beat her to death with that stick there." He spat on the ground and walked off.

I didn't feel much like looking at Dewey Floyd right then, so I looked at the ground. All I could see was the stick switching back and forth, back and forth, in the dust in front of his shoes. It made me jumpier'n hell, and I glanced up at him.

Floyd was looking after Pentland in that funny way of his, not angry at all, just sort of funny. He went right on talking as if Pentland had never come by, but he didn't take his eyes off him a minute. "You see, I was mighty close to them dawgs, an' that li'l one were my fav'rit. Sadie were a real stylish dawg. I jes don't know rightly what it was, how I could come to doin it. But I sure'n hell did it."

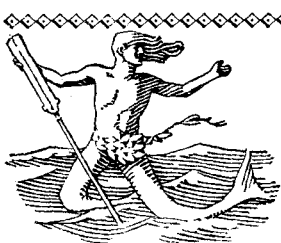
Dewey Floyd put his stick up under his arm and took out some paper and tobacco. He was talking so quietly I could hear the soft blowing and shifting of the horses through the wall behind him.

"Sober," he said, "I couldn't take this stick to no dawg that way, no more'n I could a pony nor a nigger. But a man . . ."

He paused a minute to fix the tobacco in his cigarette.

"Now you take a man. . . . Time comes, I reckon I could do that easier'n nothin." He ran his tongue along the sticking edge of the paper, squinting out at me from under his hat.





The Atlantic Serial



With his good looks, his swift success, his love of parties, and his incredible spending, F. Scott Fitzgerald was the personification of "the Jazz Age." After his novel of Princeton, This Side of Paradise, which gained him immediate popularity, he went on to write The Great Gatsby, the almost perfect expression of the Prohibition Era. But it was Fitzgerald's tragedy that he did not mature to carry out the still bigger books which he saw in his mind. ARTHUR MIZENER has been working on a biography of Fitzgerald since 1945; in his research he has had the help of people like Edmund Wilson and Ernest Hemingway, and a Houghton Mifflin Fellowship enabled him to settle for an intense period at Princeton, where he had access to Fitzgerald's personal papers. The Atlantic is pleased to publish an abridgment of Mr. Mizener's book in three installments, of which this is the second.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: A BIOGRAPHY

by ARTHUR MIZENER

9

WHEN Fitzgerald met her, Zelda Sayre was just eighteen, a beautiful girl with marvelous golden hair and that air of innocent assurance attractive Southern girls have. The Sayres were an undistinguished but solid and respectable Southern family; Zelda's father had become a Judge of the City Court of Montgomery in his early thirties and was later appointed to the Supreme Court of Alabama, on which he served for thirty years. His children were brought up quietly and conservatively in what was the small-town Southern society of Montgomery (Montgomery was then a town of about 40,000). As a girl Zelda often resented her father; he was aloof, Olympian, abstractly just, inhumanly perfect. But he provided for her a solid assurance of how things ought to be done which was always there to return to, however often she took small moral flights of her own.

With the Judge's solid convictions always in the background to support her, and with her own beauty to give her confidence, she found it possible to do, quite simply, without hesitation or self-consciousness, whatever came into her head. From the time she was a young girl she seems to have thought of herself as "two simple people at once, one who wants to have a law to itself and the other who wants to keep all the nice old things and be loved and safe and protected." Until her marriage

she could be both these people at once without serious strain, and the result was that she quickly became a famous figure in the community, a girl with innumerable unconventional exploits to her credit. With the coming of war, Camp Sheridan and Camp Taylor filled up with officers from all over the country and from what was for those times — and perhaps especially for Montgomery — a startling range of social classes. Overnight the social life of Montgomery took on an excitement, a feeling that anything was possible, which made every date a poignant moment of limitless romantic possibilities. And Zelda — or at least the Zelda who wanted to be a law to herself — was the ideal heroine for this world; she was beautiful and witty, and there was nothing she did not dare do.

Because she attracted him enormously, because she was desired by many, because she seemed to feel exactly as he did — and to have far more courage to do what she felt — Fitzgerald fell in love with her. And as with every important act of his life, he made out of falling in love with her an act of identification and dedication. Like Gatsby, "he took [her] one still . . . night . . . and found that he had committed himself. . . . He felt married to her, that was all." He was head over heels in love, by turns jealous, charmed, ecstatic.

In her way Zelda was as ambitious as he was; it made for certain difficulties. Though she was in

love with him, she did not, for all her yielding, commit herself as he did. She was not perfectly sure. "... except for the sexual recklessness," Fitzgerald remembered with his remarkable clarity long afterwards, "Zelda was cagey about throwing in her lot with me before I was a money-maker, and I think by temperament she was the most reckless of all [the women he had known]. She was young and in a period when any exploiter or middle-man seemed a better risk than a worker in the arts." Zelda wanted, just as Fitzgerald did, a luxury and largeness beyond anything her world provided and she had a certain almost childlike shrewdness in pursuing it.

All through that autumn of 1918 he and Zelda walked in the woods together, went to the vaudeville at the Grand Theatre and sat in the back so that they could hold hands, "gazed at each other soberly through the chorus of 'How Can You Tell!'" when they saw *Hitchy-Koo*, danced, and swam in the moonlight. Fitzgerald called her so often that he remembered the Sayres' telephone number all his life. Still, Zelda was not easy to win. She let him read her diary (eventually he used parts of it in *This Side of Paradise* and *The Beautiful and Damned*; like all she wrote, it was brilliant, amateur work); she let him spend Christmas Day with her in a charmed anticipation of domesticity. But at the same time she continued to go to all the local dances with others, and to attend proms at Auburn and Georgia Tech. On these occasions Fitzgerald would get drunk, and later they would quarrel and Zelda would question whether he was ever going to make enough money for them to marry and live as she wished to. She "held him firmly at bay" (the phrase is Fitzgerald's own).

On February 14, 1919, his discharge came through. Now there was the serious business of making a fortune to be attended to promptly, for Zelda was not going to wait forever. When he reached New York he began tramping the streets in search of a job. His notion was to "trail murderers by day and write short stories by night," so he canvassed every newspaper in town, carrying the scores of his Triangle shows under his arm as evidence of his talent. "The office boys," he said later, "were not impressed." He finally settled for a job with the Barron Collier agency writing advertising slogans, mainly for streetcar cards.

He settled into a room at 200 Claremont Avenue — "one room in a high, horrible apartment-house in the middle of nowhere" — to live temporarily on his \$90 a month and to make his fame and fortune writing stories at night. He produced nineteen of them between April and June, but "no one bought them, no one sent personal letters. I had one hundred and twenty-two rejection slips pinned in a frieze about my room." In June he sold a story to *The Smart Set*, which George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken were making the liveliest magazine

in America. But the story was "Babes in the Woods," which he had written more than two years earlier for the *Nassau Lit.* He used the \$30 it brought him to buy a pair of white flannels; he still had them, stored away like a bartender's first dollar, in 1934. Meanwhile Zelda was becoming more and more what she called, in an ominous circumlocution, "nervous." He knew what "nervous" meant — that she was emotionally depressed, that the prospect of marrying into a life of poverty and struggle was putting too much strain upon her love. Fame and fortune did not seem to be materializing on schedule for Fitzgerald, and Zelda was fretting her time away in Montgomery wondering if she ought not to marry one of her more eligible and financially better equipped admirers.

It was all much too clear to Fitzgerald. In March he had sent her an engagement ring which must have been pathetically modest under the circumstances, and twice during the spring Zelda's nervousness reached a point where frequent telegrams no longer calmed her and Fitzgerald had to go to Montgomery to see her.

In June Zelda sent him a print of a picture he had paid to have taken which she had inscribed affectionately to Bobby Jones, and when he taxed her jealously with this new sign of disaffection she again became so nervous that he went to Montgomery. But this time it did not work; Zelda had had enough of the strain of an engagement which every day looked less as if it were going to lead to a marriage. She told him flatly she was not prepared to go on.

Fitzgerald took the situation very badly. He came back to New York and went on an epic three-week drunk which provided him with one of the best scenes in *This Side of Paradise*. Physical exhaustion and the advent of prohibition put an end to this cure, but it had, as he said of Amory's drunk, "done its business; he was over the first flush of pain." When he sat down to take stock of his situation, he decided he might as well try his hand once more at a novel. The remarkably optimistic young man had not, in spite of his recent blow, altogether given up his dream of success; he took up the idea of writing his novel over again in part because he still hoped to produce a best seller, win Zelda back, and become famous and admired.

He quit his advertising job with relief and, on July 4, left for St. Paul, having made an arrangement with his mother that he could have his old room on the third floor. There he settled down to rewrite *The Romantic Egotist* according to a schedule which he had pinned to the curtain before his desk.

He revised carefully every scene he retained from *The Romantic Egotist* and added a good many new ones, including practically all of Book Two of *This Side of Paradise*. He worked hard through two hot summer months in his third-floor front room at 599 Summit, with the result that by the end of July he was able to write Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's

that he had completed the first draft of the revision. "This is a definite attempt at a big novel," he wrote, "and I really believe I have hit it. . . ." By the end of August he had been through the whole manuscript again. On September 3 he wrapped it up, hugged it to him, and with his invariable feeling for the drama of an occasion, cried to his friend Tubby Washington, "Tubby! Maybe this is it!" The manuscript seemed to him too precious to trust to the mails, and he persuaded an acquaintance, Mr. Thomas Daniels, to carry it to Scribner's.

He did not have to wait very long to hear from Scribner's; this time Perkins was enthusiastic about the book and, with the help of Charles Scribner, Jr., persuaded the elder Mr. Scribner to accept it. He wrote Fitzgerald special delivery: —

I am very glad, personally to be able to write you that we are all for publishing your book, "This Side of Paradise." Viewing it as the same book that was here before, which in a sense it is, though . . . extended further, I think that you have improved it enormously. As the first manuscript did, it abounds in energy and life and it seems to me to be in much better proportion. . . . The book is so different that it is hard to prophesy how it will sell, but we are all for taking a chance and supporting it with vigor.

Fitzgerald was overwhelmed. "Of course I was delighted to get your letter," he wrote Perkins two days later, "and I've been in a sort of trance all day. . . ." He was so excited that day that he ran up and down Summit Avenue stopping cars and telling all his friends and a good many mere acquaintances that his book had been accepted. His battered morale revived and he was once more full of confidence. The possibility that the novel might not shake the world but, like most first novels, slip quietly into the great silence simply never occurred to him. A month or so later, when he called on Scribner's in New York, he assured them he would be quite satisfied with a sale of 20,000 copies in the first year.

The book actually did far better than that. Published March 26, 1920, it had sold 32,786 copies by November 8, 1920, 39,786 by February 1, 1921. Before the original sale died down, about the middle of 1923, it had sold better than 50,000 copies. A cheap reprint sold another 20,000 copies during the next year.

10

ON the crest of his enthusiasm he began to write like mad; he got some work down on a new novel which he tentatively entitled *The Demon Lover* ("A very ambitious novel . . . which will probably take a year"), but mostly he wrote short stories. Between September and December he produced nine stories — one of them was written in a single evening — and polished up another one that had been

written in the spring and rejected everywhere. He was still anxious to demonstrate that he was a money-maker, and the quickest way to swing a cudgel in his "fight for happiness against time" was to produce salable short stories in impressive quantity. During October he managed to make \$215 — mostly from *The Smart Set* — and to pay off his "terrible small debts." Even small debts like these were terrible to him. One of the most persistent manifestations of his divided nature is the way he was always in debt, often seriously so, and yet never ceased to be deeply shocked by the fact.

The Smart Set's \$215, together with \$300 that Bridges, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, paid him on November 1 for two stories, made him a man of means and he felt ready to see Zelda again. In the middle of November, therefore, he returned to Montgomery in subdued triumph. He and Zelda walked in the Confederate cemetery and sat again on the remembered couch in the Sayres' living room. It was the renewal he had dreamed of so long.

They became engaged again, informally; they would be married when Fitzgerald's book came out. With this much assurance about Zelda, he went on to New York, where Paul Reynolds, the literary agent, agreed to handle his work. He was assigned to the immediate care of a young man named Harold Ober, who began auspiciously by selling "Head and Shoulders" to the *Post* for \$400, nearly three times as much as Fitzgerald had ever been paid before. At the same time Metro made a flattering movie offer. On the strength of these successes Fitzgerald got roaring drunk and flooded his hotel by leaving the tap on in his bathroom.

He returned to St. Paul "in a thoroughly nervous alcoholic state" which did not, however, prevent his celebrating at the Christmas parties. He had now given up the ambitious writing schemes he had worked out in his enthusiasm the previous fall. Instead he revised two of the old rejected stories and Reynolds promptly sold them to the *Post* for \$1000. Then, with one of those incredible bursts of energy on which he was to come more and more to depend, he managed to turn out a mildly amusing story about a drunk who had gone to the wrong party as one end of a camel; "12,000 words," as he wrote Perkins, ". . . begun eight o'clock one morning and finished at seven at night and then copied between seven and half past four and mailed at 5 in the morning."

In March he went down to Princeton to stay at Cottage until Zelda came up for the wedding. There he finally realized that dream of renewing his undergraduate life which he and Bishop had shared throughout the war. He went to the Prom and did a good many other things which had been luxuries or impossibilities for him when he was an undergraduate. The illusion of undergraduate days was easy to create because so many of his contemporaries were back in college from the war completing

the work for their degrees. In his spare time he worked, and worked with that complete seriousness and concentration of his talent which he always seemed to be able to summon in the odd intervals of exhausting and irrelevant activities. "Can't work here," he wrote Perkins from Cottage, "so have just about decided to quit work and become an ash-man. Still working on that *Smart Set* novelette." The *Smart Set* novelette was "May Day" and it was completed before he left Princeton.

On March 20 the Sayres announced the engagement and Fitzgerald sent Zelda her first orchid. They were now planning to be married as soon as possible. On March 26, 1920, *This Side of Paradise* was published.

11

This Side of Paradise struck most readers like a bombshell. "My how that boy Fitzgerald can write!" said Harry Hansen, then the literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. "I have just had a wonderful evening with 'This Side of Paradise.' It is probably one of the few really American novels extant." Whether readers thought, as some did, that "the boy was a cad" and the girl an insult to her sex, or, as others did, that "the fine open eyed outlook that the boy has on his generation" and "the keen sense for details of contemporary psychology" gave readers "the very essence of youth" made little difference; they were fascinated.

It is possible to argue, as Burton Rascoe recently has, that there was nothing very novel about the life described in *This Side of Paradise*, that casual drinking and petting had been going on for several years. They had; Frederick Lewis Allen thinks "'the petting party' had been current as early as 1916"; and Fitzgerald himself later said it dated from 1915. But the historical fact is not the point. Fitzgerald was the first to describe this life in detail and to represent these activities as new, daring, and admirable. They cease to be in his book merely casual, occasional gestures and become the acts of a generation which was making a sincere effort to live more fully and happily than their parents and to be honest and unhypocritical about what they were doing.

To this generation's extravagance and courage and to the romance of the idea that one could do anything if one only tried, Fitzgerald responded with enthusiasm; these were his convictions, too. At the same time he was surprised by a great many things that the assertion of independence led others to do. What stands out most strongly in his own memory of his attitude in the early twenties is his sense of separation from them. This curious yet characteristic combination of feelings makes *This Side of Paradise* much more interesting than other books on the same subject, like Dorothy Speare's *Dancers in the Dark* or Percy Marks's *The Plastic*

Age, or even Benét's *The Beginning of Wisdom*. In Fitzgerald's book there is the constant play of an ingrained moral sense which, for all the charm and poignancy he finds in the life he portrays, places and evaluates it. He writes like some kind of impassioned and naïve anthropologist, recording with minuteness and affection and at the same time with an alien's remoteness and astonishment.

This was always his attitude toward his material. The myths for his fiction were made out of the concrete experiences and the social ideals of his world, into which he poured his ambition for goodness and his idealizing imagination. He knew the American middle-class life of his time as few writers have ever known their material; "the people were right, the talk was right, the clothes, the cars were real," as John O'Hara put it. About such things Fitzgerald was never wrong. And in his imagination they took on shape and color and meaning almost automatically.

He knew the life he described in *This Side of Paradise*; he understood it — within the limits of the standards it set for him — completely. He knew the absurdity of confusing its trivial manners and its serious morals, of supposing that a particular way of dancing was "an offense against womanly purity" and rolled stockings identical with sexual promiscuity. He knew from experience that within the emerging system of manners the old distinctions still held, that among his contemporaries there were still the wise and the foolish, the brave and the cowardly, the good and the bad.

The virtues in the book are the products of great honesty, of a determination to record what he saw and felt at any cost. The cost, at this stage in his development, was considerable. The distance between Amory and his creator, so far as values are concerned, is always very narrow, and sometimes nonexistent. It is not only Amory who is full of unrecognized intellectual affectations and emotional immaturities; it is, much of the time, the author; in these respects the book itself is hardly wiser than its hero. The case against *This Side of Paradise* was never more firmly made than by Fitzgerald's friend Edmund Wilson, writing at the very height of the book's fame.

[Amory Blaine] — he wrote — was . . . an uncertain quantity in a phantasmagoria of incident which had no dominating intention to endow it with unity and force. . . . [The book] is very immaturely imagined; it is always just verging on the ludicrous. And, finally, it is one of the most illiterate books of any merit ever published. . . . It is not only full of bogus ideas and faked literary references but it is full of English words misused with the most reckless abandon.

That Fitzgerald took such hard hitting from Wilson without complaint shows his fundamental humility.

The genuine subject of *This Side of Paradise* is the sort of transmuted biography which was always

Fitzgerald's subject. Throughout the book, amidst all the cocksure badness of judgment, the immaturity of sentiment, the affectation of knowledge and style, this subject keeps reasserting itself, the incorruptible heart of Fitzgerald's imagination which he was so busy trying to beautify with borrowed feathers. Sixteen years later, still remembering what Edmund Wilson, who "had been my literary conscience" all his life, had said about the book's bogus ideas and faked references, Fitzgerald remarked: "A lot of people thought it was a fake, and perhaps it was, and a lot of others thought it was a lie, which it was not."

12

PLANS for the wedding were now pretty well completed. Fitzgerald prevailed on Zelda to arrive in New York in time to be married on Saturday, April 3. When Zelda arrived she seemed to Fitzgerald's friends, as she was, charmingly and romantically Southern, but Fitzgerald, sensitive as always to such things, was upset by her clothes and immediately called in his old St. Paul friend Marie Hersey, who was in school in New York. "My God, Marie," he said to her in an anguish of social distress, "you've got to help me! Zelda wants to buy nothing but frills and furbelows and you can't go around New York in that kind of thing; you go shopping with her." So Marie went shopping with Zelda and tactfully guided her to a Patou suit.

On April 3 they were married in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral; Ludlow Fowler, one of Fitzgerald's college friends, and Zelda's sister Rosalind were the only others present. After the ceremony the priest said to them: "You be a good Episcopalian, Zelda, and, Scott, you be a good Catholic, and you'll get along fine." It was, Fitzgerald always remembered wryly, the last advice he ever got from a priest.

During their honeymoon they went to *Enter Madame* "and the actors were cross because our tickets were in the front row and we laughed appreciatively at the wrong places and uproariously at the jokes we made up as the show went along." They went to the midnight roof and "thought the man was real who straggled into the show dressed like a student and very convincingly got himself thrown out."

They also went to a great many parties, and then, for the week-end of April 25, they went down to Cottage to chaperone house parties. Fitzgerald started the week-end off with one of his practical jokes, by solemnly introducing Zelda to everyone as his mistress. Since they appeared at the club dances in a condition such that, as one observer remarked, a draft would have blown them down, the joke persuaded more people than it should have; then there was "a rather gay party staged conspicuously in Harvey Firestone's car of robin's-egg blue" at which

Fitzgerald acquired a very black eye; there was also a dinner at Cottage. It was all quite innocent and harmless, but it offended what Dean Gauss later called "bluenosed respectability."

Presently the Fitzgeralds moved from their honeymoon cottage at the Biltmore to the Commodore and settled down to another round of parties. They celebrated the move by whirling about in the revolving doors for half an hour. With such gestures of innocent ebullience the period Fitzgerald was to name "the Jazz Age" began. "The uncertainties of 1919 were over," he said in "Early Success"; "— there seemed little doubt about what was going to happen — America was going on the greatest, gaudiest spree in history. . . . The whole golden boom was in the air — its splendid generosity, its outrageous corruptions and the tortuous death struggle of the old America in prohibition." Of this gaudy spree the people who were of an age with the century counted on having their share.

At the middle of this whirl of parties stood the Fitzgeralds. The boy from Minnesota who, as he said himself, "knew less of New York than any reporter of six months standing and less of its society than any hall-room boy in a Ritz stag line," and his girl from Montgomery, Alabama, were an immediate and brilliant success in New York! With the publication of *This Side of Paradise* Fitzgerald had become a hero to his generation. To the young people who found in the book a glorious expression and a justification of the life they believed in and longed for, he became, as Glenway Wescott put it, "a kind of king of our American youth." For this role he appeared to be almost ideally equipped. He was strikingly handsome, gracefully casual and informal; he loved popularity and responded to it with great charm; his strong sense of responsibility for the success of a social occasion made him exercise his Irish gift of gay nonsense until it seemed that the fun he could invent was inexhaustible. He was in his own person a triumphant justification of the way of life he described in his book. So, too, was Zelda. In no way a professional beauty, or, like some Southern girls, consciously feminine, she had with her striking red-gold hair an "astonishing prettiness." The combination of her unself-conscious and fresh young prettiness with the wit and unconventionality of her attitude was invariably fascinating. With her quick intelligence she immediately adjusted herself to the manners and customs of the New York world without losing the special attraction of her Southernness and her independence; she was, as one of their friends put it, "a barbarian princess from the South."

Like a fairy-story hero and heroine they lived in a world in which the important things were romance and thrills — both of which could be bought on a roof garden in New York if you just had enough money.

The Fitzgeralds went about spending money and

"doing what they had always wanted to do" with a youthful innocence and gusto which made whatever they did seem a part of their charm. They were as likely to be two or three hours late to a dinner party as on time, and even more likely not to come at all. They went to people's houses, carefully greeted their hosts, and then sat down quietly in a corner and, like two children, went fast asleep. They rode down Fifth Avenue on the tops of taxis because it was hot or dove into the fountain at Union Square or tried to undress at the *Scandals*, or, in sheer delight at the splendor of New York, jumped, dead sober, into the Pulitzer fountain in front of the Plaza. Fitzgerald got into fights with waiters, and Zelda danced on people's dinner tables.

Fitzgerald read all the publicity about his being "the youngest writer for whom Scribner's have ever published a novel" and was even persuaded to say that *This Side of Paradise* was "a novel about Flappers written for Philosophers." Heywood Broun, better than any critic in New York, put his finger on this brash quality in both the book and Fitzgerald's conduct, though he seems not to have felt its authentic charm: —

We have just read F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" (Scribner's) — he wrote — and it makes us feel very old. According to the announcement of his publishers Mr. Fitzgerald is only twenty-three, but there were times during our progress through the book when we suspected that this was an overstatement. Daisy Ashford is hardly more naive. . . . None of Fitzgerald's characters ever puts his hands down for a second. There is too much footwork and too much feinting for anything solid and substantial being accomplished. You can't expect to have blood drawn in any such exhibition as that.

" . . . for some days [after this attack]," Fitzgerald remembered, "I was notably poor company." Nonetheless, he tried to meet Broun's onslaught by inviting him to lunch and, as he himself put it later, "in a kindly way [telling] him that it was too bad he had let his life slide away without accomplishing anything. He had just turned thirty. . . ." Broun's response to this well-meant advice was to print one of Fitzgerald's interviews in which he told how he had become a great writer, and to remark at the end of it: "Having heard Mr. Fitzgerald, we are not entirely minded to abandon our notion that he is a rather complacent, somewhat pretentious and altogether self-conscious young man."

Fitzgerald was not consoled by Perkins's tactful suggestion that "we consider all this sort of thing as advantageous."

In May he and Zelda decided to achieve peace and to collect their souls in the country; they began investigating Westchester County and near-by Connecticut. Eventually they settled in Westport in a comfortable gray-shingled house known locally as the Burritt Wakeman place. But peace did not

descend; instead week-end guests descended. One night, out of some kind of boredom, Zelda put in a fire alarm, and when the department arrived and asked where the fire was she struck her breast dramatically and said, "Here."

Through May and June they saw a host of old and new friends, college friends of Scott's like John Biggs and Townsend Martin, new acquaintances like Charles Towne. George Jean Nathan came for a week-end and immediately announced that their Japanese servant, Tana, had whispered to him that his real name was Lieutenant Emile Tannenbaum and that he was a German Intelligence Officer; he kept urging on them parties which were hard to resist; "Can't we all have a party during the week? Mencken will be here and I should like to have you meet him. I have laid in three more cases of gin," he would write. He flirted gaily with Zelda. But for all his high spirits, he aroused Fitzgerald's jealousy and Fitzgerald picked a quarrel with him.

Though they were very much in love, both Fitzgeralds were, in their different ways, easily made jealous. Scott's was a lover's jealousy, and when it was aroused, all the old-fashioned morality of his upbringing, which was not very far below the surface of his nature at any time, came out. Zelda, on the other hand, was often unhappy when Scott was lionized, for she liked to be the center of things as much as he did.

Gradually the division in Fitzgerald's nature was being reinforced by the life they were living, by Zelda's delight in it and her appeal to the old feeling, left over from his wooing, that her love required it.

When I was your age — he wrote his daughter in 1938 — I lived with a great dream. The dream grew and I learned to speak of it and to make people listen. Then the dream divided one day when I decided to marry your mother after all, even though I knew she was spoiled and meant no good to me. I was sorry immediately I had married her, but being patient in those days, made the best of it and got to love her in another way. You came along and for a long time we made quite a lot of happiness out of our lives. But I was a man divided — she wanted me to work too much for her and not enough for my dream.

This account of his feelings is distorted by the opinions of the much older Fitzgerald who wrote it. What he said about the Anthony and Gloria of *The Beautiful and Damned* in 1921 is probably closer to what he felt at the time. "The idyl passed," he said of them. ". . . But, knowing they had had the best of love, they clung to what remained. Love lingered — by way of long conversations at night . . . by way of deep and intimate kindnesses they developed toward each other, by way of their laughing at the same absurdities and thinking the same things noble and the same things sad." But those who worried about Fitzgerald's career worried about his working for Zelda. "Scott was extravagant," said Max Perkins, "but not like her; money went

through her fingers like water; she wanted everything; she kept him writing for the magazines."

13

ABOUT this time Fitzgerald began a lifelong habit of borrowing from his agent. At first his requests that Ober "deposit a thousand" would be made when he could say "am mailing story today." But gradually he came to anticipate the production of a story, so that for twenty years he was almost constantly behind with Ober. About these calls for help Ober was unfailingly generous, and again and again Fitzgerald would write him: "I must owe you thousands — three at least — maybe more. . . . I honestly think I cause you more trouble and bring you less business than any of your clients. How you tolerate it I don't know — but thank God you do." Ober not only lent Fitzgerald money; he took the responsibility for Fitzgerald's financial difficulties as if they were his own. His "we" in the following letter was habitual: "I realize this solves our difficulties only temporarily but if you can finish re-writing the fourth section of the story [*Tender Is the Night*] in eight or ten days and then take a little rest, I think it would probably be much easier for you to do a short story and I am sure we can survive some way until that is done."

Fitzgerald was disturbed by the early discovery that the minute he started a novel, or any piece of work that took any time, he sank over his ears in debt. On December 31, 1920, he wrote Perkins: —

The bank this afternoon refused to lend me anything on the security of stock I hold — and I have been pacing the floor for an hour trying to decide what to do. Here, with the novel within two weeks of completion, am I with six hundred dollars worth of bills and owing Reynolds \$650 for an advance on a story that I'm utterly unable to write. I've made half a dozen starts yesterday and today and I'll go mad if I have to do another debutante which is what they want.

I hoped that at last being square with Scribner's I could remain so. But I'm at my wit's end. Isn't there some way you could regard this as an advance on the new novel rather than on the Xmas sale [of *This Side of Paradise*] which won't be due me till July? And at the same interest that it costs Scribner's to borrow? Or could you make it a month's loan from Scribner and Co. with my next ten books as security? I need \$1600.00.

When everything proper has been said about Fitzgerald's being in this financial mess after making over \$18,000 in 1920 and about the transparent exaggeration that *The Beautiful and Damned* was two weeks from completion (it was not finished until the following April), this remains a touching letter: it is so obviously shocked itself by the amount required that once the awful sum is mentioned it turns tail and runs.

This particular crisis was soon over. *This Side of Paradise* was at the peak of its sales and Scribner's was glad to make a little advance against his accumulated royalties; the movies also came forward to buy two more stories and to pay \$3000 for an option on Fitzgerald's future output. But this kind of rescue by fresh funds solved nothing permanently. It was not until the end of his life that Fitzgerald faced the fact that he had never been "any of the things a proper business man should be" and recognized how "crippled . . . I am by my inability to handle money."

In his genuine distress at finding himself \$1600 in debt, Fitzgerald determined to work very hard; he planned to write a novel and a play within the next nine months. He was full of optimism about the novel and, having sold the serial rights to *The Metropolitan* for \$7000, he assured Perkins it would be ready for serialization by the middle of September and available for book publication in the spring. "Scott's hot in the midst of a new novel," Zelda wrote, "and Westport is unendurably dull," but as Fitzgerald told Perkins, "the duller Westport becomes, the more work I do."

By November, however, they were finding that "late autumn made the country dreary" and moved into an apartment at 38 West 59th Street. Through the fall Fitzgerald alternated parties with spurts of strenuous work on the novel. ("Done 15,000 words in last three days which is very fast writing even for me who write very fast," he told Perkins.) By January, 1921, enough hard work — and it took a great deal — had been done so that Part I of *The Beautiful and Damned* had been finished; a month later Wilson was reading and criticizing Part II and Fitzgerald was hoping to have the rest completed by the end of the month. Actually the book was not finished until just before they sailed for Europe at the beginning of May.

In March Zelda had discovered she was pregnant, which meant that if they were to take the trip to Europe which they had planned they would have to do so quickly, and amid a good deal of confusion they managed to get away on May 3 on the *Aquitania*. They began the trip with enthusiasm, Fitzgerald going carefully through the first-class passenger list and marking the names of all the important people, including "Mr. Francis S. Fitzgerald" ("Disguise! Sh!" he noted), but they quickly became depressed. They landed in England and then went on almost immediately to France, which was, Fitzgerald wrote Leslie, "a bore and a disappointment, chiefly, I imagine, because we know no one here." They sat for an hour outside Anatole France's house hoping he would go in or out, but he did not oblige them. They went on to Florence and Rome, where they were similarly disappointed.

By the end of July they were back in Montgomery considering the possibility of taking a house

there, for they were determined to get away from New York and the parties, at least until their child was born. But eventually Scott's home town won out, and in the middle of August they arrived in St. Paul. It was a triumphant return. Between the continued popularity of *This Side of Paradise* and the first serial rights of *The Beautiful and Damned* he was making more money than ever. Moreover he was a famous man. He and Zelda were paragraphed in the papers when they arrived and Fitzgerald was quoted as saying that he "had got tired of New York and had decided to come to a nice quiet town to write." He also informed the press that he had three novels mapped out in his mind and that he would run off a dozen stories for a weekly magazine, presumably the *Post*, before he tackled them. The papers referred to him as "St. Paul's first successful novelist" and he was obviously doing his best to look the part.

It was a brave show, and publicly Fitzgerald did his best to make it appear that they had their lives under control; privately, however, he was discouraged about the way they were living and its effect on his work. Out of one of those states of depression in which he was inclined to exaggerate the disorder of their lives, he wrote Perkins: "I'm having a hell of a time because I've loafed for 5 months and I want to get to work. . . . I should like to sit down with half a dozen chosen companions and drink myself to death but I am sick alike of life, liquor and literature. If it wasn't for Zelda I think I'd disappear out of sight for three years. Ship as a sailor or something and get hard — I'm sick of the flabby semi-intellectual softness in which I flounder with my generation." For the moment the man who wanted to achieve had the upper hand of the man who wanted to enjoy.

The Beautiful and Damned got a mixed reception from the critics and a reception from the public which, if excellent by most people's standards, was not up to what Fitzgerald had anticipated. By the time the book was published in March, 1922, he had borrowed from Scribner's \$5643, the amount he would make from the sale of 18,810 copies (the figures are his own, for it was part of his ceaseless anxiety at the mysterious way his debt piled up that he kept minute track of it). An advance of \$5600 to an author as popular as Fitzgerald was not extravagant, but to the writer who had pressed hard to finish a second novel quickly and had driven himself since he returned from Europe to produce enough short stories to keep out of debt, it seemed a defeat.

In October, when their baby daughter was a year old, they decided to move back to New York. They finally settled on a \$300-a-month house on

Gateway Drive in Great Neck and Zelda went back to St. Paul to bring the baby and her nurse east. They bought a secondhand Rolls-Royce and settled down to New York.

They gave many parties, for, as Fitzgerald remarked ruefully, "it became a habit with many world-weary New Yorkers to pass their week-ends at the Fitzgerald house in the country." He and Zelda wrote a set of Rules for Guests at the Fitzgerald House. "Visitors," it said, "are requested not to break down doors in search of liquor, even when authorized to do so by the host and hostess"; and, "Week-end guests are respectfully notified that the invitations to stay over Monday, issued by the host and hostess during the small hours of Sunday morning, must not be taken seriously." These rules were only partly a joke, for a Fitzgerald party was likely to go on indefinitely. It might begin at some night club. There would be, perhaps, a bootlegger, "some probably intimidated and indignant friends from the hinterland," a mixed collection of literary and theatrical people, and a few unaccountable strays like the man who sang "Who'll Bite Your Neck, When My Teeth Are Gone?" By the time they were ready to pick up the secondhand Rolls somewhere near the Plaza and go home, they would have attracted a crowd of friends for the confused drive to Great Neck.

The journey to and from Great Neck was always an adventure, for a car was not a safe instrument in the hands of either of them. Once Fitzgerald drove Max Perkins straight into a pond instead of following the curve of the road "because it seemed more fun"; Zelda got herself arrested as "the Bob-haired Bandit," and once she drove slowly out of a side road in front of a car which missed her only by a heroic effort. When her passenger asked breathlessly if she had not seen it, she said, Oh yes, that she had. Yet somehow, in spite of their driving and in spite of the law, they always managed the return to Gateway Drive, where it was customary for their man to find them sleeping quietly on the front lawn when he got up in the morning.

This life made the proper operation of a household difficult at best, and, as Fitzgerald said of himself, ". . . I have [never] been able to fire a bad servant, and I am astonished and impressed by people who can." They had three such servants at Great Neck. It was an expensive domestic arrangement. Nor were the parties cheap, nor the liquor, nor what Ernest Boyd called Fitzgerald's "embarrassing habit of using his check book for the writing of inexplicable autographs in the tragic moments immediately preceding his flight through the weary wastes of Long Island." They spent \$36,000 during their first year at Great Neck.

(To be concluded)



MACKINLEY HELM, the Boston biographer and art critic, gives us his impressions of two distinguished one-man exhibits, the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec and of Goya; he goes on to speak of the sculpture on show in various cities, and of the most notable books on art in this season. This is the fourth of the Atlantic's series on Painting and Sculpture to which connoisseurs, curators, and artists will contribute. Next month we shall hear from Mitchell A. Wilder, Director of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AND GOYA

by MACKINLEY HELM

COUNT HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC was rich. He was also grotesquely misshapen and chronically drunk and at the end acutely unstable. He did his drawing and painting at irregular hours from sketches taken, more often than not, in *bistro* or brothel. Nobody could say he did not draw sharply and well, but, for a painter, he had an odd sense of color, which he dabbed or washed on, very sparingly, in off-key tonalities: bilious greens, jaundiced yellows, soiled lilacs, all put together in a curious unnatural light with no shadows. And he lacked, it was said, the standard professional finish. Out of hundreds of starts, he almost never worked anything up that got to the public in a state of completion.

For these reasons, in his lifetime and after, Lautrec was sometimes written off as a talented amateur. And since a significant part of his work was installed by his mother and two or three intimate friends in three drafty chambers in the fortified archiepiscopal palace of Albi, the remote town on the Tarn where the painter was born, it was quite a long time before the unprejudiced eye could discern for itself the true stature of an original and much maligned genius.

One of the most satisfying experiences of this midwinter art season has been provided by a part of precisely that group of paintings and drawings from Albi, placed there in the twenties and now lent for a nation-wide tour which began in New York in November. New York and Chicago have heretofore seen Lautrec to advantage, but for many people in the rest of the country — Minneapolis, Cleveland, San Francisco, and Houston, where the show ends in April — this may well be the first ample look at a painter who has posthumously shown himself to have been a shining ornament of the age of Cézanne. In any estimate of that epoch, Cézanne must, of course, loom above him, though

at thirty-seven — the age at which Lautrec died — the great innovator had made only three or four of the paintings for which we revere him. And there is more depth and magic, more finish and scale and magnificence, in the whole work of Van Gogh, whose life was identically brief, than in that of Lautrec. But where else is so much of that time so sharply and durably captured and set down with such thrifty means?

As I saw the Lautrec exhibition, installed in the galleries of M. Knoedler and Company, it was dominated by three memorable paintings. The "Admiral Viaud" showed the artist preoccupied, at the end of his life, with the ultimate painterly problem of constructing a picture in color. The great scarlet spread of the admiral's tunic, like a slack lateen sail, was a tragic index to an unfinished phase of the great draftsman's development. Had he lived, he might have become a proved master of color, whose native genius was line. In "Chilperic," lent by John Hay Whitney for the New York showing, a music hall star of the day — Marcelle Lender — danced the Boléro in her famous green dress and pink petticoats. "Chilperic" sums up Lautrec's recording of the overt aspects of night life in Paris, while "Au Salon," the most sumptuous of the *maison close* paintings from the Albi collection, pertains to the period in which Lautrec lived with a girl in a brothel.

Typical of the scores of paintings and drawings from the same secret source, "Au Salon," with its air of prim expectation — Madame in a buttoned-up lilac gown erect in her parlor with five unemployed inmates — has not the slightest pornographic intention. Too ugly for unbought caresses, the painter took love where he found it and portrayed his professional partners with a kind of casual reverence, his brushes at once cool and friendly: governed, as always, by acquiescence

to grim actuality, as wrought out of Lautrec's own painful experience, and by the gift of objective appraisal which lay at the very heart of his genius.

The Albi collection of portraits contains, among many revealing examples, those of Mlle. Dihau, at whose music studio Lautrec met Degas, his idol; his cousin, Dr. Gabriel Tapié de Céleyran, the subject also of his last great painting, the "Examination"; and Mlle. Marguin, whom the artist shows in her hat shop, the dignified subject, surely, of one of the finest "democratic" portraits of a notable epoch. The painter himself was seen in a portrait by his friend Édouard Vuillard, who transmuted the ugliness which offended Lautrec's dandified father into something endearing and wistful: Lautrec in red shirt and bright yellow bags concealing the horrid imbalance between the thin, shattered legs and thick torso, the whole person contrived with affection to look droll and not monstrous. . . .

Lautrec was compared in his lifetime to Goya, but the concurrent exhibitions of Goya and Lautrec in New York this winter, the former at the Wildenstein Galleries, under the auspices of New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, show that the key to the line of Lautrec is dispassionate humor, whereas in Goya it is a passionate if sometimes compromised satire — surely in the matter of Joseph Bonaparte, hand and heart were divided — or else a form of high comedy, as in the delicious small paintings lent by the Art Institute of Chicago, the adventures of gaunt Fray Pedro and the rotund thief Maragato.

From the Wildenstein showing, of which the Metropolitan's red-vestured don Manuel Osorio de Zúñiga and his cats and his birds made the centerpiece, it became clear once again how many sides Goya had to his genius. Goya the professional portraitist, habitué of high places, painted the likeness of many a bemedaled and gold-braided courtier, and for this kind of thing he worked from a formula which showed little change through the years, the paint licked in smoothly, the design always tidy. Then there is Goya inspired, working for pleasure, laying on colors with knife and coarse brushes, and coming out with such textures and contrasts as the world had not seen since the great baroque epoch. This Goya was not lavishly represented. The Institute had no help from Spain. But still one could see a few figure pieces, like the Duke of Leeds' "Duke of Wellington" and Kansas City's "Don Ignacio Omulryan y Rourera," which rank high among the world's psychological portraits and were painted, gold lace and all, with great verve and style. As for the still lifes, the hares and the duck and the woodcocks coaxed from some knowing but unknown collector, these showed to a thrilling degree what a high point of sheer virtuosity Goya could reach when he really let himself go.

Since I have never heretofore seen half enough, in one place, of animal sculptures, I found particular gratification in an exhibition which will remain on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York through the first three weeks of January. Looking, after a season of spit and polish, as nearly as possible as they must have appeared to their authors, fresh from foundry and buffer, 200 bronze figures from seven of the Museum's departments are being shown against the bright walls, blue, green, and yellow, of well-lighted cases in three repainted galleries. And a generous part of these sculptures are animal pieces.

The oldest figure, from 2600 B.C., is the head of a Mesopotamian bull with azure-blue eyes. The tiniest piece is a little bronze dog with a silver collar, hardly more than half an inch high, more than 3000 years old, and very expressive. A Greek horse, four hands high, was cast solid in bright gold-flecked metal; his polished coat is so sleek that you want to caress it. An Egypto-Arabic eagle attacks a frail deer; a crowing cock was the spout of a Persian ewer. How well these small figures confirm a recommendation recently made by Daniel Catton Rich, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago. If people feel in our time that they cannot house the big sculptures, he has said in effect, then let the sculptors make collectible pieces to be cast nobly in bronze, heroic in feeling however tiny in size.

Sculpture has by no means been neglected by other museums in an acquisitive year. The Detroit Institute of Arts is displaying an alabastrous bas-relief discovered a hundred years since at Nimrud. It shows a delightfully mannered Tiglath-Pileser III, the usurping Pul, in what appears to be the gratulatory end of a man hunt with bow and arrow. The captive — is he a prince of the city of Sibur? — is saluting his feet. This Pul is the Biblical king of Assyria who, for a thousand talents of silver, "confirmed in his kingdom" another usurper, Israel's Menahem, who ripped up the bellies of all women with child in the nation of Tiphshah. In near-by Toledo, a more respectable ruler, King Tanwetamani of Egypt, is newly seen rearing his sable torso, monumental in granite, in the Museum of Art. How Tanwetamani "bore the Double Crown in savage Nubia" cannot, alas, be told, for the torso is headless.

The Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, whose restful flat planes ascend from a quiet, grass-bound lagoon, made an important event, in its season, of a loan exhibition of all manner of pre-Columbian sculpture. Visitors could take in there the classical elegance of alabaster and jade wrought with stone chisels and drippings of water by the so-called Olmecs of southeastern Mexico. They could see with aesthetic and not merely antiquarian pleasure the chalcedony masks from Teotihuacan in the Valley of Mexico, the clay figurines from the island

of Jaina, the steatite carvings produced by highland Aztecs before the grotesque and rococo decadence at the eve of the Conquest.

Thanks to Albert Skira of Geneva, Switzerland, it is now possible to install a select library and museum of modern art in your own home for just forty dollars. Issued in three 10" x 13½" volumes during the past year, the Skira *History of Modern Painting* contains 280 hand-mounted reproductions in color, almost half of them full-page and all of them tipped into the letterpress so that they appear exactly where the reader will want them. Thus, when you read in Stuart Gilbert's familiar translation of the first volume, *From Baudelaire to Bonnard*, that Courbet the painter and Baudelaire the poet were among the founders of a new school of art, you can see, across from the text, the painter's portrait of the art-loving poet. Or when, in Volume II, *Matisse-Munch-Rouault*, you are examining, say, the origins of Fauvism, you can see with what shrill colors Matisse, Marquet, Vlaminck, Derain, Dufy, and Braque, before taking their separate ways, alike constructed their first "wild beast" paintings.

The scheme of the *History* runs like a well-planned lecture course. It could be used in this way in neighborhood study groups. You read a stimulating essay by Maurice Raynal, for example—one of seventy-one readable studies of artists and movements by eight different experts—and do your homework on dates and cross references provided by the teaching assistants, all the while feasting your eyes on the sparkling pictures. Raynal's talented colleagues are Herbert Read, Jean Leymarie, Georg Schmidt, Arnold Rüdinger, Hans Bolliger, Jacques Lassaigne, and Werner Schmalenbach.

Volume I (\$12.50) describes and illustrates the work of twenty-six painters from Courbet, born in 1819, to Bonnard, who died in 1947. The members of the Impressionist brotherhood are shown first in their pre-Impressionist aspects, with Monet looking back to Courbet, for instance. Then they are seen looking at the world's surface together, with Renoir and Monet seeing nearly identical Impressionist visions while Pissarro and Sisley, not so intransigent as their more famous companions, formulate the Impressionist doctrine of creating, not copying, life. The giants Cézanne and Manet and Degas listened to Impressionist doctrine and were by no means unmoved. Yet each had his own way to go: and where they went is once more made handsomely visible.

The pattern repeats itself in the studies of Seurat, Signac, and Henri Delacroix, who signed himself "Cross." Van Gogh first appears with a painting made in 1887, the year he met Seurat and began to work in what Gauguin called the "dot-and-carry-one" style. The volume concludes with

a passage on Toulouse-Lautrec and the "Nabis," the neo-Impressionists like Vuillard and Bonnard, the latter delightfully rating eleven plates to himself.

In Volume II (\$12.50) Raynal tells the story of Matisse and his followers. He shows Van Gogh's painting "Fourteenth of July," which, when first hung, swept Derain and Vlaminck off their feet and set them to conjuring up new visions in slashes of unmixed pigment—as the whole movement known as Fauvism essentially did. Paintings hitherto unknown to the public illustrate this vigorous movement: privately owned Dufys, Derains, and Vlamincks, and the rare Copenhagen Matisse. When I went over this volume with Raoul Dufy in a hospital room in Boston last summer, he expressed great satisfaction in the subtle tonalities reproducing his monochromatic oil painting, "The Red Violin," a difficult picture to set down in inks.

Arnold Rüdinger, following Raynal's pattern, discusses the German painters allied with the Fauves: Paula Modersohn, whose death inspired Rainer Maria Rilke to compose his *Requiem for a Friend*; and Schmidt-Rottluff, whose landscapes are composed in broad tracts of color such as found in the early works of Gauguin and Marquet. To augment Jacques Lassaigne's account of Rouault and Soutine, great taste and scholarship have provided fabulous early Rouaults from private collections and bright splashes of Soutine in his full southern glory. Looking afresh at the Soutine reproductions, after viewing that painter's memorial exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in November, I was more than ever persuaded of their uncanny fidelity.

The new third volume (\$15.00) bears the title *From Picasso to Surrealism*. Here Raynal returns to the retrospective exhibitions of Cézanne and Seurat in Paris in 1904-1905 to account for the remoter origins of the Cubist movement which swept across Europe upon the occasion of the "discovery" of African art and the appearance of "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," the Museum of Modern Art's Picasso masterpiece of 1907. How Cubism thereafter evolved is profusely illustrated by paintings of Braque and Picasso, who rightly dominate the last volume. And how this movement, by some indirection, bore the less satisfactory fruit of Futurism, Dadaism, and Orphism is explored at great length—perhaps greater than need be. The "Blue Riders" provide an unforgettable section: Kandinsky, Marc, Macke, and Klee. Chagall is here with his recollections of childhood and Chirico with the metaphysical painters. Of the native Americans, only Marin and Feininger receive much attention: a fact reflective of European opinion in general. The volume concludes with Joan Miró's wonderland. What a feast is provided!



THE SPEECHLESS CROWS

IN their bare winter elms the crows
Cry all day long with raucous voices,
So much alike that no one knows
Which crow complains and which rejoices.

Could we but learn the Corbic speech,
Should we not flock to hear them telling
Tales of old legend, each to each,
In the high fastness of their dwelling?

Or should we, not content to hear,
Lecture them long, with pure intention,
Teaching their pagan hearts to fear
A hundred Gods of man's invention?

Should we not bring them books to read
Proving that men (and crows) are brothers,
But holding each a different creed
And roundly damning all the others?

Should we not wean them from their sloth
To mental toil or manual labor,
That wiser crow might dodge them both
And live by doing down his neighbor?

Should we not clothe their feathered flesh,
That, swathed in farthingale or wimple,
Crow might in web of lust enmesh
Crow whose amours were once so simple?

Should we not speak to them of Truth,
Before whose throne all mortals tremble,
That crow whose speech was once uncouth
Might, with more dignity, dissemble?

Alas, poor crows, unhappy birds,
Ignorant, heathenish, benighted!
Because we do not speak your words
Your lives must still remain unblighted.

R. P. LISTER

Books and Men

"This — is London" meant throughout the war years one powerful fact for

American radio listeners: they were about to hear one of EDWARD R. MURROW's characteristically bold, accurate, steadfast accounts of Britain's struggle against the Nazis. A great reporter and a wise analyst now broadcasting on our own national affairs, Ed Murrow appraises for Atlantic readers *The Hinge of Fate*, the fourth and most controversial volume of Churchill's history of the Second World War, published by Houghton Mifflin.

CHURCHILL: THE HINGE OF FATE

by EDWARD R. MURROW

1

I AM certainly not one of those who need to be prodded. In fact, if anything, I am a prod." (Winston Churchill in the House of Commons, February 11, 1942.)

"With all his faults, right or wrong, he was always for fighting; which is something." (From Winston Churchill, of Marlborough.)

The Hinge of Fate (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00) is the fourth volume dealing with World War II, produced by that ancient and honorable son of the House of Commons — Winston Spencer Churchill. It is, I think, the most revealing document to come from the pen of this great craftsman of the English language. At the not inconsiderable age of seventy-five he demonstrates again that he is a reporter without equal, a diplomat of great skill, a man of war with the habit of command heavy upon him. No other man of the century has made and written such history. And Churchill the Historian supports Churchill the Statesman.

This chronicle begins in 1942 with the onslaught of Japan; with the prolonged exchanges between Mr. Churchill and Prime Minister Curtin of Australia.

Mr. Churchill has been criticized for burdening this book with so many cables, telegrams, minutes, and directives. His explanation, not defense, is in essence that he has had enough of being criticized as a "partial editor and sub-editor of history" and he prefers to give his readers the raw meat of official data which they may digest, if they are able. The difficulty is, of course, that by no means all of the documents are here presented. The selection is Mr. Churchill's; and even giants are rumored to welcome additions to their strength. For example, Mr. Churchill gives us a glimpse of his exchange with General Auchinleck in the Desert in 1942. We find the Prime Minister advising the General as to enemy dispositions and what the General's action should be; telling Auchinleck to withhold certain information in his communiqués in order

that Reporter Churchill might divulge this information to the House of Commons.

Mr. Churchill's chronicle moves to the fighting in the Malay Peninsula; the retreat to Singapore; more telegraphic argument between Mr. Curtin and Mr. Churchill; Mr. Churchill's dismay that there were no permanent fortifications covering the landward side of the naval base in the city of Singapore. Then we are back to domestic politics: a vote of confidence in the House of Commons in the face of Far Eastern disasters, Mr. Churchill's unsuccessful effort to persuade Sir Stafford Cripps to take the Ministry of Supply, the hostility between Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Stafford Cripps, Churchill trying to reshuffle his Cabinet to include Cripps; while the battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* with the cruiser *Prinz Eugen* came out of Brest and ran the gantlet of the Channel, thereby creating more public dismay and resentment than was produced by the fall of Singapore. Mr. Churchill still isn't quite sure what happened at Singapore, and implies that an inquiry should be held.

In the early months of 1942 disaster continued in Asia, while shipping losses mounted in the Atlantic. There were more differences between Mr. Churchill and the Australian government, the Prime Minister failing to realize why Australians didn't react like Englishmen. Sir Stafford Cripps took off on his mission to India. Mr. Churchill makes it clear that his attitude toward the brightest jewel in the Crown had not changed in fifty years. He describes the desperate efforts to force convoys through to Murmansk, and he is unusually restrained in reporting the rough and surly answers he received from Stalin regarding both supplies and the second front.

But diplomacy, naval warfare, disposition of land forces, and domestic politics were not enough to occupy Mr. Churchill's time. He was prodding the scientists and the airmen about GEE, OBOE, and WINDOW. He accepted responsibility for everything, but would accept no diminution of his

own authority. He even found time to set down his ideas of the post-war Europe which was not to be dominated by "barbarism."

Meanwhile he continued to prod Auchinleck to attack in the Desert. Rommel attacked first. Churchill counseled Auchinleck from a distance. The British were driven back, but it did not appear to occur to Mr. Churchill that if they could not hold on defense, they might not have had the force necessary to take the offensive against Rommel.

In March and April of '42 the correspondence between Churchill and Stalin became slightly more agreeable. Molotov arrived in London and stayed at the Prime Minister's country place at Chequers, where there occurred "some remarkable incidents." Mr. Molotov's room "had been thoroughly searched by his police officers. The bed was the object of particular attention. The mattresses were all prodded in case of infernal machines; and the sheets and blankets were re-arranged by the Russians so as to leave an opening in the middle of the bed, out of which the occupant could spring at a moment's notice, instead of being tucked in." One night the sentries in the garden saw a chink of light showing through Mr. Molotov's blackout curtains. The housekeeper at Chequers, "a Scottish lady in her prime, and of placid temperament," went up and knocked at Mr. Molotov's door. The door was opened about a foot, and Molotov confronted her with an automatic pistol in his right hand. Mr. Churchill believed that "the incident reveals one aspect of the gulf between the Soviet way of life and that of the Western Powers."

2

THROUGHOUT this volume Mr. Churchill exercises the utmost restraint in reporting his differences with Stalin, De Gaulle, and President Roosevelt. He devotes considerable space to critical debates in the House of Commons. And it is clear that a victory in the House pleased him only slightly less than a victory in the field. His affection and respect for Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins is never beneath the surface of his memory or his dispatches.

Regarding the deal with Admiral Darlan, Mr. Churchill deprecates purely military decisions, still retains his irritation with General de Gaulle, and fails to make clear that Admiral Darlan ordered the cease-fire in North Africa after the firing had ceased of its own accord. Darlan's assassination "relieved the Allies of their embarrassment at working with him." Churchill the Parliamentarian is obviously not proud of the "Darlan Deal." But Churchill the Man of War was and is persuaded that it contributed to victory, and he hopes the tortured Admiral may rest in peace.

Churchill is candid when he discusses the invitation to General de Gaulle to join the two giants at the Casablanca meeting. He says that Elliott

Roosevelt hastened to write about the confidential talks he heard at the meals to which he was brought by his father. "He seems to suggest that the President suspected me of trying to stop De Gaulle coming, and objecting to his being brought there." Churchill produces the cablegrams to refute this and says of young Mr. Roosevelt's book: "This rubbish has had a wide and long currency."

The phrase "unconditional surrender" gave Mr. Churchill a feeling of surprise when he heard the President use it at a press conference at Casablanca. He thinks perhaps it had been mentioned in prior conversations, but he isn't sure. As usual, he takes his share of responsibility. And anyway, whatever the origin, he doesn't think it was a mistake. It is not Mr. Churchill's habit to regard decisions once taken as having been in error. He still believes that his desire to go into northern Norway instead of North Africa was correct, and it would be difficult to prove that he was wrong. He was impelled in part by a desire to bring more effective and immediate help to the Soviet Union, although he was under no illusion as to Russia's past or probable future policy. And he was, during the period of this narrative, subjected to harassing and "needling" correspondence from Stalin.

The Hinge of Fate reveals Mr. Churchill as one of those rare Englishmen who can get along with foreigners; who insisted that only his view should prevail, after reasonable but not too long discussion. He clearly found his relations with American officers agreeable, although in recounting his experiences with Generals Eisenhower and Mark Clark he appears to neglect to report what might be called a typical Churchillian intervention.

On one occasion, during lunch at 10 Downing Street, General Clark so far forgot himself as to preface a remark to Mr. Churchill by saying: "Of course you civilians . . ." The General's remaining words of wisdom were unspoken, because the Prime Minister growled at him: "Young man, I was killing people when you were puling and puking in your blanket."

Throughout the war Mr. Churchill never really regarded himself as a civilian. He was quite prepared — as he did — to order his pilot to gain altitude in order to avoid a mountaintop which was nowhere near the course of flight. The habit of command was strong in this incredible individual with the restless, ranging mind, who throughout his life has found that green and pleasant Island too small a stage upon which to play.

He regarded himself, I suspect, as a great commander, unavoidably and unfortunately prevented from commanding armies in the field because his services were more urgently needed for the central and supreme direction of the war. He could scarcely endure to see a conflict looming over the horizon without being seized with an almost irresistible urge to grasp the English language in both hands

and use it as a cudgel. His favorite adjectives appear to be "austere," "sombre," "sordid," and "squalid." He seldom employs a phrase that has lost its cutting edge.

He acknowledges only one master, which is the House of Commons, unless it be his wife, whose judgment of individuals and issues often surpasses his own, and who can and does interrupt what the late Harold Laski once called "those thunderous and well-rehearsed improvisations" with the remark: "Shut up, Winston, and listen to this."

Mr. Churchill was, in his own words, "brought up and trained to have the utmost contempt for people who get drunk." But at the same time he cannot resist the attraction of an intoxicating phrase that rolls well off the tongue. He labors long over his public utterances and has the rare ability to taste a sentence before he writes or utters it. He was able, during the war years, to mobilize Elizabethan language in a manner that lifted the hearts of his fellow countrymen. He divined and tapped the wellsprings of their tradition, their fears, their hopes, and their arrogance.

He was and is an astounding combination of a gallant gambler, an aristocrat, an historian, and an early eighteenth century cavalry officer. At the same time his sense of humor labels him as one of the world's indestructible juveniles.

He is, I think, the most considerable man to walk the stage of world history in the last fifty years. His own version of history will support his actions. He both made it and wrote it. Later historians who have access to full documentation may amend or reverse his conclusions. But he is, as they will be, the prisoner of experience.

In these four volumes, with which historians may disagree but which they cannot ignore, Winston Churchill has permitted himself two mild expressions of personal regret or bitterness. One, over the fact that the House of Commons refused him permission to install recording apparatus for one of his great speeches; and two, over the fact that the British electorate "turned him out to pasture" when victory had been achieved.

The four volumes contain a substantial clue as to why his fellow countrymen denied him political power when the fighting was done. He was, in a sense, scarcely aware of them. For him the battle was everything. He drove himself so hard in the intoxicating atmosphere of high command that he failed to realize that other millions of nameless Britons, without his heritage, ability, or vision, were driving themselves as relentlessly; that they had visions of a fuller measure of equality — milk and hot lunches for their children, decent houses, and "fair shares for all."

I think it is true that most nations in time of war and dire peril dig back into their history, their folklore, and their traditions for support and sustenance. The British did that, and fortunately found them all wrapped up in one man. In the dark days they committed their present to his keeping. But they refused him the burden or the privilege of guiding their future.

This volume is Mr. Churchill's version of the turning tide or the hinge of fate. Historians may disagree with him about Dieppe or Darlan. They may feel that he selected his documents to sustain his judgment. They may conclude, as I did at the time, that his popularity was greater in this country than it was in Britain — just as Roosevelt's was greater in Britain than it was here. They may conclude that his knowledge of the past was so great as to becloud his perspective of the future.

I do not pretend to know upon what myth or fact future historians will agree. But I would hope that out of these four volumes, those to come, and all the footnotes and documents of the era, those historians will succeed in dredging up the essential greatness of Mr. Churchill.

That greatness is not, I suggest, his courage, his eloquence, patriotism, tenacity, or knowledge of history. His critics who condemn him for arrogance, for not having changed his mind for fifty years, for his imperialistic — or if you like, reactionary — utterances will, I hope, be confounded by a single fact. He truly regarded himself as a servant of the House of Commons. No democracy in modern time has been nearer than was Britain to the all-consuming flame of totalitarianism — and survived. It was Mr. Churchill's purpose and policy that the nation he led should survive or perish in freedom, and in a manner calculated to bring applause and respect from ancestors and descendants. This adherence and scrupulous attention to parliamentary procedure may prove an example, a hinge of fate more powerful than anything recorded in these four volumes.

I find no indication that there was ever a time when Mr. Churchill could have lost the war in an afternoon. But there were certainly times when he could have destroyed, or at least irreparably damaged, the faith of the Western world that it can defend its freedom without losing it in the process.

The conduct, the character, and the behavior of Mr. Churchill and his fellow countrymen were more eloquent than any book even he is likely to write. It was proof of what he said in a moment of serious levity at Ottawa, in December of 1941: "We have not journeyed across the centuries, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the prairies, because we are made of sugar candy."



connection with the Harvard Summer School, and their discussion brought out these illuminating words of PIERRE EMMANUEL, the French poet and critic. Mr. Emmanuel, who was born in 1916, is the author of some fifteen volumes of prose and verse; he taught mathematics and philosophy at a French lycée but stepped out of academic dress to take an active part in the Resistance movement. He is now in charge of the English-language broadcasts of the French government radio station, Radio Diffusion Française.

THE POWER OF THE POET

by PIERRE EMMANUEL

1

I WISH to examine here a general problem, that of the communicability of poetry — or, more precisely, the conditions poetry must fulfill in order to become a common mode of expression and to cease being an idiom for initiates, a sacred but dead language. We are living in a world where the interest of such a discussion may appear quite insignificant to certain minds. Without a doubt, we believe in poetry in general, but the poet, in his heart, doubts the seriousness of what he conceitedly calls his poetic activity, as soon as he becomes attacked by the monstrous sorrow of the world, by the images of war, bombardments, concentration camps, and slums.

In these days, to allow oneself the luxury of sitting before a sheet of paper to lament the flight of time, or, as Unamuno says, to sing of the thighs of a passing mistress, would seem a childishness so scandalous that, lacking irony, simple modesty would be sufficient to deter us.

We are plunged into a century which leaves us no way out, involved as we are in the confusion, the misery, and the crimes of our time. That communion which men cannot attain in the harmony of a mutual ideal, they are attaining today in the universal anguish which drags them into mutual ruin.

We feel that this solidarity in destruction and death is our most precious asset, the hallmark of our human condition, our only place in the sun. If there is in man a ferment of love which inspires him with the thirst for language, the need of surpassing himself by expression, to create universal values, it can be found only where the weight of history is the most compelling and the abandonment the most despairing: that is, in the common human fabric that suffers, that cries in vain toward happiness, and dies in order to find it — or too often because of not finding it.

In the face of this suffering which invades us, how disarmed we are — we, the manipulators of

phrases. We should like both to say and to act — and we are ever but sayers, “*les diseurs de mots*.”

Words have lost their power; if they have still an effect of magic, they are incapable of carrying us forward, of bearing witness to our faith in them. Language no longer has the value of a moral action which would create the example and the type, the ratio between what should be and what is.

Of course, we speak learnedly of the stars, we meddle with unexpected metamorphoses, and the richness of imaginary marvels encumbers our verses. We are proud of having delved very deeply into what we call poetic experience, to have enlarged the field of imagery and liberated words from their ordinary sense.

But is not this precisely our mistake? We no longer speak like ordinary men, and our isolation humiliates us, in spite of the proud solitude with which we mask our humiliation. For we feel keenly that what man lacks most in the present disorder of thought is the common meaning, the verity that is true for all, a verity whose formulation escapes us. We have lost the power to utter it with a conviction which the words exact.

We believe ourselves responsible for language, and it belongs to the dignity of the artist to carry that responsibility to the end. But what does this responsibility require from us if not to preserve, to search out, and to magnify more and more the common meaning of everybody's words, the concrete experience by which the humblest lives grow?

Do you remember the line by Hölderlin in his elegy “Brot und Wein”: “*Brot ist der Erde Frucht, doch ist vom Lichte gesegnet* — Bread is the fruit of the earth, but by light is it blessed”? The things of common experience, sentiments, aspirations, receive their true meaning from this double reality, earthly and luminous. The vocation of the poet is to give to all things their part of light, their portion of beauty which transfigures them.

But, says again Hölderlin: "What good are poets in these times of misery?" There are people who are hungry, others who are oppressed, others who kill and are killed, others who prepare or stir up wars; and this is not a passing crisis, it is the daily condition of our universe. The most monstrous event is in the order of the immediate probabilities; the prospect of the worst horror becomes the subject of casual conversation in the street, and there is no word, be it ever so sacred, that has the power of giving men back their reason. What then is happening? We have entered into a period of mutation in history, which, tomorrow perhaps, will express itself by vast specific migration and the trampling underfoot of the old values by new barbarian times. Our thought is unprepared for events of this order and magnitude; it is anguished and disconnected; at one moment conservative, at the next revolutionary, but always at odds with itself.

On one side we see souls who are highly and perhaps excessively individualized, but incapable of vital force and concerted action; on the other side are the almost indivisible masses moved by a confused aspiration, where each individual thinks and feels itself alive only when it is submerged in the mass force. These individualized beings and these masses use the same words but not the same language. Suppose the language of the first group has attained perfection in one kind of meaning. This meaning is the result of a long tradition of intellectual privileges patiently consolidated by an elite, reinforced by the existence of a corresponding social order. Yet this social order succumbs to its own contradictions, this elite is devoured by its own skepticism. A poet who sings for himself, and for the three hundred or so readers each of whom will honor his work with a misinterpretation, cannot help doubting not only the necessity but the reality of what he writes; more precisely, he does not know for whom he writes, or, if he does, he no longer has confidence in this "elite" which has ceased to believe in itself.

2

WE SEE happening today what inevitably happens each time the number of privileged people diminishes while the mass of have-nots increases: this mass upsets the social balance and, with it, its intellectual guarantees, the weakened guardians of a language incomprehensible to the masses because it tells them nothing which corresponds to their own experiences. Of course it is always possible for anyone to acquire the old type of culture; but even if the great mass of people had the time to follow the path traced by this culture, they would not take it, because their inclination leads them elsewhere, down some other unpredictable path.

As I said, the language crisis comes from this

paradox: that the same words are the vehicles of two different languages. Do words represent permanent values, definite conquests of the human spirit, and if so, to what extent are we to blame for having limited these conquests by reserving them for a small elite instead of extending them to everyone? Or, on the other hand, will the new man be of a different make-up than ours, and must he, in order to invade the world scene, destroy all these ideas which seem to us constituents of human nature in general?

Take the word *liberty*, for example, and the present-day idea it implies. Does it contain an indestructible something which would be part and parcel of man? Or, on the contrary, will the concept of liberty such as we all agree on (I mean the idea of individual free will) appear one day as strange as emperor-worship is to us? Or will even this latter idea replace our conception of free will in men's spirit, so that man might come to depend on Caesar alone for his thoughts as well as for his bread?

It is not an academic question: it is *the* question of today. Are we sitting in on the death agony of the human personality? We could just as well ask ourselves, why this agony? And the reply is easy: if it is true that every human being tends to be a distinct personality, the masses, becoming more and more numerous, have ceased being personalities, because they had not the elementary means of obtaining a standard of living, a standard of freedom, higher than the vital minimum required.

We begin to perceive that the meaning of words is conditioned by the needs of man, that there is no liberty without bread. In other words, the idea of liberty contains the idea of bread; and the idea of bread, for those who know how to develop it in the light, embraces the idea of liberty. A great poet could write a whole epic starting from the one word *bread*. In fact all the basic factors of life are worthy of the poet's inspirations, for it is from life that human aspirations evolve. Men need to be talked to about what they feel and what they suffer, and the first duty of language is to meet the everyday experience before exalting it. To cast the light on bread is to endow it with the dignity that those who eat it recognize vaguely; thus they do more than simply nourish their bodies: they partake of a symbolic communion. But this communion, far from abolishing their own personality, makes them aware of its singular taste. Each one accepts the symbol of his own way, and the same word awakens different responses and impulses.

Every day, we notice to what extent men are insensible to impeccable logical reason: had they been sensitive to it, the world would long ago have become rational. It is because logic neglects the affective element in man which corresponds to the obscure energies of the world. But clothe an idea

in a metaphor and it will call forth a response in those whom the naked idea leaves cold. Poetic language has therefore a virtue in itself that we no longer know how to exploit, because we cease to take it at its source, at the heart of natural human needs.

It is not true that the fundamentals in man change, and that this appetite for singularity which makes people moral beings should be nonexistent in the underprivileged. It can be mute or throttled, unsuspected because of the lack of words that express it, but it exists. And I say that it is for us to give it words and meaning.

How this is to be done remains to be seen. It is important, I believe, to recall the example of the French resistance poetry under the occupation. During that time, ideas were forbidden: whoever ventured to clarify the logic of facts would have come under censorship and been put in prison. Besides, and this was the crux of the matter, the national conscience had been wounded; the humiliation, the anger, the guilt complex had attacked the core of the most ordinary sensibility, and one does not give moral health by good reasoning. It is also true that the official ideology, whose inventors were perfectly aware of the profound malady of the French soul, persevered during four years in expounding a logic that conformed to the appearance of facts and which nevertheless never convinced anyone but cowards and imbeciles; and this was because the majority refused all appearance of reason, in the name of another profounder reason, that of the heart. And whatever help was received from voices over the air to boost the French morale once again, it was not by logic that these voices captivated the most logical people on earth, but because this logic took the same direction as our instinct.

And this is what happened: French poetry before the war was the appanage of a small number of alchemists who were distilling a rare liqueur for delicate palates. All of a sudden these same alchemists, with one accord, abandon their retorts, neglect their cabalistic formulas, and begin speaking at the level of ordinary human sensibilities. The emotions, the passionate forces, that the upheaval of defeat brought to the surface were so strong that the poets themselves were overwhelmed by them. He who feels himself gripped by the throat tends to cry out; and if he succeeds, perhaps he will then breathe easier, even for a short second. Cry out. This indeed is not in itself a poetic act, but the miracle is precisely that each one cried in his own language, using the words, the images, and the poetic syntax that were his. Between their pre-war poetry and the new themes which necessity discovered for the poets, there was no lack of continuity in expression, but a progress in the communicability of thought, because the forces which were expressing themselves by the voice of the poet were the same as those

which moved the hearts of millions of beings, in France and elsewhere.

When poets spoke of liberty at that time, they knew, through the most bitter experience, what they were speaking of. And liberty meant for them the sky, the tree in front of the deserted house, the taste of dust when a man shot to death bites the earth, and the last sun ray before he closes his eyes. It meant also, sometime, somewhere, in some mysterious way, the resurrection of that man into another one, who would perhaps die in his turn, and so on without end.

Why did people begin to understand a language which had been closed to them before? Simply because their souls and their wounded entrails were crying louder than cold reason; because they had a need for symbols and not for logical thought. The proof was there, at least for a time, and the most personal language can give voice to a universal aspiration, make it conscious of itself, and in so doing make it live and grow.

3

I SAID: The proof was there for a time. For the post-war period saw poetry once again disaffected, the poets deprived of that universal soul which had permitted them to surpass themselves. Why? Because the community of sentiments, instinctive religion which had reappeared at the hour of danger, had only known how to combat the immediate and visible enemy; the latent egoisms, the contradictory interests, were slumbering, but the victory had liberated them. The old social forms came back to life. Man's imagination, mobilized only in revolt, had not created any new forms, nor even altered those in use, which survived, though recognized as quite out of date. We were exactly at this point: our old civilization is like the chrysalis which holds an impatient world eager to be born; no one, it would appear, has sufficient imagination to crack the shell that imprisons it.

What then is lacking in Western man — not for survival over himself, but to renew himself? He seems to lack a *raison d'être*, a motive.

Occidental man has lost his lyrical power — that is to say, the power to believe in his own accomplishment, no matter how technically perfect it may appear. And why? Because this man, whose roots go back to the old humanist tradition, suffers obscurely from the regression of his spiritual values; he feels that technique alone is not sufficient. To this uneasiness must be added another: the technical accomplishments are unequally distributed, and the principle of equality on which our society is founded is upset. All the conditions for well-being seem to be realized, but this well-being is nowhere the starting point for a spiritual transport, a renewed hope, a great architectural movement or a new epic of man.

We now come to the core of the situation, where poetry, the fact of creating, presents itself in the perspective of history. There is a "lyricism" in Communist countries, a "lyricism" of edification which we know will exhaust itself early in the game because it will become saturated. In Western countries we find no community lyricism which, without deviating from the technical effort, could bring it to its just proportion, destroy the slavery of the machines without hindering progress, and on this material gain establish a spiritual edifice which we lack. I see two reasons for this lack of power on our part. The first is that our modern states feel themselves threatened in their material power and they can stave off this threat only by letting themselves be corrupted by the methods of the adversary — that is to say, by sacrificing individuals to technique. The second, which proceeds from the first, is that the individuals are ensnared by the obsession of technique, are becoming one with the machines, which should protect them but which in reality devour them. And I mean by machines not only steam hammers and tanks, but all the bureaucratic apparatus which controls more and more the social comportment of people.

Is there still time for the creative spirit to dominate the historic situation? In the present state of things, is there still sufficient spiritual force — that is to say, are there enough powerful individualities — in the Western world to react against the fatalism which has us in its thrall? Can these powerful individualities animate the mass of men by restoring to them their ability to believe in themselves and in the community to which they belong? Men or groups that defend only material wealth are condemned to defeat. They are retreating into an aggressive neurosis, like the miser haunted by the fear of thieves. Fear is not a creative force: it is the contrary of faith. A community which would refuse a spiritual risk would, by its own act, efface itself from history. Have we, at present, the opportunity of taking on a spiritual risk? The values that we pretend to defend, and that it would be better to illustrate, are all values founded on risk; but are they still alive, or can they be brought back to life?

An old Chinese curse runs something like this: May your children live in a historic epoch! We are all struck by this malediction. But let us reflect on the chances for grandeur which might result from our position. History unfolds around us like a vast mythical fresco; we are the forced actors in a universal drama, though we are not — or we believe we are not — equal to the drama which is being played.

Each one of us today feels that he has a destiny out of proportion to the measure of his ability — whence the neurosis of our times. If history, from every angle, were presented to man by the drama or the epic, with the protagonists against a backdrop formed by the chorus, by the communion rites such

as were practiced by the Greeks or during the Middle Ages, each of us would take part in the human adventure and become fortified in his faith, detach himself, perhaps, from the chorus, and join the actors in their place on the front of the stage. The importance of the theater today comes from the fact that the spectators delegate the actors in their place; the contrary can be equally true, the spectator receiving the mandate from the poet through the actor as intermediary.

The poet of today, if he is — and wants to be — conscious of the tragic grandeur of his times, has in him what is necessary to build up such an enterprise. He suffers through history on the same plane as other men, in the ranks; he is goaded by the remorse of not having said what they needed to hear, and that he is aware of. He has weighed the essential values, kept what is permanent in their transitory forms; he knows the language of myths, as much from ancient culture as from the recent discoveries of the subconscious; he foresees some of the great figures of the future. Of course, the prop of the collective faith is lacking, that would save the modern hero from his contradictions and his doubts in himself. But the reverse is almost true: the latest collective faith is lacking in poets who may have the audacity to express it.

He may be you or I — he is in fact everyone who does not surrender his own soul to the overpowering fatalism of our time. If we believe in man — that is to say, in our own vitality — we are prepared to challenge the world's absurdity with deeds as well as words. Moreover we are prepared to express, if not to succeed in expressing, some kind of hope worth the scale of the present drama of mankind. It is essential for me to think of men to come two hundred years from now. In my deepest soul I feel contemporary with any achievement of man, be it past or future; and that thought is for me the only means of overcoming the despair of modern life. By the strength of that thought, yesterday's cathedrals were built up. There are still cathedrals to build up everywhere; there is still, there will ever be, faith to cry man out of his own death.

It is only a question of breath: breath and faith are one and the same. Is it possible that a few might have enough faith to transmit it to all? There are moments when I think so, and others when our impotence crushes me, because the society in which I live, and where the moral inheritance seems inexhaustible, is severed at the roots and pulled apart from its foundations. Its virtues become incarnate only in moments of dire distress.

And here is the conclusion I come to concerning this language crisis which is first a crisis of faith. I wonder if we may not have to face the absolute risk of death in order that we may find again the reasons for living, and that the chorus of the drama may find its voice.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I RECENTLY spent three days at Pomona College in Southern California, a small friendly oasis of learning, with tall eucalyptus trees to give it shade, a fine stretch of green turf (you have to endow turf like that in California), and with views that lift the eyes to the good peaks of the coastal range. Pomona is small enough for the faculty to be accessible even to the shyest undergraduate; small enough for the alumni and Associates to see the immediate development of their yearly endowment; small enough for the whole community to take pride in the new Rhodes scholar now in his first year at Oxford, in Dr. Bradbury, the alumnus who is managing Los Alamos, and in the local boy who was running for Congress. Professor Toynbee had been there a fortnight before me, and the yeast he had left behind him was rising in some loaves and falling in others. There was a stir and integrity about the place, and the feeling of reassurance that comes from working in the close association of small classes; in this community of under a thousand there was none of that impersonality and much less of that undergraduate loneliness so prevalent in our bigger universities.

I spent much of my time with the classes in English; and one afternoon, in a session with those who were studying the short story, I found myself trying to answer that question which besets every beginning writer: "What kind of job should I work at if I want to write?" Their first impulse was to turn to editorial work, which they believed would put them on the track of experience and so lead ultimately to what in my day used to be called "self-expression."

Editorial work, the reading or cutting or stimulating of manuscripts, has long been an avenue to literature. Meredith for many years was a manuscript reader—it was he who rejected Thomas Hardy's first novel. Magazine editing, which

moves with a faster pace and more timely demands than book publishing, has also produced its distinguished alumni: Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, and Willa Cather were all editorial associates on the staff of S. S. McClure. But the trouble with editing, as I tried to explain, is that it tends to develop your critical faculties rather than your creative. You spend your time helping to shape, polish, and clarify other people's work rather than your own. It is absorbing work which keeps you in temptingly close touch with the printed word, and it is so exhausting that unless you be very persistent you will never do the writing you see in mind. Worst of all, editorial work walks home with you in the evening, for it is at night that most editors read the manuscripts they haven't time for in the office.

Writing for the newspapers, I said, will certainly quicken your facility. You have to be terse, you have to be accurate, and you have to meet a deadline. There are vast stretches of boredom in newspaper work, but there is also the kick that you get out of doing the unexpected and doing it well. The best chance here is developing as a specialist, writing so well for the sport page that people begin to look for your column as they once looked for Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun, Paul Gallico, and as they look today for Red Smith. There is a good chance on the theater page if you can write with the fresh discernment and excitement of John Mason Brown, of George Jean Nathan, and Brooks Atkinson. You don't always have to be a veteran—see what young John Crosby has done with radio and television. You have to be good. And if you are going to find your opening on the editorial page, you will need to be swift in analysis, and at the same time capable of reflection and the long view. Such are the qualities which Walter Lippmann, Simeon Strunsky, Herbert Agar, and Walter Millis, to name but four, developed first in their editorials, then in their books.

Freest of all journalists are the foreign correspondents—men like Walter Duranty, Vincent Sheean, Bill Shirer, and Ernie Pyle, whose books grew out of their dispatches. Freedom, freedom to write as you please, is what every journalist is after, but you yourself are the only taskmaster who can get it.

Most beginners come to their writing obliquely and by way of a compromise. I know a young graduate of Antioch who means to write and who is now working as an attendant in a boys' reformatory.

tory. I remember Glanville Smith, who supported himself by carving headstones: when he had saved up enough he went traveling to the far islands which he wrote of in his descriptive essays. I think of James Still working modestly as a librarian for the Hindman Settlement School in Knott County in order to be close to the Kentucky mountains and the source material for his short stories. I remember Jesse Stuart, fresh out of school, telling his farmer father, "Some day I'm going to write like Burns." "That's all right," said the old man, who couldn't read or write, "but don't be late with your chores." I remember Robert Frost once telling me how three times in his life he had resisted the temptation to succeed — once as a farmer, once as a miller, and once as a superintendent of a country school — and how in each case he had turned down the advance in order to be free for his poetry.

Far up the Amazon

A Princeton graduate who came to his writing after newspaper work, and then four years on Broadway as a producer (*Men in White*), **James Ramsey Ullman** is a hardy traveler. At one time or another he has mountaineered in the Alps, the setting of his first novel, *The White Tower*, and he has crossed the Andes to the Amazon Basin, a journey through high forests and against almost impenetrable jungle which provides the setting of his new book, *River of the Sun* (Lippincott, \$3.50).

River of the Sun is an escape into lost horizons. The story begins in the sleepy little city of Manaus, once a rubber capital but now deserted, the end of the line for Mark Allison, a rangy Californian who had been one of the best Pan Am pilots and then the pilot of a heavy bomber in the war. Allison is now seeking to forget in rummy oblivion the loss of his wife and self-respect which humbled him after the war. But he is an incorrigible romantic. In his earlier days when he had been flying a silver Clipper his thoughts were drawn to a lost horizon, the River of the Sun, which with its fabulous gold or oil the Indians said was to be found at the headwaters of the Amazon. At the war's end Allison himself had tried to find it in a small plane, and in the crash of that expedition his wife Joan had been killed; now when McHugh, a persuasive representative of the Southern Cross Corporation of New York, invites him to join a new party of engineers, technicians, and assorted ologists, on a well-supplied expedition, the dormant adventurer in him is aroused.

Their plans are made at the beginning of the dry season, and with the river running high McHugh decides to go upstream at once, with the main party to follow. He takes with him enough natives to establish the forward base, and these principals: Allison; Mordecai Cobb, an old jungle comber who runs the launch; Touro, an American Negro (real name Jackson) who is wanted for mur-

der; Frei Ambrosio, a Brazilian priest; and Christine Barna, an attractive married woman of just the right age who has come down from New York in search of her husband, a famous scientist now missing for two years in the interior of Brazil. Cobb, the veteran of the jungle, and Allison are the navigators of this oddly assorted outfit.

Like all quests for El Dorado this is at its best in the early stages when the sights and sounds are most impressionable and before the pium flies and mosquitoes, the blazing sun, the cachaca (white rum), and malarial fever have worn down the individuals. At the outset greed is the leading motive, the search for oil which dominates the thinking of McHugh and Cobb and the caboclos. But this is not true of Allison or of Touro, to whom the jungle means escape; and Dr. Barna when they find him, the lean, ascetic scientist with his shock of red hair who has become a white god to the tribe of Tupari — he is the most determined escapist of them all. As the expedition deteriorates, it is this struggle between the romantics on one side and the oil seekers on the other which breaks into open violence. Christine Barna, with whom Mark has fallen in love, is the attending angel. She ministers to all as they fall by the wayside, and will evidently be the prize for the one who survives.

The scenic effects, the descriptions of the rivers and the jungle, are remarkably good; so too the friction between the men as heat and frustration rub them raw. But in matters of smell, taste, and suffering, the prose is not as graphic as I think it might be, and the mystery man in the story, Dr. Barna, is as much a mystery at the end as he was on discovery. I do not have the sense of participation which I had in reading *The Worst Journey in the World* by Cherry-Garrard.

Seeing and enjoying

No writer I know has a more contagious enjoyment of life than **John Mason Brown**. His first books grew out of his love of the theater. When he was an undergraduate those of us who were slightly his elder wondered whether John would find himself as actor, playwright, or critic. Actually when he emerged he was all three, and those one-man performances which he puts on on the lecture platform, standing there with his hand at the back of his head as if to press forward the outpouring of words, are a triple play. During the war his amphibious adventures broadened his scope, firmed up his style; and when he spoke to all hands on the *Augusta*, he also spoke to those at home with new force and deeper meaning. Then in 1945 he began his column, "Seeing Things," in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, his appraisal of books, notables, the theater, and his children — a delightful farrago.

Still Seeing Things (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75) is the third collection of such papers and I value it for the essential and springlike quality of its en-

thusiasm. This is a book of many likes and a few dislikes. I do not mean for a minute that it is uncritical. When Mr. Brown presents his minority or, as he calls it, his "dry-eyed report" on *Lost in the Stars*, or points out some overlooked differences between Chekhov's Russians and our Southerners to explain why *The Cherry Orchard* cannot be translated; when he directs his anger against the stupid and recent banning of books and plays, his thrusts are pertinent and deflating of sentimentality. But I think his essays in appraisal find him at his best. His three papers on Charles Lamb, his tribute to President Conant, his admiration for Robert Sherwood, his joy in Helen Hokinson and in her caption writer James Reid Parker, are a shrewd, happy blend of discernment, wit, and liking. His phrases have a delightful sparkle, as when he says of the Hokinson girls, "they present milliners with dilemmas and girdles with problems"; or "they were too busy babying themselves to mother anyone else"; or that they attempt "to become sylphs again by submitting themselves to the costly Spartanism of Elizabeth Arden." But that this writing does not flow as easily as it reads, the author makes clear in his concluding paper, entitled "Pleasant Agony," in which the drudgery of meeting a dateline is painfully and honestly exposed.

Both sides of Beacon Hill

As a New Englander by marriage and adoption, **Frances Parkinson Keyes** knows that Boston is a city of four villages: the Boston Brahmin, the Irish, the Italian, and a special community of talented transients. Tolerance is the underlying theme of her big new novel, *Joy Street* (Messner, \$3.00), and it is skillfully embodied in her heroine, Emily Field, the daughter of Brahmins, who bucks the opposition of all her clan except her grandmother, old Mrs. Forbes, a proper Bostonian *grande dame*, to marry a young liberal lawyer too impecunious for the family taste. Through Roger she comes to know Brian, his sharp, tough Irish partner; Pellegrino, the sweet and sensitive Italian; and David, the smart and at times fascinating Jew. David is the great lover and Emily does not like to admit to herself how deeply she is taken with him. But after Roger's death in 1943, it is too late, for by then David is engaged to her niece, and of necessity Emily's tolerance leads her elsewhere.

The book is full of detail, as accurate as it is vivid. Mrs. Keyes has five very lively senses — you drool over her dinners and goggle at her rooms. She is wonderfully industrious in her observation and she writes with a temperate common sense and a coziness which gives her story a day-to-day vitality. Finally, the problems which she chooses to discuss are authentic though never too explosive — which is probably just as well in this era of increasing problems.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

The Sweep of Events

LIFE'S PICTURE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II. (Simon & Schuster, \$10.00.) Here is all the horror and havoc and high drama of a global war, fixed with incomparable vividness by the camera's eye. Text by Dos Passos, Robert Sherrod, and others.

THE CAUTIOUS REVOLUTION by *Ernest Watkins.* (Farrar, Straus, \$5.00.) A detailed, expertly informed, and notably dispassionate appraisal of the achievements and failures of the British Labor Government. By a staff member of the London *Economist*.

PEKING DIARY by *Derk Bodde.* (Schuman, \$3.75.) An American university professor who knows China well has turned in a thoughtful account of eighteen months spent in Communist Peking.

FIFTY FABULOUS YEARS by *H. V. Kaltenborn.* (Putnam's, \$3.50.) The dean of radio pundits interweaves history and autobiography in this chronicle of his Wisconsin boyhood, Midwestern newspaper days, and world-wide reporting.

The Essence of Genius

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE selected by *F. O. Matthiessen.* (Oxford University Press, \$5.00.) Some readers will regret the inclusion of so many long poems, some will balk at the numerous omissions. Even so, this is probably the best comprehensive collection of American verse available.

NOBLE ESSENCES by *Sir Osbert Sitwell.* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50.) Ten portraits of artists and writers, spangled with anecdote and executed with consummate skill. The concluding volume of a great autobiography.

IMPRESSIONISTS AND SYMBOLISTS by *Lionello Venturi.* (Scribner's, \$5.00.) One of the world's outstanding authorities on painting discusses with loving care the work of ten modern masters, from Manet to Toulouse-Lautrec. 217 reproductions.

THE MAUGHAM READER. (Doubleday, \$5.00.) Two novels in full (*The Painted Veil* and *Christmas Holiday*); two plays; fourteen stories; the essay on El Greco; and Maugham's memorable autobiography, *The Summing Up*.

GOETHE THE THINKER by *Karl Vietor.* (Harvard University Press, \$4.00.) A compact study of Goethe's thought, which covers almost every sphere of life and human knowledge.

Living Dangerously

POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY by *Vladimir Peniakoff.* (Crowell, \$3.75.) The amazing adventures of a brave man. For three years this amateur soldier led Commando excursions behind the enemy lines in North Africa and Italy. He enjoyed it.

THE GREAT ESCAPE by *Lt. Paul Brickhill.* (Norton, \$3.00.) How seventy-six closely guarded American and British officers tunneled their way to freedom from a German prison camp.

OPERATION CICERO by *L. C. Moyzisch.* (Coward-McCann, \$2.75.) "Astonishing" is a puny epithet for this true story of espionage in Ankara. In 1944 the British Ambassador's valet sold Germany the Allies' top secrets — and the Nazis never acted on them!

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



1950 is assured of at least a mite of fame in the literary textbooks. It will be remembered as the year in which Faulkner was awarded the Nobel Prize; Hemingway made a bid to be "champ" of the new decade; and the first installment of James Boswell's great autobiography was offered to the general public.

The output of good reading matter in the past twelvemonth was, in my guess, roughly the same as in the best years of the (lean) forties. A strikingly high percentage of the year's better fiction came to us from abroad — a keen-eyed statistician of the *New York Times* noted that, of forty-one leading novels on the fall lists, thirty-one (or 75.6 per cent) were by foreign authors. Still, a year which produced *The Wall* and *World Enough and Time* was not a discredit to American fiction, and U.S. writing showed remarkable vitality and class in the field of the short story. In spite of the customers' notorious coolness to this brand of literary goods, some twenty volumes of short stories were published in the latter part of 1950, among them fine collections by Faulkner, Conrad Aiken, William Carlos Williams, Irwin Shaw, Mary McCarthy, and Paul Bowles.

In the nonfiction department, there were several breath-taking accounts of high adventure in war and peace: *The Wooden Horse*, *Ill Met by Moonlight*, *Kon-Tiki*, and others. The foreign correspondents, meanwhile, have shown no sign of recapturing the initiative on the literary battlefield from the statesmen, generals, and admirals: the men who have had a hand in making current history seem to have taken warmly to the idea of writing it, too. In history proper, biography, and belles-lettres, we have had a fairly generous allotment of distinguished items — *The Peabody Sisters of Salem*; *John Adams and the American Revolution*; Jacques Barzun's scholarly and stylish *Berlioz and the Romantic Century*; Maurois's *Proust*; Newton Arvin's *Herman Melville*; Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Noble Essences*; and Marchette Chute's refreshingly down to earth *Shakespeare of London*, to make just a fragmentary listing.

On the best-seller list, as in the preceding few years, religious works were much in evidence; there also appeared to be no significant change in the voracious demand for costume romance liberally daubed with sex. The accent, in sum, was both on

sexiness and godliness, with diet and Dianetics making a vigorous contribution to the ring of the cash registers.

Mr. Boswell goes to town

"It would be impossible to invent a detective story so fantastic as the history of the Boswell papers," Christopher Morley says in his preface to *Boswell's London Journal, 1762-1763* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00). Mr. Morley has done that story up proud — the romantic saga of papers cached and forgotten in Scottish and Irish castles; letters sold by a junk peddler to a small shop in Boulogne; momentous discoveries in an ebony cabinet, a croquet box, a barn; and heroic effort on the part of a devoted collector, Lieut. Colonel Ralph Isham. Boswell's text has been edited by Professor Frederick A. Pottle, who has served the reader splendidly in his introduction and notes. And the publishers have contributed an attractive job of bookmaking.

This overture to Boswell's private papers, which promise to run to forty-five volumes, is the diary of a warm-blooded young man setting out to make a splash in the world. Even at twenty-two Boswell was a very great diarist; and precisely because he has discharged his task with such magnificent candor, one finds him, at times, impudently vain and pushing, tiresome about his ambitions, snobbish, naïve, smug, and vulgar in his lechery. More often than not, though, he offers us a fascinating spectacle; and to the unsqueamish reader, Boswell's shamelessness can be very diverting.

Boswell journeyed south from Edinburgh in November, 1762, with the idea of obtaining a commission in the Guards, a position which would keep him safely in London and help him to cut a "genteel" figure in Society. Eventually he recognized defeat, and at the close of this volume he is leaving for Utrecht to study law.

Meanwhile for nine months Boswell savored to the full the "felicity" of London. He frequented great houses. He collaborated on a pamphlet and enjoyed for the first time the sight of his name in print. He became acquainted with Goldsmith and Garrick, and (in the last three months) won the friendship of the great Dr. Johnson. He flirted with ladies of fashion. He indulged in "the female sport" with prostitutes, grubbily and copiously. He conducted an exciting — and, he congratulated himself, "safe" — affair with a Covent Garden actress, which, ironically, gave rise to distressing symptoms already familiar to him. This "intrigue" with the fair Louisa is a superbly told story, all the more piquant for our knowledge that Boswell, who did not write up his diary daily, was lyrically recording the period of rapture just after the affair had reached its farcically disastrous ending.

One of the *Journal's* many delights is Boswell's meticulous inclusion of the "little details" that give precision and concreteness to the picture of a

Let us teach you TO WRITE

WAITER SELLS NOVEL

A Magazine Institute Student who is working as a waiter recently signed a contract for his first novel, with an advance of over \$1000 — after completing only half the assignments of the course.

PATIENT WINS PRIZE

A recent convalescent, after completing the Magazine Institute Course, won a \$100 prize for a magazine article.

HOUSEWIFE GETS \$300 CHECK

A Virginia housewife, after working a few months, in spare time, with The Magazine Institute, sold her first story to a woman's magazine for \$300.

(All experiences taken from MI files)

The Magazine Institute, a private school owned, operated, and staffed by successful writers and editors, offers *you* a chance to learn to write by *writing*—under the personal direction of an established writer. You receive regular assignments (as on a magazine or newspaper) designed to get you started and keep you writing. All your work is returned with detailed and authoritative criticism. You *see* just what needs to be done to improve your writing and develop professional skill. You get a chance to try fiction, non-fiction, or newspaper work, whatever seems best suited to your natural ability. Before long you are preparing, under our direction, in your own home, short stories, sketches, articles, features.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY

The free catalog, offering a detailed description of the Magazine Institute plan of modern help to writers, telling about opportunities for writers, and identifying the writers and editors who serve as instructors, will be sent on request. Inquirers will also receive "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates. Fill in the coupon below and mail it today.

VETERANS:
THIS
COURSE
APPROVED
FOR
VETERANS'
TRAINING

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.
Dept. 11C, 50 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send free catalog, without obligation to:

NAME-----

ADDRESS-----

(Inquiries confidential — No salesman will call)

☐ Check here if eligible under G. I. Bill

man's daily life and his period. Boswell tells us, for instance, that he wore "a plain suit of pink color, with a gold button"; he tells us exactly how he budgeted his expenditure, allowing himself a hair powdering and complete change of linen daily but a meager shilling for dinner. He shows us Boswell at the theater, brawling over the mob's insults to two fellow Scotsmen; Boswell defending his dignity in a witty exchange of notes with Lord Eglinton; Boswell in church, astonished that a man with his "sincere feelings of religion" should find himself, in the midst of divine service, "laying plans for having women"; Boswell solemnly enjoining Boswell, "Keep plan in mind and be earnest."

There was in Boswell's make-up a pronounced streak of instability. At times he is quite enchanted with himself — "I think there is a blossom about me of something more distinguished than the generality of mankind" — and enchanted with his writing: "Words come skipping to me like lambs upon Moffat Hill. . . . There's fancy! There's simile! I am at present a genius." But periodically he is assailed by "the Demon of Despondency," and he thinks of "going to Spain and living there as a silent, morose Don."

To a generation which has absorbed, unconsciously or otherwise, at least part of the ideas of Freud, Boswell does not appear to have had any deep psychological insight into himself. His genius as a diarist is that of an incomparable *recorder*, whose artistry gives bustling life to the chronicle of his thoughts, his feelings, and his sensations; who shapes anecdotes, meetings, and adventures into tiny works of art.

Portrait of a prophet

It is only four years since H. G. Wells died, but I suspect that (with the exception of *The Outline of History*) he is not much read today. During the past decade, though it has seen prophecies he made thirty or forty years ago come true — mass aerial bombardments, the swift sinking of battleships, atomic explosions — Wells's popularity has suffered the decline that inevitably overtakes the writer whose work is closely bound up with the issues of his day; who uses fiction primarily to project sociological ideas. His literary career, though, certainly remains an arresting phenomenon: he himself has justly summed up its significance in the

phrase, "The trace of the flow of thought during the past half-century." The first posthumous book-length appraisal of Wells's life and work, *H. G. Wells: Prophet of Our Day* (John Day, \$4.00), now comes to us from **Antonina Vallentin** (translated from the French by Daphne Woodward).

Mme. Vallentin — the author of biographies of Leonardo, Mirabeau, and Goya — has turned in a disappointing job which, though she knew Wells, gives the appearance of being almost entirely based on his published writings and facts already in the public domain. Admittedly the author has been handicapped by the need for discretion — Wells was notorious for his many mistresses, and Mme. Vallentin has had to camouflage and tread lightly where living persons are concerned. Her whole approach, however, is uncritical and unimaginative. She makes no serious attempt to evaluate Wells's work and discard the chaff; she summarizes book after book, with crashingly dull results. Pretty much the same applies to her breathless exposition of Wells's ideas, some of which (his police-state Utopia) look cranky at best, some of which retain an impressively keen edge.

As for the man himself — the pudgy little Don Juan with the high-pitched voice and the cockney accent; the ardent Socialist who couldn't stand Karl Marx; the self-styled "scientific-aristocrat" who proudly said he was "no gentleman"; the (in William James's sense) "tender-minded" meliorist who invented those wildly satiric fantasies — his complex and eccentric personality remains just beyond his biographer's reach. Mme. Vallentin's is a painstaking and sympathetic but somewhat fuzzy portrait, which betrays her bafflement in such remarks as, "There was nothing morbid about him, but he was a prey to fears."

The interest of this biography — and, flaws notwithstanding, it is considerable — is that its subject was such an extraordinarily interesting figure. The first third of the book, which is "straight" narrative, is thoroughly absorbing: Wells's poverty-haunted childhood (he was the son of a gardener and a housemaid); his apprenticeship to a draper; the amazing battle he heroically fought and won to obtain a higher education; his break-through as a writer; his two marriages; and his humorous embar-

rassments as money and celebrity took him into polished social circles — at his first literary reception he heaped his plate with caviar as though it were mashed potatoes.

The immense knowledge that Wells mastered was a miracle of self-education, and there is something very affecting about his lifelong crusade to educate his fellow man. He was the last great exponent of the nineteenth century's optimistic rationalism, with its faith in the perfectibility of human life through science and the spread of enlightenment. In Wells, this faith was tempered by the realization that science would wreak appalling havoc if man didn't get enlightened in a hurry. In his very last years, he bitterly concluded that it was the twenty-fifth hour: "Homo sapiens," he wrote, "in his present form is played out."

Espionage in Ankara

Operation Cicero (Coward-McCann, \$2.75) is the true story of the most spectacular and ironic episode that has so far come to light in the cloak-and-dagger history of the Second World War. Between October, 1943, and April, 1944, the valet of his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to Ankara skillfully photographed and sold to the Germans a raft of top-secret Allied documents, among them detailed reports of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran Conferences and material bearing on the coming invasion of Normandy.

The prodigious irony is that the enemy never profited by this stunningly successful piece of espionage. For a variety of reasons — the fierce rivalry between Ribbentrop's and Kaltenbrunner's Intelligence Services; fear of a British "plant" (despite conclusive proof the dope was authentic); refusal to face up to the harsh truth about Allied power; and, in the last resort, crass confusion and stupidity — the Nazis never put their rich haul of crucial information to strategic use. The second ironic twist to this weird tale of intrigue within intrigue is that the 300,000 pounds sterling which Berlin paid the valet — his code name was Cicero — were, for the most part, counterfeit.

The author of *Operation Cicero*, **L. C. Moyzisch**, is a former attaché in the German Embassy (headed by Von Papen) in Ankara, the man who dealt directly with Cicero. The valet — his real name was never discovered — was an elderly Albanian who hated

the British, so he said, because an Englishman had killed his father in a hunting accident. Moyzisch, more's the pity, never managed to learn much about him. Just about the only human details he gives us are that one evening, in a relaxed off-moment, Cicero sang some arias from *I Pagliacci*, and that shortly before his timely downfall he had ordered a large supply of the fanciest silk shirts available in Ankara. How he managed to photograph the Ambassador's most important papers in the face of stringent security measures remains an absolutely baffling — and tantalizing — mystery. The Ambassador soon suspected a leak, and sent a highly confidential warning to London; thirty hours later, Moyzisch was reading, "Von Papen knows more than is good for him." While I have no idea of the standard of talent prevailing in the cloak-and-dagger business, I would hazard the guess that Cicero belongs among the geniuses.

Moyzisch is annoyingly vague on a number of matters which he could certainly have clarified by greater thoroughness, but for all its gaps *Operation Cicero* remains a top-drawer spy story. One piece of information which heightens the drama has been revealed since the book's publication. Cicero's extracurricular activities with a Leica became known to the British not, as Moyzisch suspects, through the hysterical blonde who was working for him, singularly ineffectively, as a second-string secretary and who vanished mysteriously just before Operation Cicero blew up. The tip-off reached the British from a secret agent who was working, singularly effectively, for the OSS — not in Ankara but right in the German Foreign Office.

Old England, New England

It is a relief, these days, to come upon an historical novel not designed to titillate the reader with gaudy fantasies — phonily flamboyant amours and impossible deeds of derring-do. **Shirley Barker's *Rivers Parting*** (Crown, \$3.00), a Literary Guild selection, though not exactly notable for its literary merit, is notable for its freedom from synthetic lustiness and gustiness, and for its sensible characterizations. Admittedly, the ghost of one of Robin Hood's merry men puts in an appearance which, though fortunate for the hero, proved disconcerting to this reader; and a *deus ex machina* gives the tale a Polly-

*Three HARPER books
of lasting value*

DISTURBER OF THE PEACE

**THE LIFE AND RIOTOUS TIMES
OF H. L. MENCKEN**

by William Manchester

"This is no ordinary biography: it has the color, vigor, and humor that characterize Mr. Mencken's conversation and writing . . . It will delight the large audience that Mr. Mencken has always commanded." — HUNTINGTON CAIRNS, *Secretary of the National Gallery of Art.*

Illustrated. \$3.75

PERSPECTIVES ON A TROUBLED DECADE

**SCIENCE,
PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
1939-1949**

*Edited by Lyman Bryson
Louis Finkelstein and
R. M. MacIver*

An intellectual and spiritual history of the past decade, as written by ninety-five of the distinguished men and women who made it—John LaFarge, Margaret Mead, Gardner Murphy, Harry A. Overstreet, and others.

\$5.50

ESSAYS IN TEACHING

*Edited by Harold Taylor
President, Sarah Lawrence College*

"An eloquent statement on the meaning of college education." —*Nathaniel Cantor*, University of Buffalo. Twelve distinguished members of the faculty of Sarah Lawrence here interpret that college's challenging educational philosophy.

\$3.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

49 E. 33rd., New York 16

Can you
distinguish between

ARCHAIC
RARE
OBSOLETE
and OLD

?

WHY is it that some people can say exactly what they mean—and mean exactly what they say? It is because they are fully aware of the expressional richness available to them in words. Now you, too, can enrich your vocabulary through this new book that shows 12,000 English words at work in practical "live-model" usage, shows the origin of each; its evolution; and word family gossip. Fascinating to read, it shows the average speaker and writer how to get all there is out of a word and its near-synonyms.

THE OPDYCKE LEXICON of Word Selection

by JOHN BAKER OPDYCKE

author of *Get it Right!* and
Say What You Mean and 25 other books
Over 400 pages • \$5 at bookstores

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.
153 East 24th St., New York

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices—postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, mentioned or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*).

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

A LITERARY PROBLEM?

Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS."

DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY
419 Fourth Avenue, Dept. AM, New York 16

Ella Gunning

by MARY DEASY

The passionate story of a remarkable woman who had to learn how to live with a great talent and with the man she loved. *At all bookstores, \$3.00.*

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON

anna ending. But in the main, Miss Barker's fictional world bears conspicuously more resemblance to reality than is customary in the historical romance.

Rivers Parting is a novel of the settling of New Hampshire during the middle seventeenth century. John Scarlock of Nottingham, England, had been happy on his farm, Old Thorny, until he heard a sea captain talk of the undeveloped riches lying in wait for an adventurous young man in the New Hampshire "plantations." After a struggle with his patriotism, Scarlock crosses the Atlantic and soon afterward he marries. The Scarlocks prosper as farmers and raise a family. But John does not quite forget his ties with England: just before his death he asks his son, Will, to return to Old Thorny and see how it has weathered the past thirty-five years.

In England—it is the period of the Plague and the Great Fire of London—Will marries a barmaid; a gay, affectionate girl, and really a very decent one, though she is, regrettably, a bigamist. Will, of course, does not know this; nor does his American sweetheart, Nan, who follows him to England. Like so many American girls of a more recent generation, Nan is understandably chagrined that her man should have so readily succumbed to foreign love. The story now moves back to New Hampshire, and here, eventually, Miss Barker tidies up the situation to the satisfaction of all her characters, with the exception of the dour Puritan preacher who wished to make Nan his wife and instead was left in England to wage war on sin.

Rivers Parting is written with greater finesse than a bare outline of the plot is likely to suggest. Miss Barker has put some genuine feeling into her quiet, workmanlike chronicle of two generations of pioneer settlers and their conflicting loyalties—of an English family turning into Americans.

Potpourri

THE AGE OF FAITH by Will Durant.
Simon & Schuster, \$7.50.

The massive fourth volume of Mr. Durant's ambitious "story of civilization" is "A History of Medieval Civilization—Christian, Islamic, and Judaic—from Constantine to Dante: A.D. 325–1300." The author covers a stunning amount of ground with stunning inclusiveness, and that, inevitably, involves

simplifications and snap judgments. But as a history for the general reader, this is certainly a top-notch job—vividly written, learned, and full of sense and spirit. Without being a cynic or a hard-bitten materialist, Mr. Durant is free from "the bump of reverence," which has lately caused some idealization of the Age of Faith. He writes about its spiritual ideas with admiration and about its art with enthusiasm, but he keeps in proper perspective "the superstition, the squalor, the petty wars and monstrous crimes."

THE TRAITOR by William L. Shirer. Farrar, Straus, \$3.00.

The traitor of Mr. Shirer's first novel is clearly patterned after an American journalist, now in jail for life, whose short-wave broadcasts from Berlin it was my painful duty to listen to daily during the first year of the war. With the Nazi era in Germany as background, Shirer sets out to explain what makes Oliver Knight turn traitor. As far as psychology is concerned, I found Mr. Shirer's diagnosis persuasive, but his story and characters never quite achieve a fictional life of their own. The fact that Shirer is writing about what actually happened heightens the impact of the novel; the novel does not heighten the impact of what actually happened. Skillful reportage, though, makes *The Traitor* an extremely readable fictionalization of recent history.

FRITZ KREISLER by Louis Lochner.
Macmillan, \$5.00.

This first biography of the great violinist traces his career from the age of three, when he could read scores before his ABC, to his seventy-fifth birthday. Mr. Lochner has known Kreisler intimately for years. He gives us a vivid picture of the man (in which Kreisler often speaks for himself) as he tells the story of his marriage to a singularly spirited woman; his experiences as a soldier in the First World War; his famous "hoax" on the critics; his many hobbies; his freedom from "artistic" eccentricities. There is a chapter on Kreisler's recordings.

MOULIN ROUGE by Pierre La Mure.
Random House, \$3.50.

This novel based on the life of Count Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec is a classic example of the liabilities of biographical fiction. Lautrec—with his dwarf-like legs, his genius, his passion for Montmartre and status of lion in the most brilliant Parisian society, his alcoholism and his madness—is a fascinating subject. M. La Mure's invention of a problem (that no woman could love Lautrec) contradicted by established facts, and his tampering with Lautrec's love life, are a falsification which simply makes the fiction less arresting than the truth. Unfortunately too, the author has told his story in what might be termed the *oh, la-lal* school of prose.

ACCENT ON LIVING



MORE notes on television:— This new home entertainment form continues to expand, and it is now possible to discern the main trend of its program content. TV's search for talent has ranged throughout the world, and as reports from its various field expeditions begin to trickle in we gain some idea of whither TV will be taking us. At present our destination seems much like the Egyptian Room of a well-stocked museum, with overtones of Madame Tussaud's, Chichen-Itzá, and the days when one fished for DX reception via the headphones of a trusty Neutrodyne. The purpose of television, we find, is to re-create the personalities and indeed the way of life of earlier cultures.

It was only last year, for instance, that one of the first major "digs" of TV's archaeologists yielded up talent from a primitive Broadway species long believed extinct. Of Musical Comedy Man, as members of this family are called, only three complete specimens are known to exist; superstitious New Yorkers had long believed the Broadway area haunted, and the TV scouts could find no natives in show business willing to disturb the overlay of the years. From an entertainment point of view, the place seemed accursed.

THIS MONTH

What first attracted the TV diggers was a pair of fossilized theater stubs with which a child actor was playing. On examination, these proved to have come from *The Passing Show of 1916*. Their identification rocked TV to its foundations, but it was necessary to proceed with the greatest secrecy. The child actor, who had no idea of the value of his find, was spirited away to Hollywood, and digging was begun on 50th Street where the stubs had first been picked up.

For a time the excavations disclosed nothing but old radio scripts, sound effects devices, and the basic jokebooks used by Radio Man, *On a Slow Train Through Arkansas* and *Through Missouri on a Mule*.^{*} Then suddenly, after sinking a vertical shaft straight through 160 feet of these deposits, the expedition turned

^{*} Commonly ascribed to one Thos. W. Jackson, authorship of these jokes has been traced by Hooton back to Elizabethan Man.

up its first real clue: a small wooden mallet bearing the inscription "Midnight Frolic." This was identified as a favor supplied to patrons of the New Amsterdam Roof, on 42nd Street, for purposes of beating on the tables by way of applause, and its presence near the so-called Winter Garden dig is still mystifying to scientists.

But the mallet plainly indicated the existence of Pre-Radio Man, and soon the excavators were uncovering a whole system of cabaret activities which proved this to be the fact. Long before the first microphone, it was learned, singers and comedians had been employed in such places as Shanley's, Churchill's, Murray's, and Reisenweber's. A complete hat-checking unit, with decoy dimes still affixed to the plate, was disclosed not far below the mallet, the small size of the gratuity showing a culture much more ancient than anything suggested by the common twenty-five and fifty-cent survivals of the Radio Age.

These signs were more than enough to convince the TV diggers that something big lay near at hand. They were right. Amid a shower of loose gravel and fragments of runway, the work party broke through into a the-

atrical dressing room. Here, in a remarkable state of preservation and fully equipped with the artifacts of the period — the funny hats, baggy pants, squirting seltzer siphon, corn-on-cob machine, and other props now familiar to every TV customer — the expedition came upon Musical Comedy Man himself — Ed Wynn.

It was an awesome moment. Television had rediscovered the Past.

News of the great find at the Winter Garden diggings naturally caused a mad scramble for other Pre-Radio talent. Survivors of Gus Edwards' School Days, Dockstader's Minstrels, the Ben Greet Players, and Early Chautauqua are in heavy demand for television. Plans are afoot to remake *The Great Train Robbery* for TV, with the original cast. A lively curb market is springing up on the West Coast

in rights to films starring John Bunny, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Al St. John, Bessie Barriscale, Hank Mann, and Mary Miles Minter.

The rest is history. How Allen and Cantor — missing throughout the latter half of the Radio Age — were hunted out for television shortly after the Wynn strike is too well known to bear relating here.

By constant repetition, TV believes, and with any luck at all, these ancient examples of Musical Comedy Man can attain once again the acclaim they enjoyed in the Neo-Gaslight Period. The fact that television can do anything that the movies and radio could do, and then some, is beside the point. It can show you the Harlem Globetrotters, the winning putt in the National Open, or the eruption of Mauna Loa. It can take

you to Lake Success and it can convey by the lift of an eyebrow or the twitch of a cheek muscle the nuances of a comedy situation with an intimacy never before possible in the theater.

Under these circumstances, we can only marvel at the steadfastness of TV's quest down Memory Lane. It was no small feat to lure from their honorable state of retirement the three great personages of bygone comedy days and to build hour-long shows around them. The public tends to believe that such results come largely from brilliant impulse, some stroke of genius on the part of the producers and sponsors. Not at all. There is nothing inspirational in projects of this kind. Only through incredibly dull and tiresome plodding are such results achieved.

CHARLES W. MORTON

UNE PETITE PIQÛRE

by **RAOUL SIMPKINS**

This is the latest adventure of our pseudonymous correspondent in France whose reports are a frequent feature of these pages.

THE pain in my ear was intense; indeed it had reached a point at which I was unable to work. A French newspaperman gave me the doctor's address. "A man of impeccable technique," he assured me.

The doctor turned out to be a pleasant, graying chap. "An English patient," he observed with easy punctilio as he rose to greet me in his inner sanctum. "What a pleasure. We of the Resistance —"

"Doctor," I broke in, grimacing, "this ear —"

"— have myself seen the Gestapo drag a man out from the house next door to this. I have stood at this very window and watched the executioners' rifles raised —"

"— prevents my sleeping. There is the most violent throbbing —"

"— the Oberleutnant turned away, abashed. 'I am forced to salute France,' he said. Next moment we heard the fraternal roar of RAF propellers. All eyes were turned skywards and there —"

"— worse, oh, far worse, than toothache. It resembles a gimlet —"

"But, come now," interrupted the doctor, with genial insistence,

"enough of idle gossip, enjoyable though it be. Let us now permit ourselves a glimpse of this stupefying ear of yours."

There was a swift and grateful surrender to the impeccable technique. The doctor introduced something that resembled a stunted stethoscope into my ear and switched on



a light. "*Tiens!*" he observed with gratification, and — a few moments later — "*Tiens!*"

He slipped the contraption out again, folded it, and sat regarding me with gentle chuckling reproof, every inch the indulgent father who has caught out his son in some inconsequential peccadillo.

"So," he remarked, "Monsieur finds himself tormented by a pimple."

The pain, temporarily in abeyance while the examination was in progress, came roaring back inexorably. I

clasped the side of my head and said as evenly as possible, "Doctor, for the pimple — what treatment?"

"Highly interesting, the impact of so tiny an excrescence," said the doctor, with an evenness outmatching mine. "Were it but possible for you to see inside your own middle ear, you would find it highly *rigolo* that so minute an outcropping — a veritable pin point, Monsieur, I can assure you — could cause you even a moment's inconvenience."

"But for this pin point, Doctor," I pursued, with what I can only suppose was a ghastly smile, "what would you suggest?"

"Ah, that!" He was all reassurance. "Twenty years ago — ten even — you would undoubtedly have faced a tedious period of combat. Today, thanks to your own splendid Sir Fleming, the answer lies at hand. *Vive penicillin! Une petite piquûre . . .*"

I had my coat off and was rolling up my shirt sleeve when he gently stopped me. "Not so fast, Monsieur. It does not lie in my province to administer *la petite piquûre* in person, much as I should appreciate the privilege for one of our British allies. I can only give you a prescription which, as you perceive, I am even now writing out. Just take it to a *pharmacie* and all will be well. . . . A check? If that is really to your convenience, Monsieur. Although we

impecunious French, bedeviled as we are by anachronistic fiscal tyrants — Ah, thank you; cash is always perhaps the simpler solution.”

At the *pharmacie*, in the Paris suburb where I live, they studied the prescription, gave me a covert glance which seemed to indicate that in their



experience there was only one kind of indisposition requiring penicillin, and grudgingly handed over a box of the stuff.

Once again I had reached the shirt-sleeve stage, eager fingers fumbling at the cuff links, when I was stopped. “No, no, Monsieur; a *pharmacie* possesses no authority permitting the administration of *piqûres*. For that Monsieur must arrange to wait upon *Madame l’Infirmière*.”

Monsieur groaned (most genuinely), inquired the *infirmière*’s address, and set off, clutching his box of penicillin. Down one of those long, dusty French roads which seem to go on forever (villa after ugly villa guarded by high rococo walls and privet hedges tortured by demon gardeners into the most improbable topiary) I came at last on the *infirmière*’s hide-out.

There was a plate at the gate saying: “Madame Ulrique Destaing. Diploma of the University of Paris. Registered Nurse. Masseuse. Midwife.” Pain-maddened, I paid little attention to the strong white teeth of the police dog which sprang at me snarling as I made my way through the front yard. My steady gait and near-sleepwalker’s certainty — for by this time I had just got to have that *petite piqure*, and very soon too — must have thrown the beast out of stride, for it slunk away, evidently nonplused.

The front door stood open, revealing a narrow passage crammed with a perambulator, umbrella stands, discarded sweaters, empty wooden boxes, the top part of a rusty stove, a shovel, a deflated football, a bicycle, and a large pile of plums. I rang, and after

a seemingly pause *Madame l’Infirmière* appeared. She was formidably mustachioed and had on a garment which had long since eschewed any nonsense about pretending to be white. It was plucked in, arbitrarily enough, at the waist, but immediately above and below this unlooked-for restraint it flowed outwards, irresistibly rebellious.

“Monsieur desires?” she inquired, blank-eyed.

I held out the box and pointed, piteously enough, at my ear.

Totally disregarding the secondary gesture, she looked at the penicillin. “Aha!” she said. “In here, please.”

Feeling oddly furtive, I walked into what I took to be an *infirmière*’s equivalent of a doctor’s consulting room. It was small, dark, and exceedingly crowded. Right opposite me was a stuffed swan, beginning to go a little at the base of the neck. Next to it was a glass case containing World War I medals — a row of about six, the ribbon colors faded. Then there came an engraving, something like the Last Stand of the Spahis at Sedan (War of 1870), done in great detail and with all hands at their noblest. Next door was a massed battery of yellowing parchment diplomas, including, doubtless, the one from the University of Paris. There was a set of chessmen, elaborately carved — the knights on tiny horses — and so little meant for use that they were irretrievably under glass. There were various tables, all of them covered with objects, from dog-eared copies of *L’Illustration* to a child’s mackintosh, toys, a cucumber, some knitting, a piece of oilcloth (which looked as though it had strayed up from the floor), a tin of DDT, an empty bottle of Suze, a double-barreled gun, and a quantity of family photographs, their subjects posed to the last centimeter.

In one corner, shouldering aside the tables, stood an unpleasant-looking glass cabinet. It contained, I supposed, the main stock in trade of an *infirmière*: huge, blunt hypodermic syringes (looking, at a casual glance, like something discarded by a veterinarian as being too cruel on the horses); little piles of swabs and bandages; a spirit lamp; needles of all sorts; sutures on a wooden spool; one rubber glove, thumbless; various bottles and tubes of ointment; and a vast, evilly glittering pair of forceps. Barely discernible through the dust cloaking the outside of this case

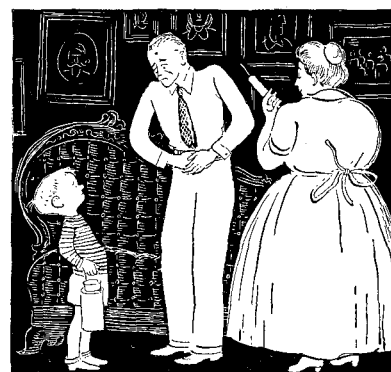
was a faint Red Cross, unaccountably askew.

Near it was the centerpiece, around which the whole cluttered, mangy room seemed instinctively to group itself: a sofa. In other surroundings, perhaps, this sofa might have escaped unnoticed. In the parlor of furnished rooms at the seaside, for example, one might conceivably have consumed tea and toast quite happily upon it. But in my particular circumstances its dark and dingy tapestry, its slightly knowing lurch, its general air of nameless experience, struck a chill into my heart as my gaze, flickering from the swan and the medals, came to rest — by way of the glass case — upon it.

But Madame was at my heels, massively efficient. “*Allons!*” she remarked briskly. “To the task.” She opened the glass cabinet, selected one of the swollen hypodermic syringes lying within, and extricated it. Next she half filled it with water from a nondescript vessel which I had assumed to be an unoccupied flower vase. Then, using the sort of plunging motion with which brawny section hands are wont to set off dynamite charges in quarrying operations, she tested it ceilingwards. A great jet of water duly shot across the threadbare carpet. “Admirable,” she muttered. “It works.”

She slapped open my box and began to draw its contents into the syringe. “Good,” she remarked casually over her shoulder. “And now if Monsieur will kindly lower his trousers.”

Pain or no pain, the ingrained coyness of the Anglo-Saxon abruptly asserted itself. The swan seemed, all of



a sudden, to be watching me with an ugly leer. I plucked feebly at my belt. The door opened and a child wandered in. He was, I suppose, some six years old and might indeed have been the owner of the mackintosh which draped one of the tables. I paused, belt in hand.

"Shall I fetch the milk now, *Maman*?" he inquired.

"Yes, my little one," responded *Maman*, still busy with her impedimenta. The little fellow, who I now perceived was carrying a tin can of the type in which the suburban French collect their milk, transferred his gaze to me.

"*Maman* has a client?" Clearly a rhetorical question.

"But yes. Monsieur is a client," replied his parent, indulgently enough. Madame turned to me, syringe at the ready. "Come now, Monsieur, all is alerted," she said. "Remove the trousers, if you please, and place yourself, prone, upon the sofa."

Yes, that was it. Like the executioner's block at the Tower of London, redolent of the blood of its victims through the ages — Lady Jane Grey, Essex — this evil old sofa possessed its own register of clients who had placed themselves upon it to await the blow.

There was just one more gesture before I inclined myself with what grace I could muster. It was not so much the spoken word as the mute glance; and the glance was directed at Madame's son, who still stood his ground, milk can in hand. Madame seemed to understand. Perhaps she had had earlier dealings with the ludicrous English, with their false modesty, their *pudeur*. "Oh, it's all right," she said, advancing on me. "He is used to it."

I sank, face downwards, on the sofa. Its evil old bosom received

me with the malignant vibration of a broken spring. Madame after all was quite deft. Indeed I have experienced far more unpleasant inoculations. While still face downwards, waiting for the process to be concluded and congratulating myself that the little pimple would soon be meeting its match, I thought I heard the clucking of a hen.

This wouldn't do. Clearly the pain and the tension had affected my nerves more than I had realized. The clucking was repeated.

"Kindly resume your normal attire," commanded Madame. With a kind of sheepish defiance I assumed a sitting position, dragging my trousers into place as I did so. A wave of relief overcame me as I now observed that there was indeed a hen — a large brown bird — in the room with us all. It was pecking, not without resentment, at the carpet.

"Well now, Henri, it is high time that you put yourself in train for the dairy," observed Madame. She replaced the hypodermic in the glass case with the kind of offhand yet affectionate care with which a squire might put his gun back in the gun-room racks after a good day with the pheasants. The child obediently left the room, milk can a-clank.

Again Madame followed my gaze, directed this time to the fowl. "Ah," she said as she counted the cash I had handed her. "Perhaps Monsieur would be interested in some new-laid eggs? My hen's product is well spoken of by all."

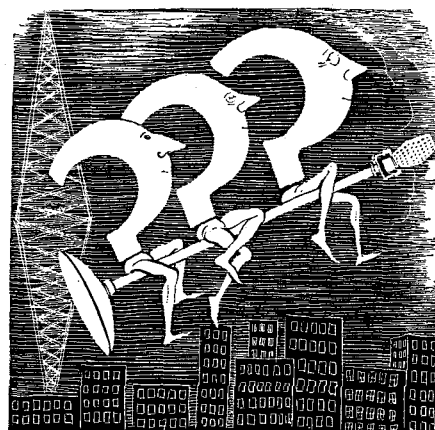


THE HAWKS

by LEONARD BACON

ONLY small beasts who dread the birds of prey
Look up. Strong creatures seldom scan the skies,
But the little watch the heavens. Otherwise
Some swift destruction will not long delay.
Falcon and duck hawk in the accustomed way
Still seek their meat. And therefore field-mouse eyes
Study the zenith with a wild surmise
Before the dash to the next cock of hay.

Men who feared hawk-winged gods found out the courses
Of the Pleiads and Arcturus. High in air
We hear the planes, uneasily aware
Of what may come because we did not balk
At letting loose inexorable forces.
No field mouse ever should invent a hawk.



IT'S SPONTANEOUS!

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

A Rhode Islander who was graduated from the University of Notre Dame in 1939, EDWIN O'CONNOR served in the Coast Guard during the war and now lives in Boston.

UNTIL a week ago, I had never paid much attention to the small radio station located about a mile from my home. It is a local station, unaffiliated with any of the large national networks, and, as such, is forced to rely upon its own talent and ingenuity for the production of entertainment. To judge from the few occasions on which I had heard the station, this resolved itself into the playing of limitless stretches of recorded popular music, invested at regular intervals with the esoteric patter of the disc jockey. I found it reliably tedious, with no promise of improvement.

Still, it is never wise to underestimate the resourcefulness of the underfinanced. Shortly after lunch, I had wandered into the living room, looking for a book, and found that someone had left the radio on. An unfamiliar voice — loud, masculine, plump with cheer — was speaking.

"... time for just one final question," it said. "It comes from Mr. E. L. Rogers of North Barber Road, who wants you to name *five* of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. Miss Corbeil, is that your hand?"

"The Pyramids of Egypt," a woman's voice said. It was a high-pitched voice, and had an odd inflection suggesting that its owner had at least some experience with a switchboard. "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, The Temple of Diana, and the Statue of Zeus."

"That's *four*," the first voice said encouragingly. "Now, one more:

have you anything to offer, Mr. Kimber?"

"I hope so," said a voice, which was remarkably bland and assured for one who could but hope. "I had in mind the Colossus of Rhodes. Am I too far wrong?"

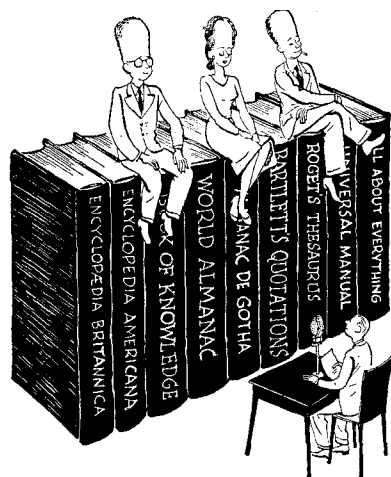
"Aha, not wrong at *all*, Mr. Kimber!" the first voice declared. "The Colossus of Rhodes is exactly right. That gives us our five, and just to fill you in, the other two were the Tomb of Mausolus and the Pharos of Alexandria."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Kimber, with some diffidence.

Hello, I thought, this is something new: the swift enumeration of ancient wonders on a radio quiz-show, traditional home of the idiot response. A kind of high-octane "Information Please"?

"And that just about winds up today's session of 'Meet the Experts,'" the first voice said. "The spontaneous, unrehearsed program in which you, the listeners, send in your questions to stump our board of experts. Now, until this same time tomorrow, this is Yours Truly Ben K. Morton, saying . . . goodbye and *good luck!*"

There was a brief silence, after which an announcer came in to deliver the identifying call letters. They were those of the local station! Somehow Zeus, Diana, and the Hanging Gardens had penetrated the fastnesses of Frankie Laine and the Duke. It was a bit bewildering, almost impossible to credit. And the experts: who were they? Faculty members from the neighboring university?



Certainly the program was worth a more sustained investigation.

The next afternoon I was in front of my radio as the program began. Yours Truly Ben K. Morton again

presided; he quickly explained the rules of "Meet the Experts." He said that the program was, of course, spontaneous and unrehearsed. He said that there were awards: two free tickets to a downtown motion picture house to any listener whose question was used on the program; an additional prize to any listener whose question should stump the experts. This prize, he said, was "a truly handsome five-pound gift assortment of world-famous Coronado chocolates!" He repeated that this award was given only if the question should stump the experts.

He then introduced the experts. There were three, and to my great surprise, all three were not professional savants, but were instead home-grown talent: they were regularly employed at the station in other capacities. They were Miss Elsie Corbeil, station receptionist; Mr. Murray Gillespie, of the station's sales department; Mr. Don Kimber, news analyst. Miss Corbeil and Mr. Kimber I had heard the day before; Mr. Gillespie was new. He was taciturn, and given to frequent coughing.

"So much for the preliminaries," Ben K. Morton said briskly. "And now let's get on with our questions, shall we, Miss Corbeil and gentlemen? We'll begin with one from Mrs. Arthur Kane of 1256 Ambuter Drive. . . ."

I was confident, at this point, that the standard of yesterday would not be maintained. It had all been an accident. Today, restored to normality, the questions would deal with titles of popular songs, famous Hollywood husbands and their wives.

"... has to do," said Ben K. Morton, "with the Royal Houses of England. I'll give you the names of several English monarchs; you're to tell me the name of the Royal House to which he or she belonged. For example, if I said George the *Sixth*, you'd say *Windsor*. Or at least I hope you would. . . ."

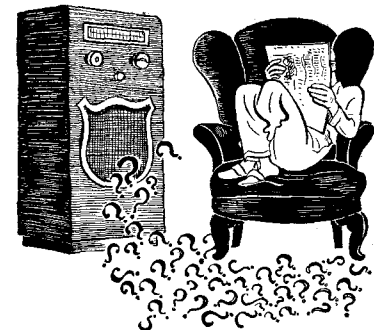
It seemed to me a reasonably tricky question for anyone to handle, let alone the local experts: the dark and distant recesses of English history were pitted with genealogical traps. I began to run through the list of English kings and their blood lines; I found, suddenly, that I had difficulty remembering the kings. There was, of course, Henry the Eighth. . . .

Telepathically, Ben K. Morton said, "Suppose we start off with an easy one: Henry the Eighth?"

"Tudor!" said Miss Corbeil and I, but it was no contest; the switchboard voice had beaten me with seconds to spare.

"That's a good start," said Ben K. Morton. "Now, what about another Henry: Henry the *Fifth*?"

Alone by the radio, I said loudly, "Plantagenet!" Calm correction came instantly. "I *believe*," said Mr.



Kimber, "that Henry the Fifth was Lancaster."

"Right as rain, Mr. Kimber! That's good work. Now let's move on to Edward — Edward the Seventh!"

I thought: Edward, Victoria, that long Germanic line . . . Hanover!

From the radio came a cough. "Saxe-Coburg," said Mr. Murray Gillespie of the sales department. "He was the only one."

"*That's* being on your toes!" Ben K. Morton congratulated. "That's smart work, Mr. Gillespie; it's easy to get fooled on that one because of Victoria. But you didn't fall into the trap, I'm happy to say. Saxe-Coburg is absolutely correct, and as you said by way of supplementary information, Edward the Seventh was the *only* English monarch to represent that house. Now we'll move to the distaff side of royalty, and take Queen Mary — Mary the First!"

"I *could* be wrong on this, Ben," said Mr. Kimber, "but I have an idea that was Tudor."

"An excellent idea, Mr. Kimber; one hundred per cent, in fact! Now then, keep your wits about you for this one: King Stephen!"

Stephen?

"Stephen," Miss Corbeil said primly, "was Blois."

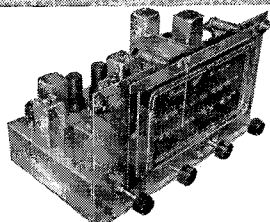
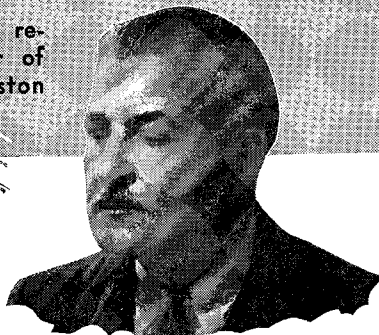
"Aha!" Ben K. Morton cried. "Our infallible Miss C! Yes, Stephen was indeed Blois!"

It occurred to me that the collective intelligence of the employees of the local station was at a somewhat singular level. Miss Corbeil, for instance, was surely the most encyclopedic receptionist of her generation.

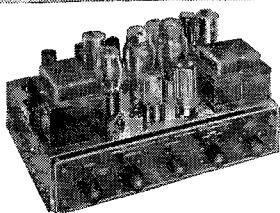
*There's no better guide to music
in your home than*

... Arthur Fiedler

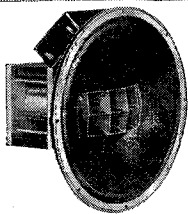
Distinguished RCA-Victor re-
cording artist and leader of
the world-renowned Boston
Pops Orchestra



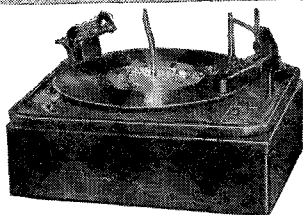
BROWNING FM-AM TUNER



H. H. SCOTT AMPLIFIER



STEPHENS 2-WAY SPEAKER



GARRARD RECORD-CHANGER

FREE BOOKLET! "Music In Your Home", a Radio Shack "Audio Comparator Publication", describes Garrard, Stephens, Browning, H. H. Scott and other components; tells how to select and assemble systems. Write for your copy today!

When Arthur Fiedler required a high-fidelity music reproduction system, he chose Boston's famous RADIO SHACK to build it for him. The system will permit him to continue assisting young talent with his valuable criticism of their recorded work — a freely donated and characteristically unpublicized service of many years' standing. The system is typical of those selected daily in the RADIO SHACK Audio-Comparator department by music lovers from all walks of life. Plan to visit the RADIO SHACK Audio-Comparator and choose your music system by our unique selection-by-comparison method. Out of state residents are invited to order by mail; the assistance of our technical staff is gladly given.

ONE OF OUR FINEST PHONO-FM-AM SYSTEMS (to which a tape recorder or TV tuner may be added at any time) is made up of the four units shown:

THE BROWNING FM-AM TUNER . . . also available without AM, attaches to any amplifier, is rated "tops" for sensitivity, selectivity, stability and quality of construction!

THE H. H. SCOTT AMPLIFIER . . . heart of the system, features record-scratch suppression, loudness control, frequency range control, unsurpassed concert-hall "presence"!

THE STEPHENS 2-WAY SPEAKER . . . with coaxially-mounted separate high and low reproducers, spans the entire range of hearing, leads the great "Trusonic" line.

THE GARRARD RECORD CHANGER . . . which automatically changes all sizes, makes and speeds of records, is acclaimed by musicians and audio experts as the world's #1 changer!

The **RADIO SHACK Corp.**

167 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

"On with our unrehearsed information-fest," Ben K. Morton called, "as we move into the James Department. It's James the Second!"

"Stuart." It was Miss Corbeil again, drugged with success.

"Well," said Ben K. Morton tentatively, and my heart leaped. "In a way, you're right, Miss Corbeil, but you're not *entirely* right, if you know what I mean. I'm looking for just a bit more information on that one . . . Mr. Gillespie?"

There was the cough that heralded the participation of the expert from the sales force. "House of Stuart *Restored*," he said hoarsely. "They went out and came back."

"On the button, Mr. Gillespie!" Ben K. Morton cried cheerily. "*Restored*: that's the word I was looking for!"

The nasty cloud of suspicion, which had begun to form some moments before, grew larger.

" . . . while you were absolutely right as far as you went, Miss Corbeil," Ben K. Morton said soothingly, "we needed that *Restored*. And now, for the final part of the question, we're back once again to Henry — only this time it's Henry the *First*!"

It was left to Mr. Kimber, in the full serenity of his wisdom, to provide the definitive touch. "Ah . . . Ben," he inquired, "would that be Henry surnamed Beauclerc?"

It was unfortunate that at this moment something happened to my radio: my right hand, moving in a pattern as spontaneous and unrehearsed as the program itself, switched a small knob and all sound died.

I have not listened to the local station since; I've been far too busy with "Stop the Music." The way I figure it, a man has a far better chance of grabbing that fifty-thousand-dollar jackpot than he has of getting through to that five-pound gift assortment of world-famous Coronado chocolates!

**OUR ALL-YEAR-ROUND
GREETING CARD**

by *HUGHES MEARNS*

HAPPY birthday to the nipper!
Happy Easter and Yom Kippur!
Happy Arbor Day and therefore
Happy Any Day You Care For!



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

FM TO THE RESCUE!

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman who is now an associate editor of Pathfinder. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

TWENTY years is a long time. A lot of people had become accustomed to dialing CBS every Sunday at three (New York time) and hearing the Carnegie Hall audience curb its coughs and settle in its seats while the Philharmonic tuned up.

For these people, the third Sunday in October this year was a depressing day. It was the day they were disinherited. From the hour it had held so long, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony was gone. In its place, the Columbia Broadcasting System had stuck a historical soap-opera called "Escape."

To be sure, CBS offered a sop to the music lovers: two hours earlier, each Sunday, they could hear a tape recording of a concert played in New York by the Philharmonic the week before. However, the old atmosphere was gone, even if all CBS affiliates had carried the new program — which they didn't. Apart from this, it reached the West Coast at breakfast time.

If music lovers took this as a snub, they were probably right, but they shouldn't have been surprised. Intellectuals (and to an anti-intellectual, this includes all classical-music listeners) are in disrepute today. It is no longer necessary to curry favor with them by giving them free symphonies. And their almost un-American unresponsiveness to mass advertising makes it impractical to give them sponsored symphonies, at least on

nation-wide hookups. Or so the theory goes.

Furthermore, the big networks are hard pressed by the problem of making an old, waning medium — radio — pay the horribly high initiation fees of a new one — television. The Philharmonic won't be the only casualty. The antimusic trend is far advanced, and it won't be reversed in the near future, if ever.

Fortunately, no law of nature limits trends to one at a time. A couple of others, well under way, are doing much to offset the decline of network music.

In Washington, D.C., on October 15, listeners who wanted to hear the New York Philharmonic at three o'clock could do so. Not at all by coincidence, a local station called WQQW (AM and FM) had dislodged "Major Tunes," one of its few popular music programs, and substituted "Hall of Music: N.Y. Philharmonic-Symphony." To be sure, the music was recorded. But, to balance the lack of "it's happening now" atmosphere, the broadcast was enormously clearer, richer, and more brilliant-tonally than any live big-network broadcast could be. (In New York, WNEW, nationally esteemed as commercially canniest of all independent stations, followed the same cue.)

To carry their programs around the continent, the big networks lease telephone wires. Despite numerous promises to the Federal Communications Commission, the wires leased still are those limited (by their relay amplifiers) to a tone range of 5000 cycles per second.

A local high-fidelity AM station can do at least half again as well as this. A good recording can double or triple it. A local live FM broadcast can do better yet, easily delivering, noise-free, the whole sound range the

enjoy the ultimate in

HIGH-FIDELITY MUSIC

select your custom audio components at **ALLIED**

Now you can afford to enjoy brilliant high-fidelity reproduction of radio and recorded music! Assemble your own fine custom audio components to gratify your express listening desires and to suit your home decor. Count on ALLIED—high-fidelity custom specialists—to help you select the proper components at very substantial savings. We supply all the finest high-fidelity amplifier and speaker makes, FM and AM radio tuners, 3-speed record changers, custom furniture and complete accessories. Write today for full free details, address: Custom Division.



FREE 212 PAGE RADIO & TV CATALOG

The complete Buying Guide to everything in Radio, Television and Electronic equipment. Unsurpassed for quality apparatus and fine values. Send for FREE copy today.

ALLIED RADIO

833 W. Jackson, Dept. 41-A-1, Chicago 7

ALLIED RADIO

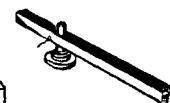
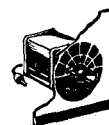
music lovers

Unless you hear recorded music recreated by a fine record playing system, you cannot enjoy the realism, the beauty, the concert hall quality inherent in modern recordings.



PICKERING Audio Components are the choice of leading audio engineers, lovers of fine music, record critics and specialists who design and build the better music systems.

PICKERING Pickups, Preamplifiers, Compensators, Arms and Speakers are available through leading jobbers and distributors everywhere; detailed literature will be sent upon request.



PICKERING & CO., Inc.

Oceanside, L. I., N. Y.
Address Department F.



THE BEST RECORDING
IS ONLY AS GOOD AS
ITS REPRODUCTION



REK-O-KUT "Recitalist"

Portable 3-Speed
High-Fidelity
Phonograph

Plays records
from 6" to 18"
and broadcast
transcriptions

Irving Kolodin, Music Editor of the Saturday Review of Literature says, "... the *Recitalist*... was conceived for schools, businesses, forums, etc., where high grade reproducing equipment is in demand... appeals to a music lover who wants accurate, undistorted reproduction. The special features are (1) Heavy rim-driven turntable, reliable at all speeds, (2) Dual point pick-up, (3) Excellent amplifier, (4) Speaker mounted in detachable cover of carrying case."

The POLYPHONIC SELECTOR, an engineering feature exclusive with REK-O-KUT, maintains tonal balance and equalization for the particular selection being played on any type of record, whether it be a standard pressing, high fidelity broadcast transcription, or long-playing microgroove and whether of American or foreign make. \$199.95 net. Write for full reprint of Mr. Kolodin's article as it appeared in the S.R.L.



REK-O-KUT CO., Inc.
38-25 Queens Blvd., L.I.C., N. Y.

If it's GOOD HARVEY has it!

HARVEY'S immensely popular *AUDIO-Torium* is a musical paradise for high fidelity sound enthusiasts. Here you can see, hear, enjoy the products of 59 leading manufacturers. And from our working display, we can instantly "custom match", for your direct comparison, any combination of components and equipments... from the least expensive to the "best in the world".

If you would like to receive future HARVEY sound equipment bulletins... or if you want detailed information on specific products... or if you want assistance in planning your own installations, please write to DEPT. AT-2. No obligation, of course.

Telephone: **7HRC** LUxemburg 2-1500

HARVEY
RADIO COMPANY INC.

103 West 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y.

ear can hear — around 17,000 cycles per second.

Herein lies adequate technical basis for a bona fide trend — especially in a country where, whether radio advertisers like it or not, musical performances get a higher total annual attendance than do sports events. It is not surprising that in recent years, months, and even weeks, more than a dozen U.S. cities and certain favored rural regions have equipped themselves with "good music" stations.

Some of these provide wonderful stories of the pioneering spirit, of perseverance against odds. And it is a heartening fact that a couple of them are earning substantial profits — notably WQXR, New York, prototype of all good-music stations, and KMPC, Los Angeles.

Others are products of their founders' success stories. WABF, New York, is run by Ira Hirschmann, the man who, at twenty-three, in 1925, first put a symphony orchestra on the American air as a regular feature. It was (disheartened listeners take note) the New York Philharmonic. Hirschmann, soon to be known as the wonder boy of New York retail merchandising, got L. Bamberger & Co., his department-store employer, to put it on WOR, then a local they owned. He himself was the commentator. CBS got into the act much later.

When WABF came on the air, after World War II, it did so with the solid backing of the Hirschmann department-store fortune. It was ultracultural (and straight FM) from the start, and advertisers could take it or leave it. Mostly they've been taking it, and making surprisingly little fuss about the severe Hirschmann strictures on advertising. WABF tolerates no jingles, no patter, no prolonged plugs. Anything which would sound incongruous after a Haydn concert by the New Friends of Music (a Hirschmann creation), or a production of *Oedipus Rex*, doesn't get said.

The FFWABF (Fanatical Followers of, etc.) make much of the theory that WABF now fills the role that used to be held by the No. 1 pioneer, WQXR. In a way, it does; but there is doubt that WQXR's early adlessness was ever a matter of choice. Its policy is that ads should be useful and

inoffensive, but not necessarily self-effacing. Its progress, in sixteen years of growth, has been experimental. Once, for instance, it tentatively let a sponsor put a jingle on the air — and immediately discovered the mettle of its listeners. A group of them promptly pooled funds, hired a public relations firm, and went to war on the sponsor. That quenched the jingle.

However, WQXR does not object to descriptive advertising, nor do stations which have taken it as a model, like WQQW in Washington, which exchanges programs with WQXR. But it was a phenomenon they discovered which set the WABF-type stations on another track. The phenomenon was listener loyalty on a very mature level. The theory it generated is this: On cerebrally high-powered listeners, most ultra-hyper-super-turbo-fluo-powered advertising phraseology is wasted anyway; but they are aware that stations need money and, in return for their music, they will conscientiously seek out and patronize its sponsors.

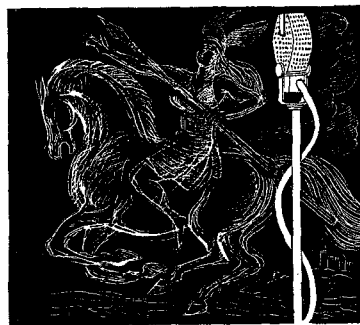
Certainly such listeners do exist, at least in some areas. M. Robert Rogers proved it in Washington when he took over WQQW in 1947. First he treated listeners lavishly to good music. Then he began to "torture" them, telling them advertisers didn't believe they existed and that the station would have to "go popular." The next week brought in 5000 letters and petitions of protest. Then,

for more proof, he asked the audience to contribute a half dollar apiece, the proceeds to pay costs for a Sunday "Listeners' Symphony." Next time he went on the air, it was to ask them to stop. The Listeners' Symphony was paid up for six months —

\$1300 worth — and advertisers had no more squawks.

Of course, that was in Washington, a city crammed with culture-conscious government employees. And the ice had been broken earlier: wartime Washington's most coveted radio, Rogers found, was the big, secondhand Scott or McMurdo-Silver which could bring in WQXR from New York. Music lovers owe a lot to WQXR.

WQXR had its genesis in an experimental television license, issued in



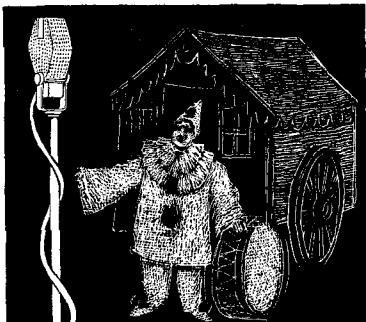
1929 to an engineer named John V. L. Hogan. On his sound channel, at 1550 kilocycles (then commercially unused), Hogan played classical records because he liked them. Soon he found that people with short-wave sets were becoming fans of his. His friend and neighbor Elliott Sanger, an advertising man, saw the possibilities. In 1936 they went on the air as the Interstate Broadcasting Company.

There was no one to show Hogan and Sanger the way. They themselves had to corral and categorize their listeners. Then they had to apply what they found out about them — primarily, their fanatical loyalty and their aversion to advertising glop. Eventually the former factor outweighed the latter and brought success, but not without a long, tough fight. Advertising men, especially agency men, dislike special approaches and censorship. And sponsors were skeptical about music lovers and their money.

Quality products and services largely saved the day — premium coffee, vermouths, Fifth Avenue stores and jewelers. Despite this, WQXR's listeners, according to surveys, are not "carriage trade" in terms of income. They do, though, rate high in education and fastidiousness. Perhaps they might best be described as potential New York Times readers, which is why the newspaper bought the station in 1944.

It is also probably why WQXR started another step in spreading the good-music-station function this year. Upstate New York is a good Times market. Hence it made good sense for WQXR to tie into the 11-station, upstate, straight-FM Rural Radio Network. It already had four other affiliates to which it fed programs: WQAN, Scranton, Pa.; WFLN, Philadelphia; WBIB, New Haven, and WFMZ, Allentown, Pa. All are fed by FM radio relay far more cheaply than a wire network could do it.

What such network developments do, of course, is solve — cheaply — the program problems of small, new stations. WBIB, for instance, could not itself afford a 25,000-item record collection like WQXR's, nor could it easily corral noted conductors, opera stars, and critics to compete on music-quiz programs.



Other networks are in existence or abuilding. Hirschmann's WABF is lining up affiliates. The Continental Network leases a high-fidelity line from Washington through New York to Boston. An array of labor and coöperative FM stations, brought together by Morris Novik, a New York labor and radio consultant, exchange tapes. Notable among these is a non-musical item, a nightly series of news analyses by Marquis Childs and Joseph C. Harsch, which originated with WCFM, a coöperative-owned Washington station.

WCFM, as a matter of fact, is a good-music station which rates attention from any culture-conscious community, because of the ingenuity of its survival procedure. A council of local coöps was formed to finance it. A rather righteous crew, they strictly limited its advertising content. George Bernstein, the manager, was irked to find he couldn't use his connections as an ex-executive of a patent medicine firm. ("As a stockholder," he says, "I agreed, but not as manager.") But there were other expedients. He drew a top-notch array of commentator talent from Washington's rich fund of newspapermen. Being blessed with an extraordinarily good sound engineer, Warren McDowell by name, Bernstein began doing job-transcription work for the UN, the Democratic National Committee, Americans for Democratic Action, and sundry other organizations. He tried for, and got, transcriptions of the British Broadcasting Company's fabulous "Third Program," offering whole plays, operas, and other elevated fare. Since these are not commercially licensed, he asked listeners to subscribe money to pay for them — thus far, successfully.

He also arranged live broadcasts of the National Gallery of Art's excellent weekly concerts. Now he has put the station into the LP record business. The first releases are the Third "Hymn" Symphony of the neglected American, Charles Ives, and Handel's Royal Water Music (complete, not the Hamilton Harty suite), both played by the National Gallery Orchestra under Richard Bales and extremely well recorded.

Withal, Bernstein has kept a very

An Audio Amplifier that brings into your home—

MUSIC AS IT IS PLAYED

Illus. Model 10C3-30 watts Also available: Model 12A3-10 watts.

The BROOK

All Triode High Quality AUDIO AMPLIFIER

- The full volume of a symphony in your home with all its brilliance... or reduced to a whisper... still keeping its natural tone.
- Extreme low volume without loss of quality.
- Reduction of listening fatigue.
- Distortion and intermodulation at a new low.
- Separate controls stepped for bass and treble.

Write Today for FREE Booklet, "BETTER LISTENING", Technical Bulletin and detailed Distortion Analysis.

BROOK ELECTRONICS, Inc.
Dept. SA-1, 34 DeHart Place, Elizabeth, N. J.

Luxury Listening

IS NO PIPE-DREAM AT

Lafayette

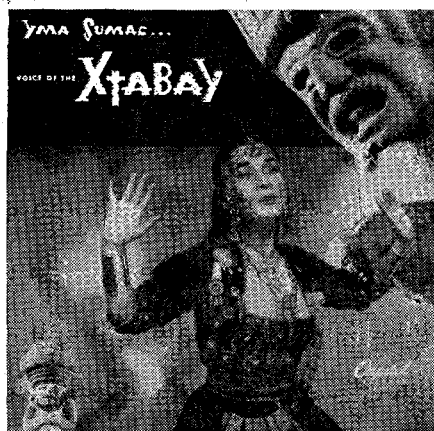
Have you been dreaming happily of the day when you could settle back, luxuriously relaxed, and drink in the music of your choice gloriously reproduced on your own high-fidelity equipment? Here, at Lafayette, your dream can come true. There are no sad awakenings at Lafayette, home of the great names in high-fidelity. You'll not be rudely shocked by prices out of your reach. Come in, visit the nearest of our Audio-Selector Studios. See how easy it is to realize your dreams. We have high-fidelity "packages" to meet budgets of every degree of modesty. Truly, luxury listening is no pipe dream at Lafayette.

New High Fidelity Handbook
Send for Lafayette's ALL NEW High Fidelity Handbook. For the music-lover who wants to know the "Why" and "How" of high fidelity reproduction. For the technician who wants engineering data. A valuable compendium of the newest and finest equipment. Write New York For Handbook HF-A.

Radio Wire Television Inc. Lafayette Radio
NEW YORK 13, N. Y. BOSTON 10, MASS. NEWARK 2, N. J.
100 SIXTH AVENUE 110 FEDERAL ST. 24 CENTRAL AVE.

**"There is no voice
like it in the world
of music today..."**

Glen Dillard Gunn WASHINGTON TIMES-HERALD

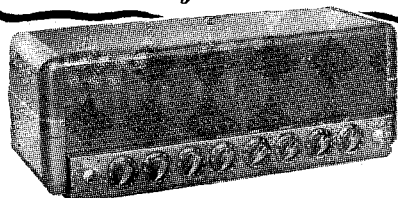


*the album everyone
is talking about!*

• Acclaimed the most exciting
musical event of our generation
...Yma Sumac's album is again
available at your record dealer.

Capitol
RECORDS

~DUKANE~
*The Finest in High
Fidelity Sound*



DUKANE Sound Equipment, meticulously engineered and produced by Operadio Manufacturing Co., offers you true fidelity in sound.

The experience of over a quarter of a century in audio engineering should guide you in your choice of equipment. There are thoroughly experienced specialists in every major city to help you.

Clip the coupon for more information.

OPERADIO MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. AM 1-1, St. Charles, Ill.

Please send me information on your
☐ Amplifiers ☐ Sound Equipment
☐ Tape Recorders ☐ Flexifone Intercom

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

real "community" flavor about the station. Its nearest counterpart is WNYC, the New York municipal station for which New Yorkers are indebted to the late Fiorello La Guardia.

Despite all such encouraging notes, the dominant theme in the good-music-station saga is not (yet) success, but struggle. And there have been setbacks.

WBMS, a Boston daylight AM station, was poor but earnest. It could not force standards on advertisers. It had listeners for its good music, but they resented the advertising; it seriously disrupted the programs. Consequently the station "went popular" last May.

However, its former assistant manager, John Thornton, now is at WXHR, a Cambridge day-and-night FM station, trying the WABF formula. To the gratification of its owner, Frank Lyman, who was braced for a venture into classical programming by a very impressive citizens' advisory group, it seems to be working. But there are hazards.

One of the main hazards is part and parcel of the whole FM broadcasting problem, for FM is the obvious medium for good music broadcasting. It is much more tone-true than AM, simply because of its much finer-grained reproduction. It is cheaper and noise-free, since it doesn't have to drown out static, as AM does, by pouring on more power. It is not subject to cross-talk from other channels, as AM is when nighttime comes around. It is a contribution well worthy of the inventor who probably has done more for radio than any other, Dr. Edwin H. Armstrong.

It is also, thus far, a commercial flop. No big broadcaster and hardly any big set manufacturers have even bothered to try promoting it. Broadcasters, with heavy investments in low-fidelity network systems, blame the set makers' failure to produce. Set manufacturers, competitively committed to cheap audio parts, unable to show up the difference between AM and FM, retort that they aren't going to make receivers for nonexistent programs. In between is the public, simplifying matters by being much more interested in television anyway — except for the segment which likes music.

It is possible, with television taking the center of the stage, that aural radio finally may retreat into specialized coverages. There already is a local-sports-station trend to match the good-music-station development. But the music lovers are likeliest to spearhead the drive which may bring FM into its own. For they have an auxiliary trend of their own.

It is the high-fidelity trend. No one who has equipped his home with a custom amplifier and speaker is going to do much AM listening thereafter. When one has become used to the on-the-scene reality of FM, the

grunt and grind of AM becomes too intrusively annoying to endure long.

To be sure, the Radio Manufacturers Association does not even tally high-fidelity component sales in its periodic surveys. Just the same, the custom components business, taking no time out for tears, seems to have tripled in volume again in 1950. It probably stands now somewhere between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000.

A lot of this is in FM tuners, and a large chunk of their sales can be attributed to good-music stations. In Washington, WQQW-AM goes off the air (by law) at sundown. But first it tells its music-hungry audience some of the evening fare they could enjoy via WQQW-FM, which goes on until midnight. Since this fare sometimes includes live National Symphony concerts and some of the world's best chamber music (that played at the Library of Congress), the propaganda has its effects. Washington's major high-fidelity dealer credits such radio tactics with three fourths of his annual business.

Reasonably good tuners (for plug-in use with high-fidelity rigs or old AM consoles) start at about \$35. High-performance models start at \$65, and very satisfactory ones are priced around \$80. From there on up in performance and price, the sky is the limit.

Among standard set manufacturers, production performance has been spotty and promotion performance even worse. Zenith, Philco, and G.E. are noteworthy exceptions. Annually the members of the FM division of the National Association of Broadcasters lambaste the manufacturers



for this, and this year there may be some slight result, especially in table models. TV manufacturers seem a hopeless proposition.

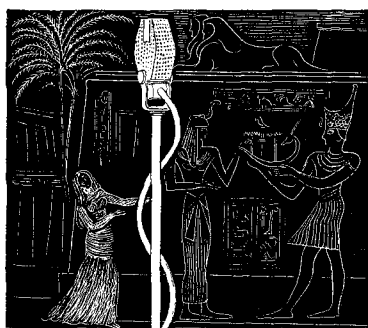
But the main problem of radio-music lovers is for radio-music lovers themselves to solve. If they want radio music, they must have — and support — good-music stations. If they want good-music stations, they must have FM.

Often excellent recordings are issued only to be lost in the publicity shuffle; others' acclaim dies down too soon. Mentioned here are a few which might fall in one of these two categories: —

Bach: Concerto in E (Gioconda de Vito, violin, with Geraint Jones, harpsichord, and London Chamber Orchestra, Anthony Bernard conducting; three 12" 78's; HMV DB-6884-86). The mesmerically paced, splendidly recorded slow movement alone makes this a collector's item.

Baroque Cantatas of 17th Century North Germany (soloists, Copenhagen Boys' Choir, instrumentalists, and chamber orchestra, Mogens Wöldike conducting; six 12" 78's; Gramophone Shop [N.Y.] Celebrities Album V). A treasurable item, and expensive, but it would be hard to resist Heinrich Schütz's *Pharisee and Publican* or Franz Tunder's *Sleepers, Wake*. Faultless.

English Church Music from the 15th Century to the Present (choirs of Canterbury Cathedral;



Westminster Abbey; New College, Oxford; York Minster; etc.; five 10" and seven 12" 78's; English Columbia LB 91-95 and LX 1283-89). From Tallis, Morley, and Purcell to Vaughan Williams. Moving and impressive; recording: excellent to fair. These *may* be duplicated on LP when English Columbia gets around to it.

Handel: Concerti Grossi Nos. 1 to 4 (Boyd Neel Orchestra, with Thurston Dart, harpsichord; two 10"

LP's; London LPS 206, 207). These really should have been at the top of this list, or any list, since they are probably the best recordings ever made — with performances to match.

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 38 and 39 (Jonathan Sternberg conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; 12" LP; Haydn Society HSLP 1010). Star of this parlay is the deeply tragic No. 39, with harpsichord continuo. Excellent recording.

Haydn: Symphony No. 91 in E-flat Major (Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Broadcasting Symphony; three 12" 78's; HMV Z-7016-18). If anyone can make 78's sound as good as LP's, it is these Danes, and this is masterful Haydn, magnificently played.

Hummel, Johann Nepomuk: Septet in D Minor (Franz Holletscheck, piano, with flute, oboe, horn, viola, cello, and bass; 12" LP; Westminster WL 50-18). If Saint-Saëns had been a Viennese rival of Beethoven, this is how he might have written. Very engaging. Recording: fair.

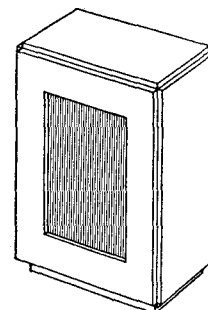
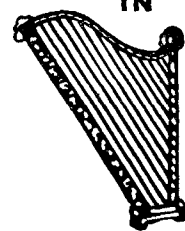
Paganini: Concerto No. 1, and Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 3 (Zino Francescatti, violin, with Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting New York Philharmonic; 12" LP or two 78 albums; Columbia ML 4315). War horses, but probably rarely so well and earnestly played and never so well recorded.

Purcell: The Fairy Queen (musical play excerpts; soloists and Cambridge Festival Chorus, Daniel Pinkham conducting; two 10" LP's; Allegro AL 60). This is a new, exciting Purcell, with drum-bangs and sonorities as well as incomparable songs. Recording: fair.

Ravel: "Daphnis and Chloe," Suites Nos. 1 and 2; Schönberg: Verklärte Nacht (Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra and Temple University Chorus; 12" LP or two 78 albums; Columbia ML 4316). Perhaps this is what the Philadelphians do best. The pre-tonal Schönberg especially is texturally magical. Recording: excellent.

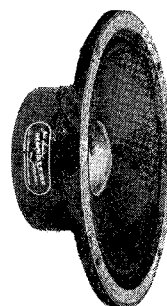
Schubert: Songs (Herta Glaz, contralto, Joseph Rosenstock, piano; 12" LP; Renaissance X-15). Glaz ranks with Anderson and Ferrier, without resembling either, and the songs are out-of-the-way and well done. Unfortunately, some pressings are off center on side 2. Recording: good.

Realism IN Sound



WITH

Jim Lansing
SIGNATURE
Speakers



Just like a front row seat!
The full rich tones of the lowest base to the highest treble are faithfully reproduced...even those beyond the normal human range. You can hear the difference!

**JAMES B. LANSING
SOUND INC.**
2439 FLETCHER DRIVE
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

BOSTON — HUB OF THE UNIVERSE!

DeMambro HUB of HI-FI



Behind these showroom walls lies the world's finest selection of high fidelity equipment. Here discriminating music lovers and discerning radio engineers select superior equipment for incomparable sound reproduction.

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR

- McIntosh
- Stromberg-Carlson
- Magnecord
- Electro-Static
- Electro-Voice
- Daven

Complete Selection of

Jim Lansing • Altec Lansing • Jensen
H. H. Scott • Browning • Webster • Craftsman • Brook • Meissner • Scotch • Presto • Audiodisc • Eikor-Ampro

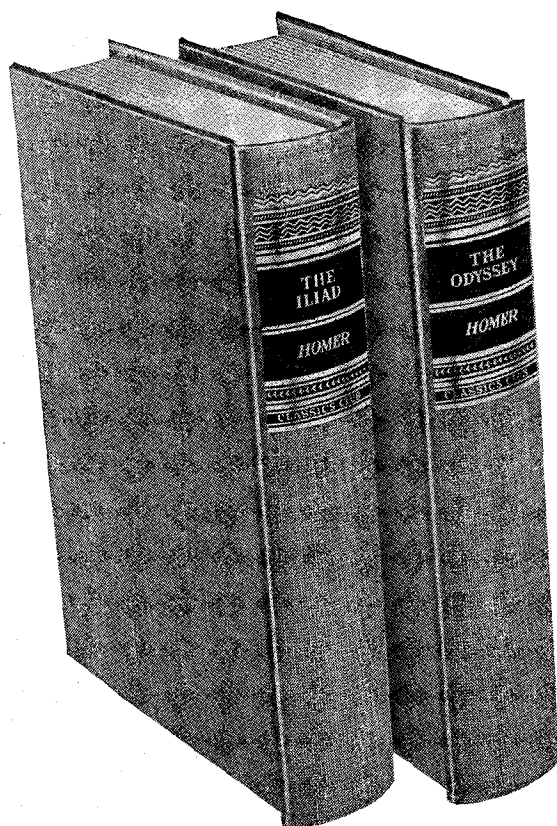
Visit Our Offices or Write for Complete Information.

DeMambro RADIO SUPPLY CO., INC.
1111 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON 15, MASS.
Branch Offices
PROVIDENCE, R.I., 90 Broadway
WORCESTER, MASS., 222 Summer St.
MANCHESTER, N.H., 1308 Elm St.

BOTH *Free*
To New Members

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

THE ILIAD OF HOMER AND THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER



Two Beautifully Bound Volumes. In the Famous Translation for Modern Readers by Samuel Butler

OF all the magic of "the glory that was Greece" these two books cast over you the most irresistible spell! Alexander the Great treasured *The Iliad* so deeply that he carried it into battle with him in a jeweled casket. And *The Odyssey* is so teeming with unforgettable action and adventure that the very names of its fascinating characters are ingrained in our culture today!

Here, in these books, is the Greece of the gods — the whole gorgeous panorama of mighty deeds, of alluring women and warrior heroes, of tales that have thrilled millions of readers.

No wonder these two immortal books of Homer, "the blind bard," have thundered down through thirty centuries, as fresh as though they had been written only yesterday! And now — as a gift from the Classics Club, for your library of volumes you will cherish forever — you may have them *both* FREE!

Why The Classics Club Offers These Two Books Free

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. CC

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful two volume DeLuxe Classics Club Edition of THE ILIAD and THE ODYSSEY of HOMER, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U. S. A. only.)

Mr. {
Mrs. {
Miss { Please print plainly

Address.....

City..... Zone No. State.....
(if any)

WILL you add these two lovely volumes to your library — as a membership gift from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today ... and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections; readability, interest, simplicity.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

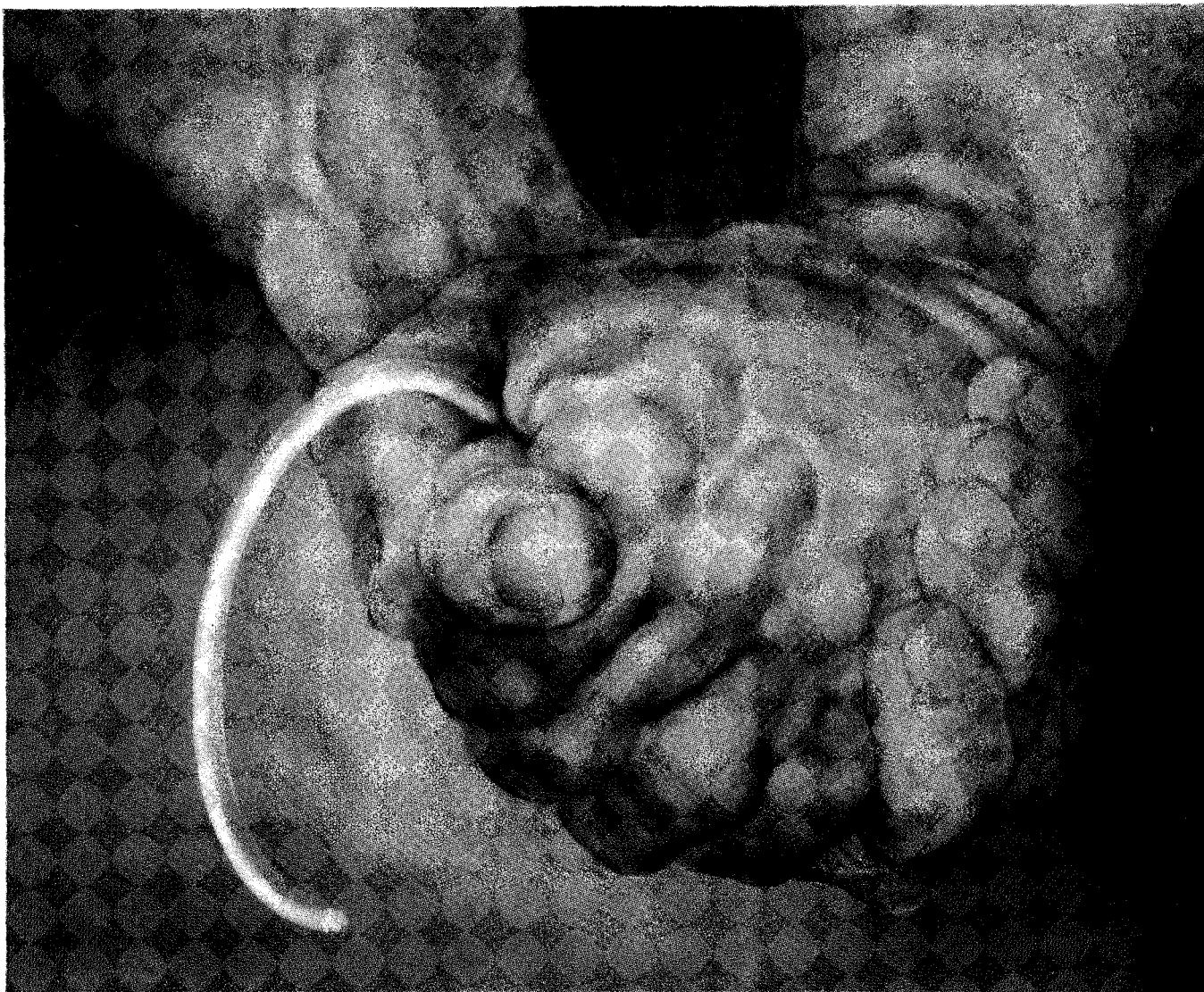
The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the

world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

We suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising, and this low price — as well as your two beautifully bound free copies of THE ILIAD and THE ODYSSEY of HOMER — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB. One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



We squeezed first . . . and

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN. Pick up one of those new pliant, unbreakable plastic bottles. Squeeze it. Feel how it gives under your hand, then see how it comes right back for more.

That's polyethylene (just say POLLY-ETHEL-EEN), one of the exciting new miracle plastics produced by the people of Union Carbide.

But before you squeezed it, they squeezed ethylene gas under terrific pressure and carefully controlled conditions. Result: the molecules of gas were *permanently* rearranged into long lines—one of the marvels of modern chemistry. And then out came this tough, flexible plastic utterly unlike any other material—natural or man-made.

Why do you find the people of Union Carbide leading in the development of polyethylene?

Because working with tremendous pressures, high vacuum and extremes of heat and cold is part of their everyday

jobs. By the use and control of these forces they supply the world with a wide variety of plastics and the raw materials from which a multitude of synthetic fibres are made. They also make hundreds of other basic materials essential to modern science and industry.

Perhaps your business could profit by the use of some of these materials. Why not ask us about them?

FREE: Learn more about the interesting things you use every day. Write for the illustrated booklet "Products and Processes" which tells how science and industry use Union Carbide's Alloys, Chemicals, Carbons, Gases and Plastics in creating things for you. Write for free booklet A.



UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION

30 EAST 42ND STREET  NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Trade-marked Products of Divisions and Units include

SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS • LINDE Oxygen • BAKELITE, KRENE, and VINYLITE Plastics
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene • PYROFAX Gas • NATIONAL Carbons • EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries • ACHESON Electrodes
PRESTONE and TREK Anti-Freezes • ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals • HAYNES STELLITE Alloys



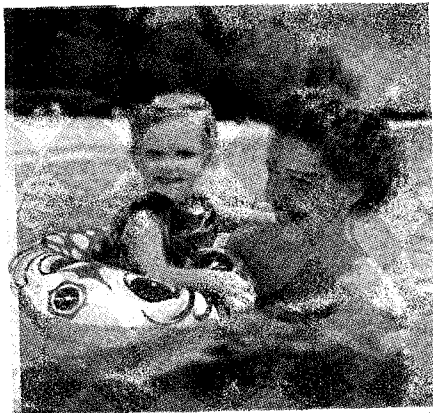
THE STRAW MARKET, NASSAU

NOW EASIER TO GET TO

THAN EVER BEFORE...

Nassau

IN THE
BAHAMAS



Try some of that glorious "June-in-January" weather. Try one of those magnificent beaches where the water averages 70° even in wintertime. Sample the cosmopolitan gaiety of Nassau's brilliant winter season... the charm of her history-book setting... the fun of superb golf, fishing, sailing, riding, cycling, polo, horse racing and other sports. Browse through shops chock-full of choice British Empire wares... *see how much further your money now goes with pound devaluation!* Wide choice of excellent hotels and guest houses.

DIRECT SERVICE

From New York: Wednesdays and Saturdays from Idlewild Airport by British Overseas Airways (4½ hours). One way \$95.70, round trip \$172.30, *plus taxes*. Fortnightly sailings by S. S. Queen of Bermuda. One way from \$95, round trip from \$160, *plus taxes*.

From Miami: Frequent daily flights by Pan American World Airways (55 minutes) and British Overseas Airways (BSAA). Overnight by S. S. Nuevo Dominicano—weekly sailings.

From Canada: Frequent direct flights by Trans-Canada Air Lines.

For information and reservations see your Travel Agent

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Bay St., Nassau, Bahamas—Cable: Devboard
1633 DuPont Bldg., Miami, Fla.—3-6150

247 Park Ave., New York 17—PLaza 3-5215
634 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.